



# HISTORY'S STRONGEST SENIOR BROTHER

BOOK 02

*August Eagle*

EPUB CREATION BY LISA HAYES

# History's Strongest Senior Brother

(史上最强师兄)

by

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# Synopsis

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The first time Yan Zhaoge crossed worlds, he landed in a martial warrior civilization that was at the peak of prosperity. He ended up in the book storage building of the the Divine Palace, which collected and preserved the classics of the entire world from all fields of knowledge. However, a world class calamity struck soon after and even the Divine Palace was destroyed.

Yan Zhaoge's soul once again crossed over, but this time he arrived in the same world, except countless years have passed.

With his brain full of rare books and classics from the era of peak prosperity, Yan Zhaoge's second crossing over to the present era was like a gamer who was used to playing hell mode suddenly finding himself playing the game on easy.

That was just way too awesome.

But before that, he needs to fix a certain problem.

“I'm not a main character? In fact, I'm actually the main character's love rival and the antagonistic Mr. Perfect senior martial brother? This script is wrong!”

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# **Book 2 - Who Under The Heavens Doesn't Know This Lord**

# HSSB 101: Transcending Mortality Martial Grandmaster

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The seven suns hung within the sky, illuminating the heavens and the earth.

Within the surrounding five hundred kilometres, the temperature shot up drastically as it turned unbearably hot.

The grass and the tress withered and the great earth split apart as inhaling the surrounding air would cause one to feel that from their throat all the way to their lungs was a boiling mass of heat.

Looking over in that direction, Yan Zhaoge, Ah Hu and the others were dazzled by the seven suns almost to the point of being unable to open their eyes.

The Broad Creed Mountain Elder by their side sighed, as he felt that the enemy's fist intent had already enveloped the surrounding area in all directions.

If they of Broad Creed Mountain wanted to leave, they would only be able to do so if Shi Tie were able to repel Pan Botai.

But however much confidence he had in Shi Tie, it was also very hard for him to be optimistic at this moment.

“Keke, Martial Saints not emerging, Transcending Mortality

Martial Grandmasters already reign supreme at the peak of the Eight Extremities World.”

Shading his eyes with his hands before his forehead, Yan Zhaoge squinted as he gazed far away into the distance where Pan Botai had appeared.

That thing did not immediately rise into the air, but formed a ring of seven suns, very quickly crossing through the heavens and the earth to arrive near them.

The inverted massive dark, black hemisphere had already completely shattered at this point, a golden light rising straight up into the horizon.

Within the massive golden pillar of light, Shi Tie stood unyielding within the air, his expression tough while also calm, as he gazed mildly at the powerful force that had arrived before him.

In the golden pillar of light, near Shi Tie’s body, a massive golden silhouette flashed as it materialised and dematerialised repeatedly, its entire body transparent as it resembled glass.

Looking at it, it resembled an altar, and also a pagoda.

It contained the fist intent of being able to obliterate ten thousand tribulations, invulnerable as Vajra.

The numerous profound patterns converged to form many spirit

arrays, the spirit arrays stacked layer upon layer in a network as they finally transformed into that entity which resembled an altar whilst also a pagoda, enveloping Shi Tie in its midst.

The light of those seven blazing suns illuminated the heavens and the earth. As the fierce sunlight descended, there was nowhere it failed to be, no hole it failed to penetrate.

Like air, the light existed in every single corner of space there was.

And this sunlight also contained within it a terrifying power, the power to incinerate and vaporize everything it touched.

The domineering power even destroyed the Twilight Dark Moon of the Sacred Sun Clan's own expert, the Twilight Lord.

Under the sunlight, the golden altar that enveloped Shi Tie was also quivering slightly.

For a fleeting moment, green smoke actually seemed to be emitted from the exterior of the altar, as though it was also going to catch ablaze and be destroyed.

From the centre of that ring formed of seven suns, an ancient, imposing voice now resounded, reverberating within the nearby heavens and the earth.

“Shi Tie, your Broad Creed Mountain disciple was audacious to



the heavens, daring to kill this old man's grandson; today, this debt must be paid in blood!"

Accompanied by this voice, the surrounding temperature seemed to rise once more, as all those in this vicinity felt like their internal organs were about to be incinerated.

Shi Tie's expression didn't change in the least. It was only the golden altar surrounding him which shrunk somewhat.

While it had shrunk somewhat, its power seemed to be even more pure and condensed than before.

As the golden altar decreased in size, the illusory green smoke that had been emitted from its exterior as it was baked by the seven blazing suns also disappeared.

"Daring to invade our Spirit Wind Valley; your Sacred Sun Clan martial practitioners should already have expected that that would happen."

Shi Tie's expression seemed as tough as ten thousand-year old granite as he said, "Within a battle of life and death, blades and swords do not have eyes. Someone who kills, would too easily be killed."

"That grandson Xiao Shen of yours was immorally lascivious, frivolous and unbridled. As his close elder, you too have to bear the responsibility of not having raised him well."

“If this Shi was a late outer aura Martial Scholar, not needing anyone else to make a move, I would directly go and challenge that grandson of yours!”

Shi Tie stood unyielding within the air, the golden altar enveloping his body condensing as it shrunk even further, completely turning the colour of glass.

The golden radiance that emanated from within Shi Tie’s body made it such that gradually, his figure could no longer be clearly seen.

From the seven golden suns, an ancient voice seemed to resound simultaneously, “A junior who says big words and oversteps his boundaries.”

“This old man has come here today specifically to properly welcome you!”

“As for Yan Di, not only that little dog son of his, even he himself will have to pay with his life for this old man’s grandson!”

“This old man knows that having received the news, he’s currently hurrying over from the Earth Domain. But, you don’t have to wait for him anymore.”

Pan Botai’s voice resounded throughout the boundless sky, “Being able to die beneath the Great Sun Heaven Measuring Ruler-

he should count himself fortunate!”

Yan Zhaoge’s and Shi Tie’s eyes both shot out with an intense light.

The other Broad Creed Mountain practitioners were all completely stunned, a huge change coming to their expressions.

The Great Sun Heaven Measuring Ruler, was precisely the Sacred Artifact possessed by the Sacred Sun Clan!

Having roused their forces and moved their troops to this extent, the Sacred Sun Clan’s true goal was not Yan Zhaoge, nor was it the Eastern Tang.

It was actually the number one expert of Broad Creed Mountain’s senior generation who presided high over all of his peers in strength, Yan Di!

The Yan Di who, looking at his potential, posed an even greater threat than Broad Creed Mountain’s current Clan Chief, Yuan Zhengfeng.

Whether Yan Zhaoge was killed by Xiao Shen or he faced the threat of the Sacred Sun Clan’s experts after having instead killed the latter, Yan Di would definitely have to rush over.

And waiting for him, would be an ambush far beyond his wildest imaginations.

It was not a Transcending Mortality Martial Grandmaster, nor was it a lineup formed of many Martial Grandmasters.

But the Sacred Artifact, the Great Sun Heaven Measuring Ruler!

Accompanied by Pan Botai's words, one of those seven suns suddenly descended!

From where Yan Zhaoge stood, that sun seemed to cut a graceful arc as it descended from the sky!

The arc seemed to have integrated within it the laws of the heavens and the earth, just like the true sun rising east and setting west every single day, tilting west by the horizon and returning beyond the mountains as twilight descended.

It was only that where it was descending towards, was precisely where Shi Tie was currently at now!

Before Shi Tie's eyes, the sun was getting nearer and nearer as well as larger and larger as it gradually came to envelop his entire field of vision.

The descending west-tilting sun not even having properly made contact, the ground beneath was already beginning to crack and shatter as though it might collapse at any moment.

Bearing the piercing sunlight and gazing over carefully, one would see that this sun was actually also an altar, radiating light!

The shape of this altar was different from the one surrounding Shi Tie, but it was also an existence that was similar to an altar whilst also a pagoda, containing a dominating as well as profound domain of power.

Numerous spirit patterns of massive sigils, resembling tiles, came together to form many spirit arrays.

The spirit arrays finally combined to form this towering altar.

The entire altar did not give off the feeling of being dense and heavy, rather feeling sharp as blades, domineering as fire!

In this West-tilting Heaven Incinerating Blade, Pan Botai far surpassed the East Rising Lord earlier in terms of execution!

A fierce, violent sabre-intent erupted as one the Seven Great Sun Arts was executed to the point of perfection, really seeming as though it had the power to incinerate the heavens!

Shi Tie 's gaze was like steel, not shaking in the least as he stood unyielding in mid-air, punching out with his fist.

At this moment, he resembled the most indestructible existence in all the heavens and the earth; even if the heavens collapsed and the earth broke apart, unshakeable and unyielding, he would not

be afraid in the least.

He was like an Ocean-Stabilising Needle, the solitary rock in a turbulent stream, single-handedly dictating the flow of the waves with his own hands!

Even if it was that terrifying West-tilting Heaven Incinerating Blade, it was also unable to destroy him!

At this moment, it was like the descending sun had slammed angrily into a towering mountain!

Golden light flew in all directions and blazing fire shot everywhere as the earth rumbled and the mountains shook.

After the tempest, the towering mountain, remained standing unyieldingly!

Seeing this, the nearby Broad Creed Mountain martial practitioners all sighed in relief, feeling a sense of pride in their own clan's Elder Shi, though their expressions still remained grave.

While Shi Tie's face was devoid of fear, it also didn't reveal any signs of pride or excitement at this achievement.

Ever since the start, he had remained calmly and determinedly fixated on his opponent before him.

While now only six suns hung overhead, very soon, the seventh blazing sun reappeared, illuminating the lands beneath as it had done before.

Pan Botai's voice was as boundless as the heavens, resounding throughout the entire area, "Shi Tie, your early arrival in the Eastern Tang indeed fell out of my Sacred Sun Clan's predictions."

"But this old man knows that your Broad Creed Mountain's Sacred Artifact has not left the Mountain; without it being present, Yan Di is doomed for sure!"

"And having appeared here now, you can precede Yan Di in death, accompanying the Yan father and son duo in paying with their lives for what happened to my grandson."

"Broad Creed Three Heroes? When this old man was rampaging throughout the four seas, you were but still in your mothers' wombs."

As he said thus, the seven blazing suns in the sky began moving in unison!

This time, it was not just a single blazing sun which descended, but rather all seven of them, as they began tilting continuously to the west, smashing straight down towards Shi Tie!

# HSSB 102: I've Indeed Never Put You In My Eyes

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Facing Pan Botai's attack, Shi Tie sucked in a deep breath.

Clenching both fists tight, he retracted his left fist to his waist, his right fist hitting forward slowly.

The heavenly altar of symbol arrays enveloping him had already been condensed to its maximum level, now almost of the same size as Shi Tie himself.

In comparison to the radiant sun descending from the sky overhead, it was literally small to the point that there was no basis for comparison.

As Shi Tie's fist struck out slowly, in the midst of battle, it seemed just so out of tune with the pressing situation that he was currently in.

This strange feeling of incompatibility would leave onlookers weirded out to the point of wanting to vomit blood.

His fist seemed to be bearing the load of thousands, tens of thousands of huge mountains, heavy and dense to their utmost, breaking point, with the slowness of an old cow pulling a car.

But seen from other people's eyes, the current fist intent of Shi



Tie's was filled with a feeling of being immovable and invulnerable, an eternal existence.

Too sturdy, too eternal, forever unable to be shaken.

The seven blazing suns descended consecutively, smashing down on Shi Tie one after another.

The violent heat as well as sabre-intent enveloped the surrounding area, causing numerous roiling heat waves to surge, expanding unceasingly in all directions.

The air was completely pressured to its breaking point, as pressured by the massive force, numerous imposing hurricanes were formed.

Like terrifying, formless knives, the tempestuous storm cut through everything in its surroundings that dared to stand in its path!

The blades of wind ran rampant, the vertical-moving blades leaving behind countless deep valley-like scars on the earth's surface, the horizontal-moving blades slicing off numerous mountain peaks in the distance!

The all-encompassing golden light exploded, forming streams of flowing fire that dotted the entire sky.

Other than the Twilight Lord as well as a very limited few others,

all those who were in the affected vicinity of this clash were continually forced to dodge and evade.

Faced with a clash of this level, if anyone of them here were even slightly careless, even the tail of the typhoon would be able to sweep them to death.

The strong radiance engulfed the heavens and the earth at this very moment, preventing all from seeing exactly what was happening inside, only able to feel that heaven-shocking, earth-shaking power which shocked everyone's hearts.

Before them could only be seen an entire world of light; there was nothing else that was visible. Beside them could only be heard the howling of the wind; there was nothing else that was audible.

Martial practitioners had an agile mind as well as acute senses, but at this moment, all of these had turned numb, chaotic and blurry.

All of a sudden, Pan Botai's voice, overwhelming the sound of the wild, roaring tempest, seemed to resound in everyone's hearts.

“Not bad. Broad Creed Mountain's Vajra body-you've indeed trained it to an unprecedented level, for your current cultivation.”

Yan Zhaoge avoided a massive blade of wind close to ten metres in height that howled as it blew past.

That wind blade flew far behind him, cutting out a massive fissure in the ground that resembled a deep valley.

Then, ending up in a distant group of mountains far away, it split a small mountain directly into two right from its centre.

Within Yan Zhaoge's dantian, the chaotic mass of qi rotated, guiding the twin qis of ice and fire to converge from within his orifices.

The twin qis surged upwards, converging within Yan Zhaoge's pupils, causing them to faintly shine with a red and blue light.

Extreme coldness and unbearable heat were divided whilst actually also united at this moment, as, not damaging his eyeballs which were the most fragile and intricate part of one's body, they instead caused the power of Yan Zhaoge's eyes to increase greatly.

Unlike Ah Hu and the others, Yan Zhaoge could now vaguely see the clash of the two Martial Grandmaster experts playing out in full.

Shi Tie himself was already almost completely overlapping with the figure of the heavenly altar of array symbols condensed from his will.

His entire person resembled a person of gold.

On the exterior of his body of pure gold, seven faint but obvious

blade wounds could be seen, looking absolutely shockingly to the eye.

Shi Tie was not injured, his Vajra Body not having been broken through by Pan Botai.

This was only because the defense of Shi Tie's Vajra Body was shockingly high. If it were any other Martial Grandmaster yet to step into the Transcending Mortality stage, faced with these fierce, violent attacks of Pan Botai's, they would most likely be hard pressed to withstand them.

Shi Tie's expression seemed eternal and unchanging as he remained fixated on his opponent with a calm while also grave look on his face.

While those seven suns, hanging high overhead within the sky, brought down a destructive pressure upon all living beings beneath.

From between them, Pan Botai's voice resounded, "But you think you can hold off this old man just like this? How many of this old man's strikes can you withstand?"

Now, the seven suns began converging simultaneously towards their centre.

A giant radiating dazzling light all around seemed to materialise from their midst, displaying an even greater power than before.

Shi Tie slowly hit forward with his left fist kept by his waist, lining it up together with his right.

Then, his hands gradually cut through the air as they vaguely seemed to form a circular golden ring.

The ring resembled Vajra, full and without flaws, its interior a zone of nihility which seemed as though countless objects could be stored within.

As the giant formed of seven converged suns slammed down with its palm, even the very sky seemed to shudder, as though it might collapse at any moment.

With the ring formed of his hands, Shi Tie met his enemy's attack.

That ring seemed extremely small, whereas the giant's palm seemed to obscure the heavens and cover the earth.

However, space seemed to distort at this moment as the intricate golden ring actually trapped the giant palm within.

The two sides were momentarily locked in a stalemate.

But looking over, Yan Zhaoge saw that Shi Tie's body, which, ever since the start of the battle, had remained at the same spot,

not moving an inch, was now evidently retreating slowly.

It wasn't Shi Tie himself who was retreating; his legs still resembled two pillars that stretched up into the sky to support the heavens, completely unmoving.

However, his body, pushed by a massive force, was in its entirety sent sliding backwards across the sky.

In the air beneath Shi Tie's feet, the frictional force forcibly grinded out two lines of flickering, golden markings, not dissipating for a long time.

“The higher the cultivation base concerned, the harder it is to surpass levels to do battle. Those able to attain such heights-how many of them can be easily dealt with?”

Yan Zhaoge watched the scene unfold, “However, eldest apprentice-uncle being able to surpass levels and forcibly withstand a Transcending Mortality Martial Grandmaster up to this point-that is hard to come by indeed.”

That giant which seemed to tower into the heavens even whilst it was rooted to the earth spoke, “You are truly a rarity; but a pity-all your efforts are meaningless.”

Shi Tie's expression didn't change in the least. A belt on his waist lit up, light instantly flowing onto his body to form an armour.

The armour and Shi Tie's fist intent merged, and Shi Tie's power immediately skyrocketed.

However, a sabre also appeared above the head of the giant of light, hovering in mid-air.

The giant didn't grab the sabre, but the extensive sabre-qi still descended, unceasingly whittling away at the power of Shi Tie's armour of light.

While the giant's palm, continued forward!

Pan Botai said, "Young man, today, this old man will discipline you in your master's, Yuan Zhengfeng's place!"

He said to the nearby Twilight Lord, "Twilight, today, this old man will properly take care of this Iron Lion; you deal with that little dog surnamed Yan."

"Yan Di having already fallen into our trap, whether or not this bait is dead or alive is already no longer important. Now, this old man wants him alive!"

"Take him back to the World Illuminating Peak; if the Great Sunfire doesn't heat him to death, this old man's hatred will not be sated!"

Because of his earlier battle with Shi Tie, the Twilight Lord's face was pale, blood oozing out of the corner of his mouth.

But having stood there for a while, his injuries were already no longer a problem.

Now, not saying a word, with a single stride, he was already in front of Yan Zhaoge!

Ah Hu and the emaciated Elder had ugly expressions on their faces as they wanted to hold him off, yet were helpless to do so.

The other party's cultivation was higher than theirs by far, far too much.

But right at this moment, the surrounding heaven and earth suddenly trembled!

Pan Botai abruptly shouted, "Such sabre-intent, but it isn't Yuan Zhengfeng...who is it?"

A voice resounded between the heavens and the earth.

"Someone you would wish dead."

The voice arrived, cutting through the air like a blade.

The expression of the Twilight Lord who had just arrived before Yan Zhaoge changed slightly.



He hurriedly pushed his palms forward, blocking that formless blade with the Twilight Dark Moon.

However, the surrounding world before him abruptly distorted, the very air seeming like it was breaking apart!

Resembling a painting on a piece of fabric, all the heavens and the earth were crumpled by the extreme distortions.

This crumpling, ripping force, when added on to the formless sabre-qi, instantly turned it from formless to material!

The domineering sabre-intent hacked through the heavens and fragmented the earth!

The domain formed of the Twilight Dark Moon, was instantly hacked apart!

With a muffled groan, the Twilight Lord flew backwards, his blood splattering into the sky!

“Yan Di? How is it possible that you’re here?”

Having realised that someone had neared, Pan Botai had forcibly exerted strength to jolt Shi Tie away, before hitting out with his palm.

The result was that the other party's strength had exceeded his predictions, actually sending the Twilight Lord flying with a single strike!

Greatly angered, Pan Botai exerted greater force with his palm!

The newcomer's voice resounded across the horizon, "Dry bones in the grave, what're you being so full of yourself about?"

Having sent the Twilight Lord flying, the incomparably domineering sabre-qi chopped out once more, directly facing off against the Transcending Mortality Martial Grandmaster Pan Botai!

As the two sides clashed, even the entire world itself was trembling!

Pan Botai roared angrily, "You junior who does not put anyone in your eyes!"

He immediately punched out with yet another fist.

But the other party, was already chopping down for the second time!

Faster than him!

Fiercer than him!

More powerful than him!

The domineering voice cut through the air, “I’ve indeed never put you, Pan Botai, in my eyes.”

# HSSB 103: Domineering!

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That giant whose entire body was flickering with a glow fiercely struck out with a Heaven Striking Palm.

Its entire being resembled the sun having taken humanoid form, illuminating the heavens and the earth.

However, the newcomer's blade was faster! Tougher! More domineering!

As it chopped down, the clouds and the wind were extinguished, the sun without light!

As both parties clashed, the entire sky was filled with broken streams of light, that others were unable to view directly with their eyes.

At this moment, even with his vision that was bolstered by the twin qis of ice and fire, Yan Zhaoge felt a slight stabbing pain in his eyes as he was unable to properly view the exact battle situation.

But very quickly, a massive boom resounded between the heavens and the earth, resembling a person treading heavily onto the ground when taking a step backwards.

It could clearly be felt that the surrounding air was no longer as unbearably hot as before.

The flickering glow dimmed somewhat as everyone saw that shockingly, the giant that Pan Botai had transformed into, had been sent into retreat by the force of that impact!

Pan Botai said coldly, “A junior who doesn’t know the immensity of the heavens and the profundity of the earth. Having no tiger in the mountain, has actually caused you little monkey to become wildly arrogant!”

Accompanied by his words, the golden giant abruptly raised its right hand, its palm facing the sky.

As that giant slammed down with its palm, that palm began emanating infinite light.

The emaciated Elder beside Yan Zhaoge blurted out, “Light Illuminates All!”

Hearing his words, Yan Zhaoge’s heart shook slightly.

Ranking first amongst the Sacred Sun Clan’s Seven Great Sun Arts!

Light Illuminates All, all beneath the heavens a brilliant white!

While just consisting of a single, independent palm technique, it could already be considered a peak martial art.

Without any other moves to form a combo with, without any variations in its technique; just this one palm, independently forming a tome.

But this palm stood at the head of the Sacred Sun Clan's direct lineage Seven Great Sun Arts, presiding over the Heaven Striking Palm, the Twilight Dark Moon, the Divine Sword of Dawn as well as those other peak martial arts!

Pan Botai having slammed down with this palm, only a vast expanse of whiteness could be seen before the eyes of everyone present.

Other than light, no other object existed.

However, engulfed by this world of light, Yan Zhaoge could not feel any semblance of warmth from it whatsoever.

The heavens and the earth were no longer unbearably hot like before, yet caused all hearts to palpitate even further.

The light was boundless and endless, vast and majestic.

While no fierce killing intent such as that from the West-tilting Heaven Incinerating Blade could be felt from it, it was filled with an immense force that could not be withstood, that could sweep through all its enemies unopposed.

Like Mount Tai crushing an egg, it easily pressured down upon

the other party till not even a speck of dust remained.

But just when this infinite light illuminated all of the heavens and the earth, dazzling the entire world, a hint of incongruity suddenly appeared.

Within the vast expanse of whiteness where there was but only light, a black line appeared.

Lying horizontally within the world of white, that black line whose two ends could not be seen as it stretched infinitely out into the distance looked extremely jarring to the eye.

Yan Zhaoge now felt like the world before him resembled a sheet of white paper.

This black line did not exist as a line drawn onto the blank sheet of paper.

Rather, that sheet of white paper was itself being ripped apart from its centre!

Afterwards, the two segments barely piecing themselves back together, the world that resembled a sheet of white paper, however one looked at it, just seemed so awkward!

That terrifying concept, that infinite world of light that illuminated the heavens and the earth that suppressed all things, disappeared as a result!

Accompanied by the existence of the black line, the very sky seemed to be distorting!

Like a sheet of white paper that had been ripped apart, it split into two segments where that rip was, one side moving upwards and the other downwards, sliding past each other.

The next instant, the light had mostly dissipated, other scenes finally appearing before the eyes of those present.

But the heavens and earth still gave off the feeling of being distorted and superposed as, within the air, a mark of what had just transpired still remained.

A terrifying scar!

The giant that Pan Botai had transformed into let out a muffled groan as it retracted its palm.

On its palm, a long, vertical crack appeared, looking absolutely shocking to the eye as the palm seemed to have almost been split into two.

The wind and the clouds in the surrounding area turned illusory, as from the sky above, true sunlight descended, as though paving a stairway.



There, a person materialised, his movements appearing neither fast nor slow.

But with a single stride, he was already by Shi Tie's side, facing Pan Botai.

Swivelling his head, he said to Shi Tie, "Senior apprentice-brother, it's been tough on you."

From a distance, fresh blood oozing out from the corner of his mouth, the Twilight Lord stared fixatedly at the person who had just arrived, "...Yan Di!"

The newcomer's features were strikingly similar to Yan Zhaoge's, with a sixty, seventy percent resemblance.

From the outside, he looked not much older than thirty, only a faint bit of grey at his temples.

He was strikingly handsome, his aura untameable and domineering as his entire person resembled a heaven-rending blade.

He was precisely the First Seat Elder of Broad Creed Mountain's Martial Inheritance Hall, hailed as invincible under the heavens amongst those of a similar cultivation, Yan Di!

And his having sliced apart the heavens and fragmented the earth just now in repelling Pan Botai's domineering sabre-intent,

indicated one thing.

Yan Di was not just invincible at his own cultivation level-even against the Transcending Mortality Martial Grandmaster Pan Botai, a longtime Elder and expert of the Sacred Sun Clan, he had actually still held the upper hand!

Hearing Yan Di's words, a faint hint of a smile was revealed on Shi Tie's face, "It's fine."

From the ground, Yan Zhaoge chuckled, "It's me who's caused additional trouble for you and eldest apprentice-uncle."

"Family Head!" Ah Hu knelt down on one knee, as the other Broad Creed Mountain martial practitioners in the vicinity also bowed in respect to Yan Di, "We greet Elder Yan!"

With a raise of his hand, Ah Hu and the rest were lifted up by the airborne Yan Di.

He waved dismissively at Yan Zhaoge, "Between father and son, why use the word 'trouble'?"

"This time, you took the initiative to bear things on your own, being willing to accept the risk that it entailed. It's more like you've gained me face."

"As for you killing Xiao Shen and Pan Botai coming to take revenge, there is naturally me to take care of things for you."

“Taking care of it for you is naturally something that I should do. However, letting senior apprentice-brother bear the burden for both of us now that isn’t right.”

Yan Zhaoge nodded, “Naturally, we have to properly give our thanks to eldest apprentice-uncle.”

“Yan Di...” A golden light shone, as on the giant’s brows gradually materialised the figure of an old man, a livid expression on his face.

His brows tightly knit, at this moment, his eyes weren’t even seeing Yan Zhaoge, so completely focused was he on Yan Di.

The latter had actually been able to break through the lockdown of the Great Sun Heaven Measuring Ruler and arrive here. Didn’t that mean that...

“Broad Creed Mountain’s Sacred Artifact not having moved, how did he do it? Even if Yuan Zhengfeng himself charged in to rescue him, alone, he should only be able to ensure his own personal safety at most, let alone secure his escape?”

A bad feeling rose up within Pan Botai’s heart.

He abruptly raised his arm upwards, the giant moving alongside him as it directly grabbed the sabre hovering above its head.

That sabre which had originally only been four feet long abruptly increased in size, instantly transforming into a massive blade that seemed like it could split the very heavens apart.

On that blade, numerous sun patterns lit up!

With that sabre in hand, Pan Botai's aura instantly surged once more!

The surrounding area once again turned scorching hot.

The golden giant remained towering tall into the heavens as above its head, seven golden suns appeared once more, surrounding and protecting it!

The massive blade cut down!

The strongest West-tilting Heaven Incinerating Blade that Yan Zhaoge had ever seen appeared!

The Yan Di who was directly facing that blade laughed loudly, "Already nearing twilight; that setting sun shall descend for good!"

As he laughed, Yan Di waved his hand, his fingers stretching into the air.

He made a drawing motion within the air, which rippled like flowing water as he did so.

Now, a sabre flickering with a faint purple light appeared before everyone's eyes.

As Yan Di brandished his purple sabre, from it, a ringing sound that caused everyone's ears to be shaken to the point of near deafness resounded!

The entire sky seemed to let out an enraged howl at this moment!

Against Pan Botai's West-tilting Heaven Incinerating Blade, Yan Di similarly hacked out with his sabre.

Thousands, tens of thousands of spirit symbols and sigils appeared, forming numerous symbol arrays in mid-air.

The numerous symbol arrays stacked upon one another in layers, forming a heavenly altar.

The heavenly altar shone with a purple light, as it itself also clearly took on the form of a sabre.

As its shocking sabre-intent merged into the sabre in Yan Di's hands, the heavens and the earth shuddered!

As that sabre struck out, the heavens and the earth seemed to once again vaguely show signs of ripping apart and superposing!

Like the scroll of a painting, it split cleanly apart from its centre!

The extremely domineering West-tilting Heaven Incinerating Blade, with the momentum of the sun plummeting towards the ground.

Was, in front of this even more domineering blade, as fragile as paper!

As the golden light was extinguished, the giant that Pan Botai had transformed into let out a low, enraged roar, forced into retreat!

As though rapidly approaching its twilight years, the setting sun plummeted all the way downwards!

# HSSB 104: Not Singing The Ploy Of The Empty City

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Also known as the Empty Fort Strategy. Basically, the defending side pretends that there are forces lying in wait behind their walls while actually, there aren't any

Both sides had wielded their spirit artifacts.

In the end, it had still been Yan Di, with a single stroke, cutting down the sun!

The golden giant that Pan Botai had transformed into staggered backwards.

Severe wounds had appeared on the giant's body as several of the spirit symbols as well as patterns that constituted it were shattered, dripping down like fresh blood in the form of streams of light that disappeared within the air.

Pan Botai's true body was once again revealed at the brows of the golden giant.

His figure seemed more old and rickety than before, his face slightly pale.

The old man's throat throbbed for a few moments as he could feel something sweet in his mouth, as though blood could spurt out of it at any time, if not for him not forcibly suppressing it back down.

Pan Botai stared at Yan Di for one final moment before, letting out a muffled groan, he actually relied on its momentum to retreat, as he directly called out for the Twilight Lord and the others to retreat!

Yan Di's appearance here meant that the ambush with the Great Sun Heaven Measuring Ruler must have gone awry.

While he wasn't certain what exactly had happened, Pan Botai knew for sure that the Sacred Sun Clan's scheme had already failed, and that it was also very probable that Broad Creed Mountain would seize that opportunity and make a move on them instead.

Even knowing that he was the Sacred Sun Clan's true target, after having evaded the crisis with the Great Sun Heaven Measuring Ruler, Yan Di had still dared to leisurely rush over to the Eastern Tang. This was enough to prove that there must be something backing him up, for him to be so confident.

Under such circumstances, if he was assured of securing a swift victory, Pan Botai wouldn't mind slaying Yan Di on the spot so as to teach Broad Creed Mountain a lesson.

Yan Di's fame resounded the world, but as a longtime Martial Grandmaster expert of the same generation as Huang Guangle and Yuan Zhengfeng, having been in the Transcending Mortality Martial Grandmaster realm for so many years, Pan Botai naturally had his own confidence and arrogance.



If he asked himself honestly whether he would be able to take down a Yan Di at the same cultivation level, he really couldn't say that he was confident of doing so.

However, his cultivation base was clearly superior, yet he actually still couldn't match up to Yan Di. This caused Pan Botai to feel a hot, fiery pain on his face.

His own grandson had been killed by Yan Zhaoge, while he himself had met a setback at the hands of this Yan Di many years his junior whose cultivation base was actually inferior to his own.

For just a slight moment, Pan Botai's entire person was nearly engulfed by the flames of fury and humiliation raging within his heart.

Not having met a setback like this in a long time, his mental state had actually become a little unstable.

However, sucking in a deep breath, Pan Botai swiftly calmed himself down.

The Sacred Sun Clan's plans having been countered by Broad Creed Mountain, now also being unable to seize the upper hand, the most rational move for them was only retreat. Otherwise, what awaited them would definitely be greater losses.

Promptly and decisively, Pan Botai now temporarily tucked away

the hatred and fury from Xiao Shen's death, choosing to first prioritise avoiding battle.

However, his entire body's worth of rage also transformed into a deep killing intent.

As he retreated, Pan Botai's gaze was constantly moving between Yan Di, Shi Tie as well as Yan Zhaoge.

The Ah Hu beside Yan Zhaoge felt stared at till his hairs rose on end, as he asked in a small voice, "Young Master, he won't completely throw away his face, not caring about anything else and only thinking of making a move on you, will he?"

"It's not like this possibility doesn't exist," Yan Zhaoge said, "It's only that all he can do is think about it."

"The Twilight Lord having been injured, eldest-apprentice uncle is now free to act. And there is no possibility whatsoever of Pan Botai breaking through the combination of father and eldest-apprentice uncle."

"Even if eldest apprentice-uncle were to be held back doggedly by the Twilight Lord, father alone would be enough to protect me; the only difference would be that he would have to focus on defending."

Yan Zhaoge spread out his hands, "Father is extremely domineering, his attacks shocking the heavens. However, that

doesn't mean that he isn't proficient in defence. It's just that most of the time, there is no need for him to do so."

"Moreover, Pan Botai should first worry about himself."

Yan Zhaoge smiled, "Father, is not someone who likes singing the ploy of the empty city."

Just having said this, yet another voice resounded from across the horizon, "Does your Sacred Sun Clan really think that it is invincible under the heavens? Already having reached the point of being completely and utterly lawless, your actions totally unbridled and without restraint."

From the horizon, there seemed to come the sound of great sea tides rising and falling, creating the false illusion for those who heard it that they had arrived by the seaside.

But as the voice neared, they realised that that was, shockingly, actually the sound of a person breathing.

A green-robed Elder with a wild and intractable look on his face strode through the air, roiling waves of qi spreading out in all directions, resembling the tides of the sea.

The faces of Pan Botai and the Twilight Lord instantly fell.

The newcomer was actually a longtime Elder and Martial Grandmaster expert of the Sacred Sun Clan's longtime enemy, the

Sacred Ground Jade Sea City of the Water Domain.

But what really caused them fear was not actually this green-robed Elder.

It was their sudden realisation why with Broad Creed Mountain's Sacred Artifact not having left the Mountain, Yan Di had still been able to break through the blockade and ambush of the Great Sun Heaven Measuring Ruler.

The Extreme Yin Crown!

The Extreme Yin Crown that was currently in the hands of Jade Sea City!

“The Extreme Yin Crown must have left for the East Sea; if it had come here, we would have noticed it,” The Twilight Lord said in a low tone.

As an implacable enemy of their's, the Sacred Sun Clan kept a close eye on Jade Sea City's movements at all times.

Pan Botai's face sunk, “Like how we concealed and brought out the Great Sun Heaven Measuring Ruler, they must have relied on the fruit of the Fog Concealed Tree!”

“That year, the Fog Concealed Tree bore two fruits in total. One of them fell to us, while the other fell within the hands of the Demonic Saint. From the looks of it now, that fruit was actually

somehow acquired by Jade Sea City without our knowledge.”

“All this can be talked about later; what’s most important is now.”

The Extreme Yin Crown had held the Great Sun Heaven Measuring Ruler back, freeing Yan Di to rush over to the Eastern Tang.

The Great Sun Heaven Measuring Ruler moving out, the intention had been to take Broad Creed Mountain unawares, with them unable to cope with the situation as they quickly slew Yan Di with the might of the Sacred Artifact.

If the Great Sun Heaven Measuring Ruler had been engaged in a protracted battle by the Extreme Yin Crown, the current situation was extremely unfavourable to the Sacred Sun Clan.

Broad Creed Mountain similarly possessed a Sacred Artifact!

It did not have to be asked for it to be known that after having achieved the initial bewildering of their opponents, Broad Creed Mountain’s Sacred Artifact which had remained intentionally unmoving all along, was already on the move at this very moment!

And, it would definitely not go to the Eastern Tang, but to where the Great Sun Heaven Measuring Ruler was!

Yan Zhaoge smacked his lips, “After the first Extreme Yin Bout,

upon gaining control over the Extreme Yin Crown and taking public property for your private use, you then relied on the might of two Sacred Artifacts to run rampant and expand. At that time, you should already have expected that this day would come. Since you started it, when the wheels of fate rotate and your position changes, don't blame others if they follow up on what you did."

"Heh, don't you want to play something big?"

"You plotted against my father, while my Broad Creed Mountain plotted against your Sacred Artifact; let's just wait and see whose mouth is bigger."

Now, the distant sky suddenly rumbled.

Infinite sunlight slowly appeared on the horizon once again, before, very quickly, a great sun soared through the skies!

The sun that had appeared this time was slightly smaller and slightly dimmer than the one Pan Botai had formed with his intent earlier.

However, this time, there were a total of eight golden suns, revolving within a ring!

Ah Hu drew back the corners of his mouth, "...The World Illuminating Lord."

While the newcomer's cultivation was inferior to Pan Botai's, in

terms of atmosphere, he was even stronger than the Twilight Lord at his peak.

Compared to the mysterious Twilight Lord, the pressure that this person emitted was even more intense.

The current head of the Seven Reigning Suns, the World Illuminating Lord.

The leading figure of the Sacred Sun Clan's senior generation of experts, once having contested with the current Clan Chief, Huang Xu for his seat.

This time, with the Sacred Grounds having joined hands in entering the Earth Domain and suppressing the abnormalities within, the Sacred Sun Clan had dispatched the World Illuminating Lord.

The eight golden suns halted within the air, gradually converging towards their centre as they formed a single mass.

From within the infinite light, a golden-robed middle-aged man emerged. He too could be considered handsome, just that his nose, hooked like the beak of an eagle, was rather prominent.

This person's image had also long since resounded throughout the entire Eight Extremities World, being someone that everyone here naturally recognised. He was precisely this generation's head of the Seven Reigning Suns, the World Illuminating Lord.

Having arrived, the World Illuminating Lord said in a deep tone, “Uncle Pan, we must end it here. Broad Creed Mountain’s Clear Qi Robe is on the move.”

The Clear Qi Robe, was the Sacred Artifact that sat over Broad Creed Mountain!

The World Illuminating Lord said, “The Clan Chief has already been retreating with the Great Sun Heaven Measuring Ruler, but Jade Sea City has been doggedly hounding us every step of the way. We’ve got to shake them loose before the Clear Qi Robe arrives, or the results will be unimaginably disastrous.”

“Has senior apprentice-brother Huang still not left seclusion?” Pan Botai once again felt something weighing heavily down on his chest.

The World Illuminating Lord was silent for a moment, before he answered, “They want to leave behind the Great Sun Heaven Measuring Ruler. If they can force senior apprentice-uncle Huang to leave seclusion before having achieved all that he had set out to do, they would have gained even more.”

“The people from Infinite Boundless Mountain had originally also been running amok in the Eastern Tang, also watching hungrily by the side. But they have suddenly quietened down now, no longer contesting with Broad Creed Mountain, looking as though they are giving them a convenience.”



“This time, we are really the target of persecution of all.”

The fury on Pan Botai’s face instantly vanished as his expression turned grave.

At those words, the people from the Sacred Sun Clan all fell silent.

# HSSB 105: Good People Don't Live Long, Calamities Endure A Thousand Years

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At this moment, the people of the Sacred Sun Clan all felt extremely pressured.

Of the current six great Sacred Grounds, the Turbid Wave Pavilion seldom interacted with the outside world, not leaning on or towards any other power.

The Heavenly Thunder Hall and Jade Sea City had Martial Saints but no Sacred Artifacts, while Broad Creed Mountain and Infinite Boundless Mountain had Sacred Artifacts but no Martial Saints.

While the Sacred Sun Clan had a rather close relationship with the Heavenly Thunder Hall, Jade Sea City had engaged the latter's attentions even as it sent over the Sacred Artifact it currently had possession of, the Extreme Yin Crown, by way of the Earth Domain.

Now, Infinite Boundless Mountain had adopted the attitude of keeping out of the current conflict, content to see how things would play out.

Huang Guanglie not having left seclusion, the Sacred Sun Clan was placed in an awkward predicament.

“While hindered by his old injuries, Yuan Zhengfeng will face extreme danger if he enters seclusion in an attempt to ascend into

the Martial Saint realm, if he succeeds, Broad Creed Mountain's strength will skyrocket."

The Twilight Lord said slowly, "At that time, even if senior apprentice-uncle Huang were to be successful in his improvements, with Yuan Zhengfeng also having upped levels, the situation would still be the same as it is now."

"While our Sacred Sun Clan holds the upper hand, we are unable to completely suppress Broad Creed Mountain."

In deciding on the Clan Chief's successor, many factors had to be considered.

Just in terms of martial prowess alone, Yan Zhaoge's father, Yan Di, was the old Clan Chief's most prided disciple.

Having someone proper to succeed him was also one of the greatest assurances for Yuan Zhengfeng, bearing great risks as he headed into secluded cultivation.

If Yan Di fell, not only would Broad Creed Mountain's most promising senior generation be crippled, at the same time, a shadow would also be cast over Yuan Zhengfeng's heart, influencing his decision.

Even if Yuan Zhengfeng remained firmly set on attempting his breakthrough, with the worries hanging over his mind increasing, the chances of him succeeding would naturally decrease.

The World Illuminating Lord spoke, “This time, we’ve lost. Now, let’s focus on how we can reduce our losses.”

Looking at that Jade Sea City Elder, Pan Botai’s gaze was cold and gloomy, “Jade Sea City has only temporarily gained a little. With the third Extreme Yin Bout on its way, they won’t be staying so full of themselves for long.”

Now, infinite light lit up in the distance, containing power even stronger and more abundant than that of Pan Botai, the World Illuminating Lord, the Twilight Lord and the rest of the Sacred Sun Clan experts added together.

It was as though there was a formless boundary separating the heavens and the earth; one side was as per normal, whereas the other had completely transformed into a world of light.

A majestic force that caused everyone to avert their eyes dazzled the heavens, illuminating the lands beneath.

The expressions of Yan Di, Shi Tie and that Jade Sea City Elder did not change, as they looked silently in that direction where the world was entirely engulfed by white light.

The white light instantly flashed past, as, closely following it, a bright moon slowly appeared on the horizon.

Its moonlight seemed truly able to compete with the true sun in

the sky in terms of brilliance.

As the bright, clear moonlight descended, the suns formed of the intents of Pan Botai and the others seemed to dim.

Beneath the cold, tranquil moonlight, the heavens and the earth instantly turned cool.

Having just appeared on the horizon, the moon had already attracted everyone's attention.

Because that was precisely the power manifestation of the Sacred Artifact, the Extreme Yin Crown.

While that world of white light, was the manifestation of the Great Sun Heaven Measuring Ruler, another Sacred Artifact.

Like the great sun rising and setting, measuring the height of the heavens.

However, the Great Sun Heaven Measuring Ruler was currently of no mind to entangle with the Extreme Yin Crown, also not paying any attention to Yan Di and the others as it just swept over Pan Botai and the other Sacred Sun Clan experts, carrying them along as it escaped into the distance.

“Their reaction was very fast ah; if Huang Xu had just hesitated slightly, he would have been trapped between the Extreme Yin Crown and your clan's Clear Qi Robe,” the Jade Sea City Elder

curled his lips.

Striding forward, his figure was enveloped and tucked away by the bright, clear moonlight.

Shi Tie said to Yan Di, “Junior apprentice-brother, you sit over the East Heaven Region and talk with Zhaoge; I’ll accompany the Extreme Yin Crown in their pursuit.”

Yan Di nodded, “Senior apprentice-brother is too kind.”

Shi Tie also flew into the air, integrating within the bright, clear moonlight as they pursued the Great Sun Heaven Measuring Ruler carrying Pan Botai and the others, having escaped far into the distance.

With Sacred Artifacts within the air, Yan Zhaoge could clearly feel the entire world shaking alongside them.

As a resonance was faintly formed between the Sacred Artifacts, Yan Zhaoge could feel that other than the Extreme Yin Crown and the Great Sun Heaven Measuring Ruler, there was still an extremely strong existence in the distance, causing these very heavens and earth to shake.

It did not even have to be asked for it to be known that that should be his Grand Master, Yuan Zhengfeng, rushing over with Broad Creed Mountain’s Clear Qi Robe, his target being the Great Sun Heaven Measuring Ruler.

The two sides, one pursuing, one escaping, were gone in an instant, disappearing into the horizon.

However, where Yan Zhaoge was, he could still feel the very air being pressured to the point of trembling.

Shi Tie and the others having left, Yan Di gathered the Broad Creed Mountain martial practitioners present, assigning them tasks to carry out.

The Sacred Sun Clan would inevitably be chased out of the Eastern Tang and, by extension, the entire East Heaven Region this time. With that, the Broad Creed Mountain martial practitioners who were battling it out in the various lands began expelling their enemies in an all-out rush.

Moving personally with the Clear Qi Robe, Yuan Zhengfeng pursued the Great Sun Heaven Measuring Ruler alongside the Extreme Yin Crown, chasing it all the way back to the Fire Domain.

Broad Creed Mountain and Jade Sea City would naturally send martial practitioners to follow up with the seizing of resources and the occupying of territory.

“While resources and profits are still easy to talk about, wanting to run a circle round and occupy territory will be a little hard,” Yan Zhaoge gazed into the distance in the direction of the Fire Domain, “As long as the Great Sun Heaven Measuring Ruler is not

destroyed, when Huang Guanglie leaves seclusion, they will definitely get back what we will now be seizing from them.”

Landing on the ground, Yan Di said mildly, “Huang Xu’s reaction was not slow as he immediately retreated. However, this was still within our predictions.”

“Being able to leave the Great Sun Heaven Measuring Ruler behind, being able to force Huang Guanglie out of seclusion; those would naturally be best. However, the Sacred Sun Clan definitely won’t be a sitting duck for that.”

“However, not having perished this time, they should at least have left a layer of skin behind. Before Huang Guanglie leaves seclusion, they will not dare to lightly cause trouble again.”

His hands behind his back, Yan Di similarly gazed into the distance, “This way, Master will be able to go into secluded cultivation in peace, at the very least not having to worry about outside enemies invading and harassing us. Also, what we’ll gain will be beneficial to the clan’s development.”

Yan Zhaoge smacked his lips, “The Extreme Yin Crown, at the end of the day, is not solely owned by Jade Sea City.”

Yan Di said, “If we helped Jade Sea City to forcibly keep the Extreme Yin Crown, Infinite Boundless Mountain would inevitably be pushed towards aligning with the Sacred Sun Clan and the Heavenly Thunder Hall. Even Turbid Wave Pavilion wouldn’t agree to it.”



Yan Zhaoge nodded, “That’s how it is.”

And even in the scenario where Jade Sea City held sole ownership of the Extreme Yin Crown, their relationship with Broad Creed Mountain might also not be as close as it currently was.

“Actually, this time, it was rather dangerous. If any small part of it did not go to plan, the results could have been completely different,” Yan Di swivelled his head to look at Yan Zhaoge, “Just like the Sacred Sun Clan; just having a loophole in a tiny part of their plan detected by you, they were instead schemed against by us.”

While he didn’t finish his words, Yan Zhaoge knew that Yan Di was actually feeling a little apologetic.

While Yan Zhaoge himself had wanted to take this risk, if Yuan Zhengfeng and Yan Di had been insistent on the contrary, he could just have left the Eastern Tang and returned to Broad Creed Mountain.

With the Sacred Sun Clan’s scheme already having been detected, it would inevitably fail, just that Broad Creed Mountain also wanted to make use of this opportunity to themselves scheme against the Sacred Sun Clan.

This had required Yan Zhaoge to continue acting out his role in the whole show.

Yan Zhaoge chuckled, saying cheekily, “That’s right, that’s right; you don’t know, but there were quite a few times just now when I was nearly shocked to the point of my soul no longer inhabiting my body. You should really reward me nicely a little.”

Ever since having crossed over to this world, Yan Zhaoge had always been carefully and painstakingly trying to integrate into it.

Although meeting those who were acquainted with his body’s former owner was the most-nerve wracking for him, it was also the most helpful in allowing him to properly integrate into this world.

In the long time that had passed, other than Ah Hu, the person that Yan Zhaoge had had the most contact with was this super awesome father of his.

Whom he was the most familiar, and, from a certain perspective, also shared the deepest relationship with.

“Good people don’t live long; calamities endure a thousand years,” Seeing Yan Zhaoge’s rascally look, Yan Di slanted his eyes, “Us fellas still have a long time to live, huh.”

“Rest assured; having managed to launch a counterattack into the Fire Domain this time, our clan will have gained quite a lot, and part of it will definitely fall to you and you alone.”

# HSSB 106: Striking The Hot Iron Still Requires One To Be Tough

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After the father and son duo had stopped laughing, Yan Zhaoge retracted his smile, “When our family immigrated over to the Heaven Domain...”

As Yan Zhaoge narrated all of what had happened during his clash with Yan Xu, Yan Di’s face sunk, as Yan Zhaoge could clearly see a dense balefulness within his eyes.

After a long time, Yan Di said slowly, “This matter still cannot be considered over.”

Yan Zhaoge nodded, following up with a sound transmission with his aura-qi, “Last time, the spirit pill I mentioned to you that should be able to cure Grand Master’s injuries-there’s been some progress regarding it.”

Yan Di’s expression didn’t change, but his gaze turned focused, “How’s it going?”

“The characters in that book recording down clues about this pill are extremely rare and ancient, and deciphering them is rather difficult,” Yan Zhaoge answered, “However, a considerable portion of it has already been deciphered, and I have also dispatched people to gather all the required medicinal ingredients first.”

“As long as a basic level of proficiency is achieved, the remaining

contents of the pill formula should be deciphered at a much higher rate.”

Yan Di spoke, “Other than martial arts, you have liked studying many miscellaneous things since young, especially being infatuated with research on ancient characters of before the Great Calamity. Your considerable talent in this area is now proving to be useful.”

“Work hard on it; if Master can make a full recovery, his chances of becoming a Martial Saint will be extremely high.”

As he said this, Yan Di looked into the distance, “The wind has been getting stronger and the tides more violent.”

The great battle that had played out in the lands of the Eastern Tang was a beginning, while also an end.

If one said that it was a beginning, it was because it had led to a large scale war that enveloped the surrounding five thousand kilometres in all directions, involving both the Heaven and Fire Domains.

The conflict between the two Sacred Grounds, Broad Creed Mountain and the Sacred Sun Clan, had risen to a whole new level, no longer only limited to the local rivalry and antagonism of the past.

Other than the Eastern Tang Kingdom as well as the rest of the

East Heaven Region, the South and West Heaven Regions had also been affected.

In the other places where their two Domains shared a common border, full-out wars erupted; and other than the Heaven and Fire Domains, even the Wind Domain was affected by all this.

If one said that it was an end, it was because that battle in the Eastern Tang had roughly set the course of the overall battle situation.

The Great Sun Heaven Measuring Ruler finally successfully managed to retreat to the clan's World Illuminating Peak, whereupon they relied on the grand formation guarding their clan as well as the geography of the Fire Domain to withstand the invading Broad Creed Mountain and Jade Sea City.

Due to this, the Sacred Sun Clan also managed to grit their teeth and stay tolerant, not alerting their Grand Elder, the East Coming Martial Saint Huang Guanglie, who was currently in the midst of secluded cultivation.

However, during the chase, in order to escape, the Great Sun Heaven Measuring Ruler had suffered a great blow to its vitality.

Their upper echelons having fallen at a disadvantage, the other garrisoned forces of the Sacred Sun Clan stationed in many places were also steadily forced into retreat.

The various mid-tier powers closely affiliated to both sides also began clashing intensely.

Naturally, the subordinate powers of Broad Creed Mountain won a grand and complete victory.

In this time's large-scale conflict, the Sacred Sun Clan could only swallow the bitter fruit and retract their claws and fangs.

On the World Illuminating Peak, a few of the Sacred Sun Clan's upper echelons were seated.

Pan Botai looked at the World Illuminating Lord, "How is the Chief?"

The World Illuminating Lord answered, "With the Great Sun Heaven Measuring Ruler suffering a blow to its vitality, the Chief was also injured. However, his injuries are still not too serious."

Pan Botai's face turned green, "Broad Creed Mountain...Jade Sea City...what you did today, I will definitely pay back tenfold in the future!"

"Although our Sacred Sun Clan was plotted against this time and suffered a great loss as a result, it has not actually damaged us at a fundamental level," The East Rising Lord said, "When the old Clan Chief leaves seclusion, we can immediately go and settle things with that Broad Creed Mountain and Jade Sea City!"

The World Illuminating Lord shook his head slowly, “If we want to take back what we lost this time, it will be very easy; but if we want to completely settle things with Broad Creed Mountain, we cannot take them lightly.”

“Yuan Zhengfeng will most likely be entering secluded cultivation in an attempt to break through into the Martial Saint realm this time. With those old injuries of his, his chances aren’t good.”

“While it’s fine if he fails, if he actually succeeds, Broad Creed Mountain’s power will also rise as a result.”

“Having miscalculated this time, it will be very hard for us to create disruption for him anymore.”

The Twilight Lord said, “First, ensure that in the upcoming Extreme Yin Bout, we wrest the Extreme Yin Crown back!”

“With the Extreme Yin Crown, our current predicament will be immediately improved, and with Yuan Zhengfeng intending to go into secluded cultivation, we will also have another chance.”

The World Illuminating Lord nodded, his expression turning somewhat grave, “What I’m afraid of now is them making use of the powerful momentum they currently possess to exclude my Sacred Sun Clan disciples from the Extreme Yin Bout.”

The East Rising Lord raised his brows, “On what basis?”

The World Illuminating Lord gazed over, “If they managed to convince Infinite Boundless Mountain and Turbid Wave Pavilion, what do you think?”

The East Rising Lord sucked in a deep breath, “The old Chief going into secluded cultivation has brought them all pressure.”

Pan Botai said, “Contact Infinite Boundless Mountain and Turbid Wave Pavilion, and, if necessary, promise them some things, in order to ensure the Extreme Yin Crown!”

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Mountain Domain, on the road back to Infinite Boundless Mountain.

Gazing back into the distance, Zhao Hao was already no longer able to see the mountains and the rivers of the Eastern Tang. His gaze was slightly cold, as he remained silent and unspeaking.

Currently, the arrogance between his eyebrows had faded somewhat, though not because of the Martial Grandmaster of Infinite Boundless Mountain standing beside him.

It was because in the events that had transpired in the Eastern Tang this time, he had once again suffered a setback at the hands of Yan Zhaoge.



While he put no one in his eyes, his powers of discernment and judgement were both not weak.

Within the Sealing Dragon Abyss, Yan Zhaoge had been able to rouse the King of the Eastern Tang Kingdom, Zhao Shicheng, within such a short period of time. The efficiency and speed of this left even him shocked and sighing in wonder.

Once could still be attributed to coincidence, but having it happen a consecutive time, Zhao Hao could not help but question where the problem lay.

He began attaching more importance to Yan Zhaoge within his heart, yet did not even consider avoidance as an option.

On the contrary, towards the Yan Zhaoge who had continuously spoiled his good plans, Zhao Hao began truly welling up with a killing intent for the first time.

Unable to remain in the Eastern Tang any longer, he had to follow those of Infinite Boundless Mountain back to their clan, losing much of his freedom in the process. This caused an oppressive feeling to weigh down upon his heart.

And all of this had its roots in Yan Zhaoge's actions.

Zhao Hao had originally already been averse to Broad Creed Mountain that was behind Yan Zhaoge. Now, his feeling of antipathy towards it was so fundamental that it could no longer be

added on to.

“Time, I need time; just give me a little more time and it’ll all be good!”

“Yan Zhaoge, Broad Creed Mountain...we have only just begun,” Zhao Hao retracted his gaze, looking elsewhere.

He had no wish to join Infinite Boundless Mountain, but since the situation dictated that it should be so, he would try as much as possible to obtain for himself the best possible treatment there, also achieving a higher position.

Zhao Hao was not going to slowly climb up the ranks like any ordinary new disciple, being at the beck and call of others.

Beside him, Infinite Boundless Mountain’s original Principal Elder in the Eastern Tang, Elder He, was currently following behind a middle-aged man.

“Following this war, the Sacred Sun Clan is now completely unable to gain a foothold in the Eastern Tang. Having already thoroughly offended the Sacred Sun Clan, Broad Creed Mountain will also not want to stand at odds with our clan any longer,” The middle-aged man said, “However, remaining in the Eastern Tang, you will still have to keep a low profile for the time being.”

He looked at Elder He, “Guarding the industries as well as influence our clan currently possesses there will already be

enough.”

Elder He nodded, “I understand; may First Seat Elder rest easy.”

That middle-aged man also glanced back in the direction of the Eastern Tang, “When Huang Guanglie leaves seclusion, the Sacred Sun Clan will no longer have to play this kind of little games-they would be able to just directly crush their opponents with their power.”

“At the end of the day, striking the hot iron still requires one to be tough; our clan also needs to develop as fast as possible.”

Zhao Hao suddenly said, “Gentlemen, this Infinite Boundless Mountain’s development that you speak of-perhaps it lies right before your eyes.”

“Hmmm?” The middle-aged man and Elder He swivelled their heads over in unison to look at him.

Pointing in the direction of the north, Zhao Hao said in a casual manner, “Cloud Portent Mountain.”

The eyes of the middle-aged man and Elder He simultaneously burst forth with a brilliant light.

.....

The former Earth Domain, the current Hell.

Within the darkness, a faint streak of light could vaguely be seen. No figures were visible, yet voices could be heard.

“Han Sheng, has fallen within the hands of Broad Creed Mountain.”

“A person who never succeeds in what he does yet is accomplished with past misachievements.”

“What Han Sheng knows is still limited, though, not affecting the wider scheme of things. It’s just that the lead for discovering the historical remains of the Glacial Dragon Martial Saint has also fallen into Broad Creed Mountain’s hands.”

“No matter; there are still feasible methods. We’ll wait till sufficient preparations have been made in the other matters, waiting silently till the opportunity comes.”

“Right!”

# HSSB 107: Borrowing A Chicken To Lay An Egg

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After that, Yan Zhaoge no longer had any need to remain in the Eastern Tang.

Whereas, Yan Di would still have to sit over the East Heaven Region, entering the Fire Domain and coordinating with Shi Tie and the others should the need arise.

“The pill formula that you’ve talked about should be a top priority,” Before they parted, Yan Di instructed Yan Zhaoge, “Decipher all the ancient characters as soon as possible, and carefully verify the medicinal principles contained within the pill formula. To our clan, this is extremely important.”

“Who knows when Huang Guanglie will leave seclusion, but if when he does, our clan still does not have a Martial Saint, the pressure we will face will be even greater than previously in the Eastern Tang.”

Hearing his words, Yan Zhaoge nodded lightly, “Time waits for no man; I suggested everyone taking the risk this time precisely because of this reason.”

“And especially with the third Extreme Yin Bout right around the corner; if the Extreme Yin Crown ends up in the hands of the Sacred Sun Clan, without even Huang Guanglie having to leave seclusion, the balance of power will already have swung towards them.”

Yan Di asked, “Jade Sea City’s Maiden of Extreme Yin has had her cultivation increase by leaps and bounds over the past year with the help of the Extreme Yin Crown.”

“In the contest between the Maidens of Extreme Yin, because of how the Extreme Yin Crown is, it is destined that the strong will only grow stronger. If no unforeseen circumstances crop up, the previous victor of the bout would naturally have an advantage over the others.”

“You really think that the Sacred Sun Clan’s Meng Wan stands the best chance of winning?”

Yan Zhaoge answered slowly, “I’ve heard Feng Yunsheng’s careful description of her. Meng Wan possesses both the innate martial talent of a martial practitioner as well as the inborn power of Extreme Yin as possessed by a Maiden of Extreme Yin, being extremely outstanding in both areas.”

“As for the Sacred Sun, their preparations for the Extreme Yin Bout are the most extensive amongst all the Sacred Grounds. That was why they could have two candidates, Feng Yunsheng and Meng Wan prepared for the first Extreme Yin Bout, with Meng Wan obtaining the victory.”

Yan Zhaoge said while curling his lips, “Having so generously agreed to the Extreme Yin Bout that year, it was clearly because they were fully confident in their own abilities. What seemed like a fair competition was actually just their idea to stuff the thing in

their own pocket; who knows how they were laughing at us for being foolish in their hearts.”

“In the second Extreme Yin Bout, Meng Wan participated while injured; it was something no one could have predicted. Otherwise, with all those advantages adding up together, the Extreme Yin Crown would almost definitely have been theirs.”

Yan Di said, “Then it’s still a fair competition; being able have more extensive preparations than others is a testament of their capabilities.”

“Unlike our clan; if not for your discovery this time, we would still not even have successfully found a single Maiden of Extreme Yin.”

“You swore earlier that you would be able to get Feng Yunsheng’s Extreme Yin Physique to recover. You’ve also got to keep this matter in your mind; this should also be a top priority.”

Yan Zhaoge immediately nodded his head, “You can rest easy; I’ve got it covered.”

After a slight pause, he continued, “If this time’s Extreme Yin Bout really is so unsafe, we should really begin making plans for it as soon as possible.”

He looked towards the north, “The Turbid Wave Pavilion stays out of matters most of the time, whereas Infinite Boundless

Mountain is rather active, liking to sit on the fence, just like how it was with them this time.”

“With the Mountain Domain and our Heaven Domain bordering each other, a little conflict existing between us would naturally be inevitable. However, the Mountain Domain is also bordered to the Thunder Domain, with some tension similarly existing between the two. In the Fire Domain, Infinite Boundless Mountain also has a little friction with the Sacred Sun Clan.”

As opposed to the tense relationship between Broad Creed Mountain and the Sacred Sun Clan, the Mountain Domain Sacred Ground Infinite Boundless Mountain and Broad Creed Mountain were merely competitors. While they did not share all that much of a harmonious relationship, they could also not be considered enemies.

With two neighbouring behemoths both fighting for some room to develop, some sparks would inevitably fly.

However, there were also times when the two would join hands, especially in recent years with the rising domineeringness of the Sacred Sun Clan.

However, the Sacred Sun Clan also generally believed in attacking their neighbours whilst befriending those far away. Thus, most of the time, they would make the pose of placating Infinite Boundless Mountain as they tried to draw them to their side. It was only that due to the fact that the Sacred Sun Clan's traditional ally, Heavenly Thunder Hall, did not at all share a good relationship with Infinite Boundless Mountain, the Sacred Sun



Clan had to take care that they did not overstep their bounds whilst doing so.

Within Infinite Boundless Mountain, this topic was also being hotly debated over.

“There are some who are hostile towards our clan, while also some who are close with us, therefore resulting in it being such an issue,” Yan Zhaoge smiled slightly, “If we up the chips with those of them who are close with our clan, allowing them to hold a greater speaking power, Infinite Boundless Mountain’s overall decisions would begin leaning towards us rather than the Sacred Sun Clan.”

Yan Di said mildly, “That would mean that we would have to pay a bit of a price, taking a step back in certain matters.”

Yan Zhaoge chuckled, “Not definitely; perhaps we could borrow a chicken to lay an egg.”

“Oh?” As Yan Di gazed over, Yan Zhaoge pointed to the north, smiling as three words left his mouth.

“Cloud Portent Mountain.”

Yan Di’s gaze flickered slightly, “What are your thoughts?”

Yan Zhaoge answered, “Although junior apprentice-sister Feng was sent back to our clan, while remaining in the Eastern Tang,

other than working on pill formulas as well as the Internal Crystal Furnace, I have still been researching on the matter of how to help her regain her Extreme Yin Physique, to my utmost abilities ensuring that no mistakes could possibly occur.”

“In the process of this research, I discovered that if we could find a precious land of solitary yin also containing solitary yang, it could serve an extremely vital role.”

“Our Heaven Domain does not have such a place. Thus, I set my sights elsewhere.”

At this, Yan Di nodded, “True, the Mountain Domain’s Cloud Portent Mountain is just such a place.”

Yan Zhaoge smiled, “Thus, I gathered some information on Cloud Portent Mountain. And, upon analysing it carefully, I discovered that some other profundities actually also seem to lie within.”

“I’ll return to the Mountain and perform some further careful research on it. When you and Grand Master have also returned, we’ll discuss into it further then.”

Yan Di didn’t ask about it any further as he nodded, “You speedily return to the Mountain and carry out your preparations then.”

“Yes,” Yan Zhaoge bowed, and, after having finally handed over

everything he had to in the Eastern Tang, returned to Broad Creed Mountain.

More than half a year having passed, finally returning to Broad Creed Mountain, Yan Zhaoge had the feeling that he was finally home.

“Greetings, senior apprentice-brother Yan!”

“Senior apprentice-brother Yan is back?”

“This one greets senior apprentice-brother Yan!”

As the young disciples of the clan saw Yan Zhaoge, the feelings of respect and adulation within their gazes were now stronger than they had been before.

They already completely no longer seemed like they were looking at a role model of the same generation, but rather a figure who was on a completely different level from them.

The inside information on what had happened in the Eastern Tang, these young disciples weren't privy to.

However, they knew that this senior apprentice-brother before them had leapt from the late inner aura stage to the late outer aura stage in but over half a year's time.

The Sacred Sun Clan's prominent figure of the junior generation, Chao Yuanlong, had met two terrible defeats at the hands of Yan Zhaoge, whereas Xiao Shen had even been killed by him directly.

Other than his martial prowess, Yan Zhaoge had even caused the Internal Crystal Furnace to resurface within this world, helping Broad Creed Mountain's overall strength to experience a great leap forward.

Just these known achievements alone were sufficient for Yan Zhaoge's position in the eyes of these junior apprentice-brothers and sisters to become completely different.

Yan Zhaoge was all smiles as he exchanged greetings with everyone. Then, he first headed to the clan's Assignment Hall.

According to the clan's rules, in having been at the Eastern Tang this time, he had been on assignment. Returning to the clan this time, the first thing he had to do was report on its completion.

At the same time, there was someone whom, by courtesy, he had to first meet.

Yan Zhaoge entered the Assignment Hall, reporting on his assignment. Then, led by one of the Elders there, he arrived at the back hall.

Within the hall sat a middle-aged man with a scholarly air about him, currently looking through the clan's documents, quickly

handling their matters as appropriate.

Lifting his head, he gazed over, smiling gently, “Zhaoge, you’re back.”

Yan Zhaoge bowed calmly, “Second apprentice-uncle.”

This elegant, refined middle-aged man before him who kept a long flowing beard, was Yan Zhaoge’s second apprentice-uncle.

The current First Seat of Broad Creed Mountain’s Assignment Hall, Fang Zhun.

# HSSB 108: One Who Loves Eating

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Yuan Zhengfeng having left the Mountain with the Clear Qi Robe, Yan Di and Shi Tie also participating in their war efforts against the Sacred Sun Clan, Broad Creed Mountain's daily affairs were all currently being handled in their stead by Fang Zhun.

As an important participant in the war of the Eastern Tang, having returned to the Mountain, Yan Zhaoge naturally had to come and meet Fang Zhun.

Fang Zhun said slowly, "This time was still a little risky. Although eldest apprentice-brother went on ahead to the Eastern Tang earlier than our enemies predicted, this level of conflict still had the possibility of you coming to some harm."

Yan Zhaoge smiled, answering, "What second apprentice-uncle says is true. Thinking back on it now, I indeed feel a bit of fear on what happened then. However, it was still worth it, though it was a pity that we couldn't leave the Great Sun Heaven Measuring Ruler behind for good."

Fang Zhun waved his hands, "That was only completely according to the best case scenario; the current results are already extremely good."

"We must make prompt and decisive decisions, but we also cannot underestimate how fast our opponents can react to them."

"While Huang Xu isn't Huang Guanglie, he also isn't someone

that easy to deal with.”

His tone was gentle; speaking to Yan Zhaoge, although he was passing down teachings as an elder, he did not give off the feeling of speaking down to him from a point of superiority.

Just from the atmosphere of the conversation alone, it seemed more relaxed than when Yan Zhaoge had been conversing with Shi Tie.

“What second apprentice-uncle says is true,” Yan Zhaoge smiled.

Fang Zhun said, “I already know of Yan Xu’s matter. I also feel very sympathetic for what happened to your Yan Family that year.”

Yan Zhaoge shook his head, “Second apprentice-uncle overspeaks things. Yan Xu having been personally killed by me, our revenge can also be considered taken. Having known of this, my Father has also managed to get his mind over things.”

Fang Zhun said, “The Glacial Dragon Martial Saint’s relic as well as that ring of our clan’s late disciple Ye Jing can be made a decision on after Master and them have returned to the Mountain. Zhaoge, you go back and take a good rest first.”

Yan Zhaoge bowed, “I’m leaving. Farewell, second apprentice-uncle.”

Exiting the Assignment Hall, Yan Zhaoge let out a long breath.

When the Broad Creed Three Heroes were mentioned, the first who came to mind was generally Yan Di, who possessed the greatest martial talent as well as prowess amongst the three.

But actually, before Yan Di had risen to prominence, Broad Creed Mountain's most famous figure of their generation had precisely been that peaceful and amicable looking Fang Zhun currently sitting within the Assignment Hall going through the clan's documents.

The name of the Hidden Dragon, already clearly said everything.

And the person of the Sacred Sun Clan who had been Fang Zhun's rival in the past, both of them similarly high-potential seedlings, was their current Clan Chief, Huang Xu.

Even if it was now, with Huang Xu having taken over Huang Guanglie as the new Chief of the Sacred Sun Clan, there were few who believed that Fang Zhun was inferior to him in terms of individual ability.

As Yan Zhaoge walked on a small road of the mountain, his thoughts drifted as he suddenly came to think about many things.

"Right, how is junior apprentice-sister Feng's current condition?" Yan Zhaoge asked.



The Ah Hu beside him gave a simple and honest laugh, “When you, Young Master, entered the Assignment Hall just now, I already sent people over to ask about it.”

“Miss Feng has already entered the clan and begun cultivating. Over this past half year, whilst taking good care of her injuries, she has also been working on changing her martial foundation.”

“After all, she is a disciple of Broad Creed Mountain now. In order for her future path to be a little smoother, it is not good for her to continue cultivating in the martial arts of the Sacred Sun Clan. Spending a little more time on reforging her foundation now is also normal.”

“The old Clan Chief personally asked about her matter, and used one of our clan’s precious Ocean Changing Stones to reforge the qi ocean within her dantian for her.”

Ah Hu scratched his big head, “I’ve heard that she has already gradually come to make a full recovery from her injuries, and the reforging of her foundation is also already complete. The clan has arranged her a cave dwelling to reside in at the back mountain, with everything else to be decided upon after your return.”

Yan Zhaoge nodded, “Let’s go take a look. If her current state already fulfils the conditions, the matter of helping her to regain her Extreme Yin Physique will have to be pushed ahead of schedule.”

As he walked, Yan Zhaoge sighed, “Time waits for no man; her

opponents will not stay at the same spot waiting for her. And she has already been delayed by two years.”

Arriving at the back mountain, approaching Feng Yunsheng’s dwelling, Yan Zhaoge’s mind moved slightly.

From the roadside walked out a middle-aged woman, actually an Elder of Broad Creed Mountain’s Assignment Hall.

Seeing Yan Zhaoge, she nodded, then vanished once more without saying anything else.

Yan Zhaoge similarly acknowledged her with a nod, then continued walking forward.

Within the forest, the sounds of a waterfall resounded. As Yan Zhaoge passed through the forest, an enormous waterfall now appeared before his eyes.

The water flow descended from above with an incomparably loud rumbling noise, striking down on the deep pool of water below, causing large sprays of water to erupt.

Looking carefully, Yan Zhaoge saw that at the bottom of the waterfall, a figure was standing ramrod straight, allowing the violent waterfall to sweep down upon her non-stop however it liked.

White clothes like snow, black hair cascading.

A jet-black sword was grasped within that pair of hands that was clear and white as jade, currently waving it about repeatedly.

With a wave of the sword, that enormous waterfall was actually cut apart in an instant!

The next moment, the water flow recovered and the waterfall descended once again.

Next, as the sword was brandished yet again, the waterfall was cut apart.

This was a cycle that continually repeated itself.

Yan Zhaoge stood there, not moving as he observed silently, Ah Hu also accompanying by his side.

While that figure displayed extreme perseverance, Yan Zhaoge and Ah Hu were similarly extremely patient.

Time passed, from noon till sunset, not even a single bit of break time in between.

“Although it is only in embryonic form, within that knife is vaguely housed the strong points of both the Sacred Sun Clan and Broad Creed Mountain,” Seeing how the other party relied on not just pure perseverance in her training, Yan Zhaoge thought, “I did

not see mistakenly that year; her comprehension skills are definitely in no way inferior to the late Xiao Shen's, while her diligence is also one of a kind."

Ah Hu's expression was a little grave, "Although it's only watching her train, Young Master, I have the feeling that she should be extremely proficient in close combat. Facing her at the same cultivation level, she might be even more outstanding than Xiao Shen and Chao Yuanlong."

Yan Zhaoge shrugged, "That's right; I've watched her live in action before. From her usual training, it is actually very easy to underestimate her."

"Even if one discounts the matter of her Extreme Yin Physique, she is also a talented genius in the area of the martial dao. If she had not castrated Xiao Shen, even if she had permanently crippled one of his legs, there should still have been people in the Sacred Sun Clan who would have protected her."

Seeing Feng Yunsheng finally cease her movements, leaping out from beneath the waterfall, Yan Zhaoge prepared to stride out to meet her, "From the looks of it, it indeed seems like she's ready."

Just as he was preparing to raise his leg, Yan Zhaoge's movements paused slightly.

As he saw Feng Yunsheng scanning the surrounding area somewhat warily, as if making sure that there was no one nearby.

Upon confirming this, her face revealed a relaxed smile as she walked towards an area of dense forest just adjacent to the waterfall.

Yan Zhaoge frowned, “Eh? Is there something unspeakable going on here? If there really is, there really should be no way that our clan’s Elders keeping an eye on this place would be unable to detect it at all.”

As curiosity welled up within his heart, Yan Zhaoge followed after her, Ah Hu also following behind him hurriedly.

Entering the forest, he saw Feng Yunsheng currently squatting on the floor without any care for her own image at all, that little black dog Little Meaty of hers wagging its tail as it sat by the side.

A pile of firewood was ignited by Feng Yunsheng, on which there was a rack, upon which a string of something was currently being barbequed.

The Feng Yunsheng of now, far from how valiant she usually seemed, currently looked like a cat who had stolen a fish as she hurried over to the vicinity of the rack, a look of enjoyment on her face as her nose twitched gently.

She let out a soft sigh of praise, “The world only knows that this Tiger Claw Fish contains intense poison, yet doesn’t know how unparalleled it is in terms of taste!”

Hearing this from a distance away, Yan Zhaoge and Ah Hu could not help but stare at each other.

...The Tiger Claw Fish was not merely intensely poisonous for ordinary people; it could even bring down a Martial Scholar!

The corners of Yan Zhaoge's mouth twitched slightly, "So she's a foodhound!"

# HSSB 109: To Be Rewarded

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Keeping in mind Feng Yunsheng's words, Yan Zhaoge carefully observed that thing being barbequed on the rack once more. Only the size of one's palm, resembling a frog whilst also a fish-it indeed looked like a Tiger Claw Fish.

Smelling it, Yan Zhaoge smacked his lips, "Ke, it smells quite good; perhaps it really is delicious."

"You look like your eye for things is not bad, and it feels like you are quite practised at eating."

He himself was actually also very passionate about tasting various types of delicious food, just that ever since having come to this world, there had been various matters of many kinds that he had had to busily attend to. Also, he was supplied with the best clothes and the best food, coming whenever he wished it.

He was no longer like he had been in the past, searching for and uncovering new succulent delicacies all around as an old tiger.

Seeing Feng Yunsheng this way now, Yan Zhaoge began to resonate with her on some level. Smelling that flavour once more, he instantly felt the gluttony sleeping deep within him rousing, hooked.

Yan Zhaoge coughed, striding out unceremoniously.

Feng Yunsheng was startled, looking like a cat who had had its tail stepped on as she literally jumped.

Seeing that it was just Yan Zhaoge, the wariness within her eyes faded.

But the next moment, a deep embarrassment surfaced within her eyes as she unconsciously took a step to the side, blocking the pile of firewood and the barbeque rack behind her.

She who was normally very skilled with her words actually stuttered a little at this moment, “Se...senior apprentice-brother Yan, whe...when did you return to the Mountain ah?”

Yan Zhaoge said as though nothing was up at all, “Just today. Hearing that you have basically made a full recovery from your injuries, and are also finished with the reforging of your foundation, I’ve come to discuss with you about your cultivation from now on.”

Walking before Feng Yunsheng, Yan Zhaoge exploited his height advantage to gaze over and behind her, “Then, I discovered something rather impressive ah...”

Feng Yunsheng finally managed to calm down, as she let out a dry cough, “Senior apprentice-brother Yan, you should also know that us martial practitioners have a greater need for food and drink, in order to constantly replenish the depleted stamina within our bodies.”



“En, and as for me, I also rather like personally cooking food for myself. This can also be considered a hobby, just like how some other people like playing the zither, playing chess, reading or painting, just that this hobby of mine, en, is slightly unique a little, that’s all.”

Her words became smooth, but however one listened, it carried the feeling of her being a little guilty and embarrassed.

Yan Zhaoge smiled, generously giving himself a place by the fire, “Those who see get a share; those who see get a share!”

Feng Yunsheng was momentarily stunned, before, no longer feeling constrained, she laughed, “Delicacies ah, are originally better shared. Senior apprentice-brother Yan wanting to taste my craft, you are naturally most welcome.”

She paused for a moment, before adding, “You can rest easy; while the Tiger Claw Fish is indeed poisonous, I’ve already handled them. There’s nothing to be afraid of.”

After the string of Tiger Claw Fish had been barbequed, Feng Yunsheng took them down one by one, handing them over to Yan Zhaoge and Ah Hu.

Little Meaty shook her tail as she came over, looking toady to the extreme.

“There’s definitely your share,” Feng Yunsheng laughed, also

giving it a fish.

Looking at Ah Hu who was still a little dazed, Feng Yunsheng was all smiles, “Try it; my taste is very strict; those delicacies whose taste I can never get over aren’t many yo.”

At this moment, Yan Zhaoge suddenly had the feeling of not knowing whether to laugh or to cry.

This script, is a little wrong...

Most of the time, wasn’t it the male main character, with barbequed fish or chicken or something of the kind, hitting on chicks in a foreign world?

After one barbeque session, the beautiful girl falling head over heels or something along that line...

With me here, the situation seems to have been totally reversed?

As I thought, this script is wrong!

But...gotta say that...

The taste is indeed not bad...

Rather delicious...

“While we eat, we also cannot forget about the real important matters,” Swallowing the food in his mouth, Yan Zhaoge looked at Feng Yunsheng, “Still remember what I said to you half a year ago in the Eastern Tang, right before we parted ways? Your days of hardship, are coming.”

Hearing his words, Feng Yunsheng’s gaze abruptly lit up, to the point of even becoming a little dazzling, “I have always been looking forward to this day.”

Yan Zhaoge said, “You wasted two years of your time, and still have to start all over again now. Let alone Meng Wan; even catching up with the other Maidens of Extreme Yin will not be an easy thing.”

“Therefore, I can only prescribe you a violent medicine,” Yan Zhaoge said mildly, “This matter concerns the wider situation of our clan, and is no longer only your own personal matter. Even if you can’t take it anymore, I will have no choice but to continue forcing it down on you.”

Feng Yunsheng smiled slightly, “If I could simply and easily catch up with the leaders without having to put in much effort, where does that leave the similarly talented Little Wan and the others?”

She met Yan Zhaoge’s gaze, not wavering in the slightest, as she said solemnly, “However tough it is, I can also bear it. Either I succeed, or I train myself to death here in the Mountain; I would also not attend the Extreme Yin Bout to shame myself and the

clan!”

Yan Zhaoge waved his hands, “Relax, no need to be so tense; we also don’t ask of you to succeed in your first attempt. On the contrary, sparring with the other Maidens of Extreme Yin is originally also a required form of tempering.”

“Most importantly: a level a step, continuing to constantly rise, till you reach the eventual peak.”

Feng Yunsheng nodded, “I understand.”

In the days that followed, Yan Zhaoge began instructing Feng Yunsheng in her initial stages of preparation.

And as time passed, the conflict between Broad Creed Mountain and the Sacred Sun Clan also gradually subsided.

One day, the heavens and the earth shook as the Clear Qi Robe returned to the Mountain, the old Chief Yuan Zhengfeng and the other experts of Broad Creed Mountain beginning to return one by one.

The Yan Zhaoge who had been remaining on the Mountain these past days also received the summons of his Grand Master, Yuan Zhengfeng.

At first glance, Yuan Zhengfeng seemed like a rather diminutive, insipid old man. However, as he sat there, he was like the focal

point of the Great Hall, such that it would be hard to overlook him.

Sitting by his left was another elderly man, as well as an elderly woman.

Yan Zhaoge recognised them as the Grand Elders of the clan, longtime Elders of the same generation as Yuan Zhengfeng.

While by Yuan Zhengfeng's right were seated the trio of Shi Tie, Fang Zhun, and his father Yan Di.

Seeing Fang Zhun and Yan Di seated side by side, Yan Zhaoge's gaze flickered slightly.

His second apprentice-uncle was hailed as the Hidden Dragon.

But it was precisely because his father had suddenly soared into prominence out of nowhere that the Hidden Dragon was today still the Hidden Dragon, having yet to take that last step of the Hidden Dragon soaring into the heavens, currently still a dragon within the abyss.

However, in this world where martial practitioners reigned supreme, while a person's strength as well as potential were indeed important factors for measuring their leadership capabilities, in order to ensure that it would be long lasting, some various other factors still had to be considered.

In most people's eyes, not taking into account their martial

prowess, when compared to Yan Di in other areas, Fang Zhun appeared more suited to be the next Clan Chief.

Some years ago, when Fang Zhun's stance towards the outside world had not been so tough as it was now, he had even enjoyed the unanimous support of the clan's moderate faction with the clan's longtime Elders at its head.

The other Sacred Grounds were also similarly paying attention to the candidature of Broad Creed Mountain's next Chief.

Not only was this true for the Sacred Sun Clan and the Heavenly Thunder Hall with whom they shared a disharmonious relationship, even Jade Sea City and Infinite Boundless Mountain were extremely concerned about this.

Over the years, while Fang Zhun had also switched to a tougher stance, compared to the all fangs bared Yan Di, he was still much, much gentler in comparison.

Before Yan Di had risen into prominence, Fang Zhun had been regarded by all as Yuan Zhengfeng's definite successor.

However, the latecomer Yan Di's current momentum was coming to overshadow him more and more.

Countless thoughts flashed through Yan Zhaoge's mind before he quelled them, bowing to them all.

Yuan Zhengfeng said smilingly, “This time, we have all been errand boys for Zhaoge.”

Yan Zhaoge had a sufficient understanding of his Grand Master. In front of members of the younger generation, he was actually usually very humorous. His words now were not words of blame or sarcasm; rather, seeing such a competent youngster appearing from within his clan, this old man felt greatly comforted as he made such a joke.

Yan Zhaoge smiled as he replied cheekily, “These words of yours will reduce my lifespan; these past days, I’ve been tossing and turning in bed, agonising over being sent to the Disciplinary Hall.”

Yuan Zhengfeng shook his head, smiling, “You will indeed have to make a trip to the Disciplinary Hall, though it’s not to be punished, but to be rewarded.”

# HSSB 110: The Future Is Uncertain

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“To be rewarded ah...” Yan Zhaoge smiled, “Being highly looked upon by the clan, I enjoy more benefits than our ordinary disciples.”

“When the clan needs me, it stands to reason that I diligently contribute as best I can.”

The Shi Tie seated just a seat directly below Yuan Zhengfeng said, “It is good that you feel this way. Still, our clan metes out punishment and reward as is deserved; we will definitely not mistreat any of our disciples who have contributed.”

Yan Zhaoge bowed, “I thank Grand Master, eldest apprentice-uncle.”

Yuan Zhengfeng said, “The specifics of the rewards can be mentioned later on. First, let’s discuss the more pressing issues at hand.”

His gaze settled on Yan Zhaoge for a few moments before he addressed him, “This old man heard from Yan Di that you are aiming for Infinite Boundless Mountain’s Cloud Portent Mountain?”

Cloud Portent Mountain was located in the eastern part of the Mountain Domain and was quite a huge distance away from Infinite Boundless Mountain itself. However, they had always viewed it with great importance.



The reason for this was that the mountain produced a valuable resource known as Giant Spirit Magnetite.

In the entire Eight Extremities World, only two locations produced this resource – Infinite Boundless Mountain and this Cloud Portent Mountain.

The core qi circulatory art of Infinite Boundless Mountain was known as the Giant Spirit Profound Art, being on the same level as Broad Creed Mountain's Clear Qi Profound Art and the Sacred Sun Clan's Great Sun True Qi.

The Giant Spirit Profound Art was renowned for its gigantic strength. Its nature was extremely firm and unyielding, emphasizing forcefulness. However, the difficulty of cultivating this profound art was also correspondingly high.

Many years ago, the founder of Infinite Boundless Mountain had inadvertently discovered Giant Spirit Magnetite at that very mountain. Finding that the ore was useful in the cultivation of the Giant Spirit Profound Art, he occupied the mountain and established the clan there, setting down their very first foundations.

However, as time passed, the Giant Spirit Magnetite quarry in Infinite Boundless Mountain slowly dried up.

Fortunately for them, the neighboring Cloud Portent Mountain also produced this resource.

However, in the present day, Infinite Boundless Mountain itself was no longer a source of Giant Spirit Magnetite, while Cloud Portent Mountain was also able to produce less and less of it. In fact, it seemed as though Cloud Portent Mountain was about to be entirely exhausted as well.

Without the Giant Spirit Magnetite, Infinite Boundless Mountain's martial practitioners could still cultivate in the Giant Spirit Profound Art, but would find the difficulty of doing so greatly increased. In addition, their cultivation speed would also be lower.

For Infinite Boundless Mountain, this was one of their greatest worries.

Over the years, Infinite Boundless Mountain had been searching for a new source of Great Spirit Magnetite whilst congregating the clan's experts in trying to refine the Great Spirit Profound Art.

The former had not seen any results, whereas while some progress had been made in the latter, it was also limited.

Because of this, Yuan Zhengfeng and the others immediately gained interest when Yan Zhaoge set his sights on Cloud Portent Mountain.

Yan Zhaoge's expression turned proper, "I cannot say for sure before having visited the actual location, but there are indeed opportunities awaiting us there."

He paused for a moment, then looked around at the others, “This time, we weren’t able to exclude the Sacred Sun Clan from the Extreme Yin Bout?”

In response to Yan Zhaoge’s inquiry, Yan Zhengfeng and the others did not feel that he was being insubordinate. Rather, a hint of praise even appeared within Yuan Zhengfeng’s gaze.

Fang Zhun responded, “Originally, we had planned to ally with the other Sacred Grounds to exclude them from the next Bout.”

“However, Turbid Wave Pavilion and Infinite Boundless Mountain both did not declare their stance, so we had no choice but to drop the topic.”

“Thus, the Sacred Sun Clan’s Maiden of Extreme Yin will still be participating in the upcoming Bout.”

Yan Zhaoge nodded slightly.

Within Infinite Boundless Mountain, there had actually always existed a large split in opinion.

Infinite Boundless Mountain seemed to always be leaning towards the side that offered a higher price, standing in between the Heaven-Water Alliance of Broad Creed Mountain and Jade Sea City and the Thunder-Fire Alliance of the Sacred Sun Clan and the Heavenly Thunder Hall.

However, they had never actually given up on developing till they were strong enough to stand at the head of the Sacred Grounds.

In order to expand and develop, they needed a focus and a direction. However, where the mountain was, everything to the north and the west was just a desolate expanse.

As a result, they had to either expand eastwards and clash with the Heavenly Thunder Hall or expand southwards and clash with Broad Creed Mountain.

To them, an overly strong Sacred Sun Clan or an overly strong Broad Creed Mountain were both things that they would not be happy to see.

As for whether to befriend the Sacred Sun Clan or Broad Creed Mountain, Infinite Boundless Mountain had long been torn over this question.

Yan Zhaoge said seriously, “Disciple researched ancient texts and found that Giant Spirit Magnetite and the Giant Spirit Profound Art are both things which existed before the Great Calamity.”

“Disciple plans to go to Cloud Portent Mountain later on and study the site itself; perhaps I’ll gain something from it.”

For the upcoming third Extreme Yin Bout, if the Crown of

Extreme Yin landed in the hands of the Sacred Sun Clan, to Broad Creed Mountain, bringing Infinite Boundless Mountain over to their side would become especially important.

As for whether they would be raising a tiger to repel a wolf, allowing Infinite Boundless Mountain to gain power and eventually come to pose as a major threat, Yan Zhaoge was not worried about that, having an answer to it.

To the left of Yan Zhengfeng, an old woman spoke, “This time, you killed Pan Botai’s grandson and also served a key role in the war in the Eastern Tang. I’m afraid that the Sacred Sun Clan will be keeping a close eye on your movements.”

“Though the Sacred Sun Clan ate a big loss this time, for them to assassinate a Martial Scholar would still not be a difficult thing.”

“Staying within the Heaven Domain, we can guarantee your safety, but the Mountain Domain is a different matter. Is there not someone you could send in your place to examine matters at Cloud Portent Mountain?”

Yan Zhaoge smiled, saying, “Many thanks for senior apprentice-grandaunt’s concern, but this matter will have to be decided by you Elders. If the Sacred Sun Clan is fool enough to fall into two consecutive traps, let’s leave behind the people they send over for good this time?”

That Elder raised her eyebrows, “You want to set up another ambush? At such a young age, do you really think yourself to be

invincible?”

Fang Zhun said, “At least before they obtain the Crown of Extreme Yin, the Sacred Sun Clan will not move lightly. They indeed have to worry up us setting up a trap for them once again.”

“Even if they do get the Crown of Extreme Yin, with Infinite Boundless Mountain’s stance still unclear, they would not dare to move lightly in the Mountain Domain. Otherwise, they would only be pushing Infinite Boundless Mountain towards our side.”

“The real threat would be Huang Guanglie leaving seclusion stronger than before; at that time, the Sacred Sun Clan’s counterattack would truly begin.”

Fang Zhun lowered his voice, “At that time, I’m afraid that it would be an even more intense war than this one, perhaps even an all-out war.”

“Because of that, we need to quickly begin our preparations, to increase our clan’s chances of victory.”

Yuan Zhengfeng spoke, “This time, we acted to make it more convenient for our future movements, and not so that we can be even more indecisive than we were before.”

“Zhaoge, if you want to go to the Mountain Domain, you can. But, for safety’s sake, you cannot go alone.”

Yan Zhaoge nodded his head, “Grand Master, I understand.”

Yuan Zhengfeng laughed, “Alright, let’s talk about what Zhaoge would like to hear now.”

He looked at Shi Tie, who nodded, “In the war of the Eastern Tang, Zhaoge first detected the scheme of the Sacred Sun Clan, then was even willing to brave extraordinary danger in leading our enemies into a trap.”

Shi Tie turned around and gave Yan Di a look, “From our assault on the Fire Domain this time, a portion of the spoils of war will go to you. Later, you can ask junior apprentice-brother Yan for it.”

Yan Di laughed, “Even before we invaded the Fire Domain, this little rascal was already talking about it.”

Yan Zhengfeng and the others all laughed. The thick-skinned Yan Zhaoge chuckled but did not speak.

Shi Tie continued: “And before this, you first saved Zhao Shicheng’s life, then helped him to wrest back control of the Jingyang Grand Formation, saving the Eastern Tang. This too deserves a reward from the clan.”

“Afterwards, you helped us capture the Ghost Hatchet Elder Han Sheng, contributing a great deal to our efforts against the Decimating Abyss organisation.”

“For these three merits, we would actually simply have rewarded you with a spirit artifact.” Shi Tie looked at Yan Zhaoge, “However, you currently possess at least two spirit artifacts, as well as all of Yan Xu’s personal property. Right now, you don’t lack spirit artifacts at all—rather, you have an excess.”

Martial Scholars were unable to fully draw on the power of a spirit artifact. Being able to control one was already very good; any others would be kept in reserve as it was very difficult to control different spirit artifacts simultaneously.

At the Spirit Wind Canyon, Yan Zhaoge had only used the Radiant Sun Wheel; the Jade Dragon Sword had actually only been there to serve as the eye of the reversal formation.

Shi Tie continued: “Therefore, the clan has decided to reward you with a Qilin Spring Baptism.”

Hearing his words, Yan Zhaoge instantly smiled.



# HSSB 111: Qilin Spring Baptism

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The baptism ceremonies that Yan Zhaoge knew of were many, quite a number of those being the leading ones of previous generations.

However, there were very few of those whose external conditions could be satisfied, while Broad Creed Mountain's own Qilin Spring Baptism, in Yan Zhaoge's eyes, also looked somewhat promising.

On Broad Creed Mountain was the Heavenly Clear Spirit Spring. When bathed and baptised in this spring, martial practitioners would benefit greatly. This baptism was known as Heavenly Spring Baptism.

As Yan Zhaoge saw it, the Heavenly Spring Baptism could only count as average leaning towards superior.

But if a Qilin Stone was added in, transforming it into a Qilin Spring Baptism, it would then be an extremely high-grade baptism ceremony.

It was just that the Qilin Stones was extremely limited in number, and every one used meant every one lost.

At this moment in time, Broad Creed Mountain only had three Qilin Stones left. Thus, the allocation and use of every single one of those was treated with the utmost seriousness.

As per what Yan Zhaoge knew, after the investigation into Feng Yunsheng had concluded, if she could really regain her Extreme Yin Physique, the clan's internal division had already decided to prepare her a Qilin Spring Baptism.

Therefore, Broad Creed Mountain's current store of Qilin stones actually numbered only two. Put it another way, there were only two more chances for Qilin Spring Baptisms.

Being able to receive the reward of the Qilin Spring Baptism was on one hand due to his great contributions this time in the Eastern Tang, and on the other due to his consecutive victories over Chao Yuanlong and Xiao Shen, where he had displayed greater potential and strength than before.

The latter was possibly the more primary reason.

"I will abstain from arrogance and impatience, working doubly hard in my cultivation," Yan Zhaoge smiled as he answered.

Shi Tie nodded, "Shortly after this, you follow me to receive your Qilin Stone. Your Qilin Spring Baptism will be presided over by junior apprentice-brother Yan."

As Yan Zhaoge followed Shi Tie and left, the Elder a seat below Yuan Zhengfeng now opened his mouth for the first time, saying slowly, "Able to perform merits, but also able to cause trouble-too impetuous."

Yuan Zhengfeng waved his hands, “He’s different from other youngsters. Yan Zhaoge generally has the means to himself take care of the trouble he’s caused, not needing others to clean up for him.”

“Even having caused such a huge incident this time in the Eastern Tang, he was also able to take advantage of the situation instead, turning misfortune into fortune. That’s very good indeed.”

That old woman shook her head, “He can’t depend on luck every single time.”

Yuan Zhengfeng laughed, “Being lucky every single time, itself already proves that he did not just purely depend on luck.”

“Youngsters should be a little more headstrong; otherwise, having reached our age, wouldn’t they be even more conservative than we are now? That would really be stretching our necks out breathing heavily and waiting to enter the soil.”

The two Grand Elders fell silent, while Fang Zhun smiled from the side.

Yan Di rose, bowing silently towards Yuan Zhengfeng, “Master, two senior apprentice-uncles, I will go and make preparations for the Qilin Spring Baptism.”

The next time Yan Zhaoge saw his father again was already by

the side of the Heavenly Clear Spirit Spring.

From its exterior, the Heavenly Clear Spirit Spring resembled a mirror of white jade, no waves or ripples appearing whatsoever on its surface, the spring water a clear and warm white.

The spiritual qi within was contained and not exposed, not being visible from the outside at all. But just standing by the side of the spirit spring, Yan Zhaoge already had the feeling of being relaxed and happy.

The Qilin Stone was a spirit stone that was fiery red in colour, being translucent with a flickering silhouette vaguely visibly within, while looking like the mythical Qilin, also resembling raging, leaping flames.

Yan Zhaoge handed the Qilin stone over to Yan Di. With a flick of Yan Di's finger, that spirit stone flew into the air above the spring water, whereupon it was frozen in place by his fist intent.

Yan Di gazed towards the Heavenly Clear Spirit Spring whose surface did not even contain a single ripple.

The next moment, the surface of the spring which had originally seemed like a solid body began bubbling frenetically as though it was boiling.

From being extremely passive, to being extremely active in but an instant.

Streams of water shot up into the air, converging around the Qilin Stone in the shape of an umbrella.

Yan Zhaoge immediately strode into the air above the Heavenly Clear Spirit Spring, hovering seated in the meditative position above it before his entire person slowly sunk downwards and into the spring water below.

Gazing over from afar, it would be seen that as his figure descended, the Qilin Stone surrounded by the streams of water in mid-air also descended with him.

When Yan Zhaoge was completely submersed in the water, the streams of water in the form of an umbrella above him, supporting the Qilin Stone right at their peak, submerged along with him.

Looking over, Yan Zhaoge saw the Qilin Stone rapidly dissolve, transforming into numerous streaks of red light which combined with the clear white spring water that surrounded and revolved around him.

Being within the Heavenly Clear Spirit Spring gave off a completely different feeling from soaking in water.

It did not feel any different from earlier in the air of the outside world.

However, his entire person actually seemed trapped within a

solid body and completely unable to move, like a small insect caught within amber.

Now, those red streaks of light, roiling about in the clear white spring water, actually gradually took form!

The head of a dragon, the body of an elk, the tail of a cow, the hooves of a horse.

Grand and stately, bright and dignified.

It was, shockingly, a Qilin!

The red silhouette of a Qilin surrounded Yan Zhaoge's entire body, enveloping him within.

As time passed, this Qilin silhouette actually shrunk as it seemed to be fusing within Yan Zhaoge's body.

While the clear white spring water, guided by a large amount of spiritual energy, also fused within Yan Zhaoge's body.

Yan Zhaoge silently shut his eyes, circulating his profound art and absorbing the spiritual energy bit by bit as he observed the changes happening within his body.

“My qi ocean has expanded a step further, the total amount of aura-qi it can hold increasing...”

“My tendons have strengthened a step further, being able to withstand a greater eruption of force than before...”

“My marrows have also strengthened, its blood creation as well as recuperative abilities improving...”

“Even my mind seems to work better and faster than before...”

“It is not just something temporary, but rather something long-term that will be of use in my future cultivation.”

The corners of Yan Zhaoge’s mouth revealed a hint of a smile at his satisfaction with this result.

After the entire baptism ceremony had finally concluded, Yan Zhaoge emerged from the Heavenly Clear Spirit Spring, standing silently by the side of the water whilst not moving an inch.

Yan Di also did not hurry him as he stood by the side and waited.

Yan Zhaoge could only feel that all the aura-qi within his body was surging ceaselessly. Unable to comfortably contain it, he suddenly released a long roar, the roar resembling a dragon roaring to the nine heavens, not dissipating in a long time!

This roar resounded throughout the entire area, shaking one’s very soul.

It was a long time before Yan Zhaoge's roar finally came to an end. Slightly moving his body about, he felt that his body's foundation was much stabler than before, with the feeling of having accumulated a strong foundation in preparation for his future breakthroughs also much clearer.

Swivelling his head, Yan Zhaoge smiled, "The Qilin Spring Baptism's legendary reputation is well-deserved indeed."

"Cultivate diligently," Yan Di smiled, "Having returned this time, I will not test your cultivation anymore. That bunch of little fellas of the Sacred Sun Clan are already sufficient in proving your progress these past days."

"Having just finished with the baptism, you should return to your dwelling and nourish your aura-qi a little. The things that I've brought for you back from the Fire Domain this time are already there."

Some warmth surfaced within Yan Di's eyes, "You will be going to the Mountain Domain soon; return to your dwelling and properly make all the preparations that you need."

Yan Zhaoge nodded slightly, "You can rest easy; I won't be complacent."

Returning to his dwelling, Yan Zhaoge indeed saw that a large amount of treasures had been placed there. Ah Hu guarded the mountain of treasures, breaking out in a smile so wide that only



his teeth and not his eyes could be seen.

Going through them, Yan Zhaoge found that a good number of things that he needed somewhat more urgently were present.

“Let me see: Flowing Cloud Mirror...Underground Fire Pith...Fire Patterned Jade...Heaven Ascending Vine...” Yan Zhaoge snapped his fingers, “A great harvest ah!”

All of these things of the Fire Domain, even in the Sacred Sun Clan, were extremely hard to come by, being rare and valuable beyond compare.

To the Sacred Sun Clan, these treasures all had countless wonderful uses, being things whose demand could never be met.

Usually, the Sacred Sun Clan strictly kept these treasures from flowing to the outside world. Even if one wanted to exchange it with treasures of the Heaven Domain, it would also be extremely difficult.

Even if a deal was successfully struck, only some inferior quality products could be obtained.

And this time, Yan Zhaoge had obtained a considerable portion of what he had wanted, with all of them being superior grade products too.

Yan Zhaoge first lifted up a Flowing Cloud Mirror as he began to

chuckle, “The Flowing Cloud Mirror with the Blood Refining Orb; this time, the Blood Devil Plate is within sight.”

# HSSB 112: A Solid Foundation, A Step Further

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Just the Flowing Cloud Mirror coupled together with the Blood Refining Orb naturally wasn't sufficient to produce a Blood Devil Plate.

However, with both main ingredients already available to him, if Yan Zhaoge wanted to forge a Blood Devil Plate, it would be much easier for him to do so.

Other than Flowing Cloud Mirrors, YanDi had also brought back a large amount of Fire Patterned Jade from the Fire Domain for Yan Zhaoge, who felt very happy at this.

Mixing the Fire Patterned Jade with the Ice Dome Grease that was produced in the Heaven Domain to form a medicinal salve, Yan Zhaoge applied it on his own body.

Yan Zhaoge resembled a statue as he got into the meditative position and circulated his qi.

The medicinal salve gradually turned transparent as clouds of smoke were unceasingly absorbed by the pulsing acupoints of Yan Zhaoge's entire body.

Within his dantian's qi ocean, the chaotic mass of qi concealed beneath the clear qi surged unceasingly, gradually separating into two streams of pure, refined qi, one extremely cold, the other

extremely hot.

Within that extremely hot stream of pure, refined qi, a tiny fire seed flickered slightly.

The spiritual energy within the medicinal salve was gradually split up and absorbed by the hot and cold streams of pure, refined qi, following which they gradually reformed into a chaotic mass.

Yan Zhaoge opened his eyes, swivelling his pupils about. His perception of the outside world was now much keener than it had been before.

It was not merely an improvement of his aura-qi; his spiritual sense itself had also progressed.

The Martial Scholar realm was generally divided into three major stages, the inner aura stage, the outer aura stage and the Xiantian stage, following which was the Heavenly Connection Stage from which a Martial Scholar would attempt their breakthrough into the Martial Grandmaster realm.

The greatest difference between a late outer aura Martial Scholar and an early Xiantian Martial Scholar was that the latter had refined their aura-qi to the point where it possessed spirituality.

When the aura-qi gained spirituality, it would be strengthened, and a martial practitioner would also be able to wield it with even greater ease than before.

For two opposing aura-qis of a similar density, the side possessing spirituality would be able to easily defeat the side without. To make up for this deficit, a larger amount of aura-qi would be required.

This was one of the reasons for the difference in strength between Xiantian Martial Scholars and late outer aura Martial Scholars.

In comparison to the distance between levels within the outer aura stage itself, the distance from the outer aura stage to the Xiantian stage was even greater, as great of a gulf as from the inner aura to the outer aura stage.

Other than their aura-qi undergoing a qualitative change, Xiantian Martial Scholars would also see their spiritual sense taking great strides forward, being beneficial in discovering concealed enemies as well as increasing the acuity of their senses as their reaction speed in the midst of combat was also increased.

Comparatively speaking, in breaking through from the late outer aura stage to the early Xiantian stage, enlightenment was more significant than the accumulation of aura-qi.

However, the density of Xiantian Martial Scholars' aura-qi was generally much greater than that of late outer aura Martial Scholars as well.

To Yan Zhaoge, glimpsing through the secret of how to bestow

his aura-qi spirituality was not hard. On the contrary, his problem was that after having stepped into the late outer aura Martial Scholar realm not long ago in the Eastern Tang, he had been warring all over the place without any time to seriously cultivate, resulting in his current accumulation of strength being a little lacking.

But with the Ice Dome Grease and Fire Patterned Jade now, having gone through two baptisms of his body, most of the deficiencies in his accumulated cultivation had been made up for.

This way, his distance from the Xiantian Martial Scholar realm had lessened a step further.

“I can keep the Underground Fire Pith on me first; it does not have to be used immediately,” Yan Zhaoge rose, rotating his neck, “There’s also the Heaven Ascending Vine this time, for concocting the Heaven Returning Divine Pill for Grand Master. Now, only one final main ingredient is lacking. Hopefully, the information is true that it can be found in the Mountain Domain.

As Yan Zhaoge walked out of the door, for once, Ah Hu was not outside waiting for him.

“I wonder if Ah Hu has succeeded,” Yan Zhaoge knew that Ah Hu was currently also in the midst of cultivating.

The him who was already a late Xiantian Martial Scholar was currently attempting to break through into the Heavenly Connection stage.

Of the ten levels of the Martial Scholar realm, the Heavenly Connection stage was the final one. The name of Heavenly Connection itself already explained everything.

Stepping into the Heavenly Connection stage, a Martial Scholar could begin making preparations for breaking through into the Martial Grandmaster realm. Once they succeeded, it would be a different heaven and earth altogether.

Ah Hu's willingness to be a retainer always caused many to unconsciously overlook him.

However, Yan Zhaoge clearly knew that this big man who looked a little simple and honest as well as slick actually possessed rather astonishing talent in the area of the martial dao!

To put it bluntly, it was in no way inferior to that of Yan Zhaoge's body's original owner!

Yan Di had not treated him badly at all, having treated him as he would a disciple, taking great care in teaching and guiding him. Therefore, Ah Hu's ability completely wouldn't lose to the likes of Xiao Shen and Chao Yuanlong at the same cultivation level.

"Oh, it's still that same bottleneck," Coming to where Ah Hu had engaged in secluded cultivation and entering it, Yan Zhaoge observed silently by the side for a moment before he shook his head slightly, "It's just that paper-thin distance away, but he just can't get past it."

The Ah Hu of this moment no longer had his usual smile on his face, instead being solemn and earnest, all his attention fully focused.

His aura blazed, resembling a ferocious tiger set on devouring everything it saw.

His aura-qi took the form of an illusory heaven and earth, the entire world shaking and distorting with black hurricanes as silhouettes flickered.

The storm vaguely solidified to form the shape of a tiger, the roars of the tiger and the howls of the wind mixing together, being hard to tell apart.

Yan Zhaoge hesitated slightly for a moment, “It’s fine if it’s others, but with Ah Hu just that final step away, it’s not like I have no way to get him past that.”

“It’s just that as soon as I reveal this technique, it might very well cause some suspicion within Father...wait, I can push it to that dead dude Yan Xu.”

A spark of inspiration flashing through his mind, Yan Zhaoge had an idea.

The Meteor Blade martial art of Yan Xu’s had been generally browsed through by Yan Zhaoge, who had come to feel more and



more certain in it.

When Ah Hu temporarily ceased in his cultivation, opening his eyes and seeing Yan Zhaoge, he was not surprised in the least, as he instead grinned, “The Heavenly Connection stage, is a little difficult ah.”

Listening to Ah Hu’s grumbles, Yan Zhaoge threw over a scroll at him, “Yan Xu’s Meteor Blade, some incomplete Martial Art that he learnt from who knows where, does have its unique areas; you can take a look.”

Ah Hu said somewhat curiously as he received the book, “Young Master, I don’t cultivate in sabres.”

Yan Zhaoge said, “Comprehending by analogy; having also taken an overall look of it earlier, I’ve found that it might be of help to you now.”

“Entering the Heavenly Connection stage is not a pure matter of accumulating your strength; most important is gaining instant enlightenment. All your other preparations are complete; the only thing you need is that final flash of insight, dissipating that final fog.”

“The feeling of Heavenly Connection, resonating and combining to become one with the Heavens.”

Having received pointers from Yan Zhaoge whose cultivation was

actually inferior to his own, Ah Hu was not impatient in the least, as he instead nodded, “Yes, that’s right.”

Yan Zhaoge spoke, “You might want to try viewing the stars within the night sky, sensing their faraway changes, especially that instant where the shooting stars flash by; perhaps that might be effective.”

“The principles of this Meteor Blade martial art all stem from there; you can try to use it as a reference.”

As he said thus, Yan Zhaoge’s finger traced out an arc in mid-air, resembling a shooting star flashing past the horizon.

Ah Hu looked thoughtful as he too extended a finger and traced some imaginary arcs of his own, before taking that scroll and walking outside.

Yan Zhaoge shrugged, “Speaking of martial manuals, I still have a chance to enter the Martial Repository once.”

Broad Creed Mountain’s Martial Repository housed all of Broad Creed Mountain’s supreme martial arts as well as all the other martial arts its disciples had inadvertently come by over the years whilst roaming the outside world.

In the Martial Repository, the higher one went, the higher the grade of the martial manuals stored.

The first floor contained Broad Creed Mountain's own foundational martial arts, and was mainly for newly-entered disciples.

The second floor contained Broad Creed Mountain's various advanced-level martial arts; other than that, the martial arts collected from the outside world were mostly also concentrated here.

Some of them, their grade being relatively lower, were then placed here. While Broad Creed Mountain didn't prohibit its disciples from dabbling in martial arts of the outside world, they had to first make sure that their own foundations had been well-established. Therefore, martial arts from the outside world weren't stored on the first floor, lest new disciples, out of a moment of greed or novelty, instead fell behind in their standard cultivation.

Coming here, Yan Zhaoge completely brushed by the first and second floors, directly heading to the third floor.

# HSSB 113: Martial Repository

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Supreme martial arts such as the Eight Extreme Arts were all stored on the third floor of the Martial Repository.

Yan Zhaoge was actually interested in the fourth floor of the legends, where there were stored the true best of Broad Creed Mountain's martial arts.

Other than the second half of the Clear Qi Profound Art, there were also the three great martial arts of Broad Creed Mountain whose fame shook the entire Eight Extremities World.

However, according to the rules, the fourth floor of the Martial Repository could only be freely accessed by the Chief as well as the two First Seat Elders of the Martial Repository itself.

Everyone else, including Yan Zhaoge's father Yan Di, Fang Zhun, Shi Tie and the two Grand Elders, were not allowed to go in there wherever they liked, and could only do so when granted special permission by Yuan Zhengfeng or when entering together with him.

With the amount of potential that Yan Zhaoge had displayed now, being granted permission to enter the fourth floor was only a matter of time.

According to common precedent, he first had to enter the Martial Grandmaster realm.

“Actually, it’s still that fourth floor that I’m rather more interested in,” Yan Zhaoge smacked his lips, “To see to what stage the peak martial arts of the current Eight Extremities World has developed to.”

Although the martial scriptures of the Divine Palace encompassed a wide range of fields and were incomparably profound in their teachings, Yan Zhaoge had always taken great care to properly assimilate into his current environment. That way, cultivating and being familiar with Broad Creed Mountain’s direct lineage martial arts had become something that was absolutely necessary.

This time, entering the third floor of the Martial Repository to select a martial art, Yan Zhaoge had long since come up with an answer.

Precisely the Wind Fire Calamities of the Eight Extreme Arts.

With the Wind Calamity being a movement technique and the Fire Calamity being a force exertion technique which allowed one to erupt with power, both of them, when trained in simultaneously till the point of proficiency, merging and assimilating them, a martial practitioner’s speed could reach a shocking level.

Basically, all of Broad Creed Mountain’s martial practitioners would, at some time or other, choose to cultivate in the Wind Fire Calamities.

Generally speaking, the stronger a martial practitioner, whilst possessing a fierce fighting style, their movement technique would also not be too weak.

If they couldn't defeat their opponent, they could run. If they could but it was their opponent who ran, they could give chase.

In actual combat, many martial arts needed to be coordinated with movement techniques in order to unleash their greatest strength, in order to avoid being played around with in circles by opponents like a wooden target.

Of course, some martial arts which suppressed the active with the passive or countered the intricate with the rough did not fall within this radius.

Yan Zhaoge was already familiar with many powerful force exertion techniques as well as movement techniques. Looking at it this way, selecting the Wind Fire Calamities might seem a little overlapping.

However, it was not wasteful at all.

It was precisely possessing the concealment of the Wind Fire Calamities that Yan Zhaoge would be able to execute many other techniques without any reservation whatsoever.

After all, Yan Zhaoge had never lacked in profound martial arts, and, what's more, the Wind Fire Calamities themselves weren't bad

at all.

Also, from before the Great Calamity and after, there existed a difference in the density of the world's spiritual energy and how it flowed towards one's body.

Cultivating in scriptures of the Divine Palace of before the Great Calamity as well as the new martial arts developed following the time of the Great Calamity and comparing the two could, conversely, be of benefit towards Yan Zhaoge's improvements.

"The quality of the Wind Fire Calamities is actually also not bad," Yan Zhaoge nodded satisfiedly, thinking within his heart, "The Wind Calamity can coordinate with the Divine Palace's Aura Wind Heaven Warping Qi, whereas the Fire Calamity can coordinate with the Mighty Ape Demonic Fist of the Six Spirits Demonic Fist."

"En, the Howling Wind Stance of the Tiger Roar Demonic Fist, leaping and lunging out like a tiger, can also be matched with the Wind Calamity's movement technique."

"Let me see; a combination of these two techniques, it actually seems like it would be able to birth a whole new variation..."

After pondering for a moment, Yan Zhaoge quelled his thoughts and prepared to leave.

Looking at the Martial Repository before him, Yan Zhaoge's thoughts wavered momentarily.

Although this wasn't the Divine Palace's book storage building, as a similarly constructed building, standing within it always made Yan Zhaoge think of the first time he had come to this world, standing within the book storage building of the Divine Palace.

"That Great Calamity that year; what exactly happened?" Yan Zhaoge wondered.

That scene of the very heavens and the earth seemingly decimated would forever be etched within Yan Zhaoge's heart.

Even having been reborn now, it had always been affecting him, spurring him to move forward unceasingly, diligently working to become stronger with all his might.

Because he didn't know: that terrifying tribulation of the heavens and earth-would it descend once more?

The ripples within Yan Zhaoge's gaze gradually subsided, as all was calm once more.

"Striking iron requires one to be tough; I've got to continually strengthen myself, and at the same time also find a way to discover what exactly happened with the great tribulation of that year," Yan Zhaoge murmured to himself, "Grab it with both hands; both hands must also be tough ah..."

In comparison to the people of this current world, as someone



who had experienced the Great Calamity himself, Yan Zhaoge naturally knew more about it than they did.

That disaster known as the Great Calamity which descended that year; it was more possible that it was artificially induced, as opposed to having been a natural disaster...

And it was precisely because of that that this matter felt so pressing to him, causing him to feel that he just had to get to the bottom of things, with emotions far stronger than people of the current era.

Tapping his finger on one of the shelves, Yan Zhaoge unconsciously raised his head, looking up towards the fourth floor of the Martial Repository, “Broad Creed Mountain’s legacy is extremely ancient, to the point that even some of the past Divine Palace has rubbed off on it. Perhaps there might be some clues up there.”

“Zhaoge?” Hearing his name suddenly being called, Yan Zhaoge swivelled his head, as a tall, handsome youth now appeared before his eyes.

The newcomer was around twenty-five, twenty-six years of age, his features quite resembling that of the King of the Eastern Tang Kingdom, Zhao Shicheng.

Wearing white clothes covered by a blue robe, he was garbed in the clothes of Broad Creed Mountain’s elite disciples. He lacked Zhao Shicheng’s deep steadiness, instead appearing rather unruly

and high profile.

He was Zhao Shicheng's fourth son, Zhao Ming, who had officially entered Broad Creed Mountain to learn martial arts.

Of Zhao Shicheng's sons, Yan Zhaoge was actually the most acquainted with him.

"Brother has performed a great merit?" Looking at him, Yan Zhaoge smiled.

An elite disciple like Zhao Ming could already freely access the first floor of the Martial Repository as and when he liked, while being granted a one-time access to the second floor as a form of reward.

Generally speaking, it would be hard for him to get a chance to come up to the third floor.

Zhao Ming said, "Don't mock me, Zhaoge; I'm very clear that this reward was due to Royal Father."

Zhao Shicheng having greatly supported Broad Creed Mountain in the Eastern Tang, even having nearly perished himself, Broad Creed Mountain naturally wouldn't treat the Eastern Tang shabbily. Making an exception in granting Zhao Ming this reward was also a sign of their gratitude.

He said with a serious look on his face, "Speaking of which, I

really have to thank you for saving Royal Father in the Eastern Tang.”

Yan Zhaoge smiled, “With the relationship between our two families, why’re you still saying this?”

Zhao Ming nodded, also smiling. Just like currently, meeting in private with only the both of them, neither would ever address the other as apprentice-brother, instead calling each other Brother based off the close ties between their families.

Although he was older, having entered the clan a little later, only after he had stepped into the Martial Scholar realm, in order of who had first become the clan’s disciple, he was to address Yan Zhaoge as senior apprentice-brother.

“This time, thanks to our clan making an exception, I gained the chance to come to the third floor for the first time,” Zhao Ming sighed as he came beside Yan Zhaoge, the latter asking, “Have you chosen yet?”

Zhao Ming nodded, “I’ve chosen the Big Dipper Sword.”

Yan Zhaoge laughed, “Magnificent and vast; I also guessed that you would choose the Big Dipper Sword.”

“The sword intent of the Big Dipper Sword is mysterious and profound, possessing innumerable variations; you’re in for much training this time.”

Before Zhao Ming had the time to say anything, a voice resounded from the stairway between the second and third levels, “A thousand mysteries, ten thousand variations; you just have to firmly keep in mind that the seven stars all worship the north. Within the north sky, the seven stars converge; that is its basis, from which all variations stem.”

Hearing these words, the corners of Yan Zhaoge’s mouth arched lightly upwards.

A person entered. Clearly seeing his appearance, Zhao Ming could not help but frown.

He also recognised the other party: he was actually Fang Zhun’s direct disciple, a member of Broad Creed Mountain’s direct lineage alongside Yan Zhaoge, a leading figure of their younger generation, Lu Wen!

Zhao Ming suddenly recalled that amongst Broad Creed Mountain’s younger generation, in terms of attainment in this Big Dipper Sword, Lu Wen was the undisputed number one.

In the past, for the person beside him who had similarly cultivated in the Big Dipper Sword, it was precisely because he had been unable to best Lu Wen in it that he had switched to creating his own sword art, resulting in the birth of the Coiling Dragon Sword...

Zhao Ming looked first at Yan Zhaoge, then at Lu Wen who had

just come up by route of the stairs, the wariness within his heart instantly surging.

# HSSB 114: Big Dipper Sword VS Big Dipper Sword!

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As Zhao Ming looked at Lu Wen, his gaze flickered with a complicated look.

In the Eastern Tang, he was the number one prodigy, possessing outstanding talent whilst also completely devoted to the martial dao, being superior to all his other brothers in that area.

Being able to enter Broad Creed Mountain, put on the blue robe of an elite disciple and be looked upon highly by the clan as a target for grooming was itself already an affirmation of his ability.

However, the Lu Wen before him, whilst of a similar age to him, had a cultivation base that was not just a bit higher than his own.

For Zhao Ming, being able to reach the mid outer aura Martial Scholar realm at his age was already a rare thing.

However, Lu Wen had long been in the late outer aura Martial Scholar realm.

The difference between the two was just like how Lu Wen's blue robe was additionally also black-bordered.

While the Yan Zhaoge beside him, was even more shockingly talented. Before leaving the Mountain previously, he had still been

a late inner aura Martial Scholar. Having returned now, he had actually already completely surpassed him, Zhao Ming, having stepped into the late outer aura Martial Scholar realm!

This kind of levelling speed could no longer be termed as shocking, but rather terrifying.

At this, Zhao Ming completely couldn't birth any feelings of jealousy at all; only envy remained.

Seeing the Lu Wen who had just arrived, Zhao Ming said neither saltily nor mildly, "Thank you senior apprentice-brother Lu for your pointers."

The competition between Fang Zhun and Yan Di was something that Zhao Ming was also aware of.

Something of such a high level was not something he could partake in, but to him, which side he should walk closer with completely wasn't an existing choice at all.

Of the Heaven's favoured sons of Broad Creed Mountain's younger generation, the relationship between Lu Wen and Yan Zhaoge had all along also been antagonistic; Zhao Ming knew this full well.

"If you don't cultivate in any other martial arts at all, focusing specifically on the Big Dipper Sword for ten years, perhaps you would be qualified to feed me moves," With a glance at Yan

Zhaoge, Zhao Ming recalled how in a competition in the Big Dipper Sword that year, after having won, Lu Wen had left behind these words, antagonising this Brother of his till he forsook the Big Dipper Sword, switching over to his self-created Coiling Dragon Sleeve.

Yan Zhaoge looked calmly at Lu Wen. This was a tall, handsome youth, a faint arrogance and confidence emanating from between his eyebrows.

As a Heaven's favoured son of Broad Creed Mountain's younger generation who eclipsed all of his similarly-aged peers, Lu Wen had this basis and qualification.

Especially...Yan Zhaoge's line of vision fell towards Lu Wen's head.

"Oh, you've stepped into the Xiantian Martial Scholar realm. Congratulations, congratulations," Raising his brows, Yan Zhaoge said carelessly.

Hearing his words, Zhao Ming was stunned for a moment, his expression turning grave as he carefully felt with his heart rather than purely looking with his eyes.

Indeed, above Lu Wen's head there seemed to be a faint spiritual glow, piercing straight into the heavens, visible at times whilst invisible at others.



“He’s really stepped into the Xiantian!” Zhao Ming’s gaze hardened; that was the spiritual glow of communing with the heavens and the earth, implying that a martial practitioner had already awoken the tiniest bit of spirituality in their martial arts and their body’s aura-qi, establishing a connection with the heavens and the earth.

When that spiritual glow was fully solidified to the point of being clearly visible to the naked eye, it would mean that a martial practitioner had reached the peak of the Heavenly Connection stage, heaven and human becoming one.

Xiantian Martial Scholars could control whether or not their spiritual glow was visible to the outside world. At this moment, Lu Wen had evidently not done so, clearly laying it out for all to see.

Yan Zhaoge chuckled.

The Qilin Spring Baptism was something that Lu Wen had also long had his eyes on; after all, the chances for it were limited.

Now, there was still a single chance left, which Lu Wen could still contest for. Otherwise, he would probably become even more depressed.

However, the fewer the chances remaining, the more care the clan’s higher-ups would take in making a decision. If Lu Wen wanted it, the difficulty would also correspondingly increase.

As Lu Wen entered, his gaze similarly fell on Yan Zhaoge.

His joy of having successfully stepped into the Xiantian stage had disappeared without a trace not long after leaving seclusion.

In less than a year's time, Yan Zhaoge had, from the late inner aura Martial Scholar realm, soared all the way up to the late outer aura Martial Scholar realm. Such a speed left him wide-eyed and tongue-tied.

If not for him having successfully broken through this time, Yan Zhaoge's cultivation level would actually even have caught up to his.

What caused him even greater shock was the fact that Chao Yuanlong and Xiao Shen had met consecutive defeats at Yan Zhaoge's hands, the latter even having been directly slain.

While others didn't understand how strong Xiao Shen was, Lu Wen couldn't be clearer about it. Of Broad Creed Mountain and the Sacred Sun Clan, of their age category, he and Xiao Shen, two similarly extraordinarily remarkable figures, had begun competing long ago in their youth all the way up till now, almost ten years having already passed since then.

While he couldn't do anything to Xiao Shen, Xiao Shen also couldn't do anything to him.

This time, Lu Wen had successfully stepped into the Xiantian

Martial Scholar realm, leading Xiao Shen by a step.

But such an opponent had been killed by the even younger Yan Zhaoge in a one versus one fight.

How could Lu Wen not feel shocked to the point of even his soul being shaken at this?

Yan Di and Fang Zhun of the previous generation were competing; within their younger generation, how would there not exist competition as well?

News regarding Yan Zhaoge that left all gaping dazedly had been transmitted over time and time again. If not for Lu Wen's will being strong enough, he felt like his mind would have directly fallen into chaos, losing all will to compete.

Him having left seclusion and stepped into the Xiantian Martial Scholar realm a step before Xiao Shen should originally have led to much reverberation within the internal division of the clan, as a cause of celebration for all its disciples.

But looking at it now, it all seemed like a joke.

It was to the point where Lu Wen even hoped that no one would inquire about or mention it.

The Qilin Spring Baptism which had originally surely been his for the taking now also appeared fleeting and unpredictable before

his eyes.

“I must also congratulate you, junior apprentice-brother Yan, for stepping into...the late outer aura Martial Scholar realm,” Looking at Yan Zhaoge, Lu Wen said slowly.

Yan Zhaoge smiled, before he suddenly said, “Drawn on paper lines always seem faint; when known for sure a bow forthcomes.”

Lu Wen’s gaze hardened as he looked at Yan Zhaoge, who only smiled mildly, “Writing about troops on paper, speaking empty words; these do not have much use. Some things cannot be fully understood without actually having been experienced by oneself.”

“Oh? So you’re saying that I can only speak empty words?” Lu Wen strode forward, coming before Yan Zhaoge, “Anything else I’m fine with, but in the art of the Big Dipper Sword, I consider myself to be an authority, within the Martial Scholar realm.”

Yan Zhaoge’s performance in the Eastern Tang had been too utterly dominating that when the news had been transmitted back to the clan, it had inevitably seemed rather unbelievable to all.

If Shi Tie had not verified it, there would really be quite a number of people who would believe Yan Zhaoge to be falsely blowing things out of proportion.

Although he too felt it to be unbelievable, Lu Wen had still chosen to believe that all that had really transpired. And it was also

precisely because of that that he felt immense pressure weighing down upon him.

On one hand, from an emotional standpoint, Yan Zhaoge who was younger than himself and he had never gotten along with before making such a soaring leap in his cultivation to look to be coming to surpass him caused Lu Wen to want to prove himself.

On the other hand, from a rational standpoint, unless it was absolutely necessary, Lu Wen actually wanted to stay quietly by the side and observe for changes, not wanting to have a direct clash with Yan Zhaoge first.

However, anything else perhaps might not be fine, but if it was contesting in the Big Dipper Sword, Lu Wen held absolute confidence.

Not just members of the younger generation; even if the Heavenly Connection stage and the late Xiantian stage martial practitioners were all counted in, amongst Broad Creed Mountain's Martial Scholars, he was the absolute first in the Big Dipper Sword!

It was even to the point that some Martial Grandmaster experts, even though their executed Big Dipper Swords were more powerful, were only superior due to the suppression of realms. In terms of attainment in the Big Dipper Sword alone, they were actually also inferior to him, Lu Wen.

That year, it was precisely because of how much he had

suppressed this youth before him that in a fit of anger, the latter had forsaken the Big Dipper Sword and switched to creating his own sword art.

In this domain, he had definite confidence to cause a setback for Yan Zhaoge, whose fame currently resounded throughout the Mountain.

“Since you say so, actions speak louder than words; since the two of us have both cultivated in the Big Dipper Sword, let’s perform a demonstration for junior apprentice-brother Zhao,” Smiling, Yan Zhaoge didn’t say anything further, directly raising his hand with his index and middle fingers formed into a sword, striking towards Lu Wen’s face.

Lu Wen raised his brows slightly, “Well struck.”

Also substituting a sword with his fingers, executing the same Big Dipper Sword, he met Yan Zhaoge’s fingers.

The two did not draw on their aura-qi, competing in pure swordplay alone.

Even so, the Zhao Ming by the side could only feel that in the third floor of the Martial Repository before him, streams of light suddenly shone as the seven stars converged!

“The seven stars worshipping the north is indeed the basis of the Big Dipper Sword, with no variations ever departing from this,”

Yan Zhaoge said casually to Zhao Ming, “Occupying the position of the North Star is crucial to the Big Dipper Sword.”

“However, how do you occupy that position? Your enemies are also not wooden puppets, sitting back and allowing you to do as you please. Especially opponents who are familiar with our clan’s Big Dipper Sword-they will contest for that position with you, or perhaps force you away from it...”

As he said this, Yan Zhaoge strode forward, and, as the sword shadows flashed, directly forced Lu Wen back a step.

Zhao Ming’s eyes shone, knowing that this was precisely Yan Zhaoge having occupied the position of the North Star, thus gaining the advantage!

With a low snort, Lu Wen similarly varied his swordplay, his figure shifting as he forced Yan Zhaoge back once more.

Yan Zhaoge, however, seemed not to mind as he continued, “Then, at this time, what should be done?”

# HSSB 115: What You Can Do, I Can Too; What You Can't Do, I Can Also Do

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“The variations of the Big Dipper Sword are mysterious and profound. It is a sword art that moves from complicated to simple.” Yan Zhaoge said as he faced off against Lu Wen.

As the two clashed, they continually advanced and retreated. In an instant, the position of the North Star had already changed hands numerous times.

As the one occupying the position of the North Star was pushed back by his opponent, the North Star position was taken over by that opponent, causing the initiative to be lost.

“Concentrating on the essential points is not wrong, but if you truly want to achieve them, transforming the crucial points recorded within the book to something that you yourself can really do, accumulation is key.”

As Yan Zhaoge said this, he moved, substituting a sword with his fingers as sword shadows flew.

As he pointed out, seven sword shadows flickered within the air, resembling the seven stars of the Big Dipper.

“The accumulation of combat experience as well as the accumulation of your understanding towards the dao of the sword is what can allow you to have it at your fingertips, wielding it as



you will.”

Yan Zhaoge smiled towards Zhao Ming, “The seven stars converging, the north sky hanging high. It sounds simple, but how does one achieve this?”

“That’s why I said earlier that, you’re in for much training this time.”

As Yan Zhaoge said thus, he strode out, occupying the North Star position once more, before seven sword shadows flashed together, pointing towards Lu Wen.

Lu Wen’s features were silent as he actually performed the exact same movement at this moment, similarly taking a single stride forward, seven swords flying in unison.

The toes of both of their right feet directly touched!

Within the air, the sword shadows flickered, resembling the real clash of swords as the sound of metal on metal was actually faintly emitted.

The two retreated as soon as they met. After having met in that exchange, they retreated simultaneously, then both rushed forward again immediately!

Only clashing in the variation of their stances, not truly exerting force, the Martial Repository seemed completely unmoved.

But as sword met sword time and time again, Broad Creed Mountain's two greatest figures of the younger generation had already displayed the profundities of the Big Dipper Sword to the point of perfection.

One of the sword stances was dense and profound, resembling the eternally shining night sky.

Another's complexities resembled the mysteries of the infinite shifting sky of stars.

After clashing for a moment, Yan Zhaoge's gaze flickered slightly, having gained a greater understanding of Lu Wen's path in the dao of the sword.

While Lu Wen, his gaze flickering, was also filled with confidence.

As the two flashed about with their movement techniques, their battle for the North Star position began once again.

Having battled it out to this point, the two's sword-intent had been already pushed to their maximum level as the fight reached its most crucial stage.

This time, whoever occupied the North Star position once more, the other would be hard pressed to wrest it back, henceforth being placed at the absolute disadvantage.

This side which controlled the North Star, controlled the battle!

Substituting a sword with his fingers, Yan Zhaoge shouted out, the power of his sword rising, in high spirits as he finally released that stifled breath that had been stuck within him for so many years from having always been suppressed by Lu Wen in the Big Dipper Sword.

The Big Dipper Sword shadows flickered in mid-air, toppling mountains and expelling oceans, resembling a meteor shower descending which attacked in the direction of Lu Wen.

Big Dipper Worships North!

The strongest stance of the Big Dipper Sword!

“It seems that you have never really forsaken the Big Dipper Sword all these past years, for you to have such attainment in it.”

Lu Wen said mildly, “Being able to be at a stalemate with me for so long, you indeed already surpass others in the area of the Big Dipper Sword.”

“If you had been at this level that year, you would not have needed to go ponder on whatever Coiling Dragon Sword.”

As he said thus, Lu Wen similarly went forward with his own

seven swords, executing a Big Dipper Worships North to clash head-on with Yan Zhaoge.

The two sword-auras whittled down at each other once more. Seeing that Yan Zhaoge's had been exhausted, Lu Wen's sword-aura actually suddenly changed, his figure also moving.

“However, while you've improved, I too have improved, and even more than you too.”

Substituting his sword with his fingers, Lu Wen's sword-aura shook as it suddenly switched from seven swords to six swords.

This was not just any ordinary Big Dipper Sword; rather, it had integrated within it Lu Wen's own understanding and variations in the dao of the sword!

The seven stars of the Big Dipper and the six stars of the Milk Dipper, at this moment, simultaneously shone!

The Big Dipper presides over death; the Milk Dipper presides over life.

Lu Wen's Big Dipper Sword, originally already having performed all possible variations, actually birthed a new variation!

Completely without having to take respite from his old exerted force that had just dissipated fully, a new force was actually suddenly born.

As Lu Wen struck out with his sword, he strode out, directly occupying the North Star position!

Zhao Ming was watching dumbfounded by the side, completely not having predicted that such a change would actually come over this battle situation!

As one of their Eight Extreme Arts, the Big Dipper Sword had experienced countless polishing and research by Broad Creed Mountain's past experts, getting rid of its impurities whilst preserving its essence.

Making yet further progress in this area-how unthinkably hard would that be?

And now, Lu Wen had actually managed to birth some new variations.

Although it was still very immature, currently still only being in its embryonic form, at this moment, Zhao Ming seemed to vaguely see from him Shi Tie's shadow.

That Shi Tie who had cultivated the Vajra Body to a point unheard of throughout all of history, also continuing to improve upon it unceasingly.

If Lu Wen continued on this path of his, arriving at Shi Tie's current cultivation realm, would he also be able to get the Big

Dipper Sword up to a whole new level?

Although he and Lu Wen were from different factions, at this moment, Zhao Ming couldn't help but acknowledge him within his heart.

Looking worriedly towards Yan Zhaoge, he instead saw the hint of a smile appearing on his face!

On the fourth floor of the Martial Repository, an old man who had been dozing off all along suddenly snapped his eyes open at this very moment, gazing downwards with a gaze that seemed like it could penetrate the floorboards all the way down to the third floor.

The old man's gaze was directed not towards Lu Wen, but, rather, Yan Zhaoge!

As Yan Zhaoge's sword-aura was exhausted and he saw Lu Wen birth a new variation in his swordplay, seizing the initiative, another variation actually also appeared in his own swordplay!

Amidst the numerous sword shadows, Yan Zhaoge, rather than advancing, retreated!

The Lu Wen who was currently striking out with his sword suddenly experienced an extremely uncomfortable feeling as he felt that led by the flow of qi, his sword stance was actually also affected by Yan Zhaoge!

As their two sword stances met at this moment, they actually seemed to form a strange resonance.

It was as though they were not trying to kill their opponent, instead resembling two people working side by side to launch an attack on another enemy.

Affected by the flow of qi, the two Big Dipper Swords actually merged into one.

But as Yan Zhaoge retreated, the position of the North Star shockingly changed!

This forced Lu Wen to have to take a further step forward or resign himself to standing there helplessly watching the North Star position fall to Yan Zhaoge.

While knowing in his heart that things were far from good, Lu Wen could only grit his teeth and take a step forward, reclaiming the initiative.

But just as his body moved, the Yan Zhaoge who had originally already taken half a step back, abruptly took a step forward!

The speed of Yan Zhaoge's advance was much faster than had been the speed of his retreat, as though he had never actually intended to retreat from the start, originally already being prepared to advance.

Switching between a speedy retreat and a speedy advance in an instant without any buffer time in between whatsoever, yet seemingly having achieved it with great ease, without evoking any feeling of dullness at all.

With this advance of his, yet another stance of the Big Dipper Sword was executed.

Lu Wen stared. At this moment, it was as though his entire person was taking his own initiative to propel himself onto the tip of Yan Zhaoge's sword!

"That's all." Yan Zhaoge dispelled his sword and stood there, not looking at Lu Wen, instead swivelling his head over as he smiled at Zhao Ming.

Zhao Ming opened his mouth wide, yet was unable to utter a sound.

Quite some time passed before he finally gave a bitter laugh, "One is a genius, the other a genius who surpasses geniuses!"

It was only that he had not thought that the Yan Zhaoge who had never been able to win against Lu Wen in the Big Dipper Sword in the past, while seemingly having switched to cultivating in other sword arts, had at the end of the day had still endured silently and nursed his vengeance, coming back to stand up from wherever he had fallen.



Staring fixatedly at Yan Zhaoge, Lu Wen said in a dry voice, “You predicted that ‘from death to life, from nothing to something’ final variation of mine?”

Yan Zhaoge glanced at him, then, with a casual sweep of his hands, substituting a sword with his fingers, executed yet another stance of Big Dipper Worships North in mid-air. As the sword-aura neared its end, it suddenly transformed into a sword of the Milk Dipper, new force appearing from nothing as the old force reached its end.

Seemingly having gone out all out, whilst actually still possessing more than sufficient reserves.

“Because I can do it too ah,” Yan Zhaoge spread his hands apart matter-of-factly.

Lu Wen shut his eyes.

Yan Zhaoge’s final variation that had obtained him victory, was something he couldn’t do.

# HSSB 116: From Where He Fell, To Stand Up Once Again

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Looking at Lu Wen who had fallen into a deep silence, Yan Zhaoge shrugged.

His body's original owner, young and spirited, had been jostled by Lu Wen to the point of forsaking the Big Dipper Sword.

In order to prove himself, he had even refused to cultivate in Broad Creed Mountain's other supreme sword art of the Eight Extreme Arts, instead attempting to create his own sword art, which he did have some accomplishments in.

Actually, his body's original owner's talent in the dao of the sword was not weak, similarly having gained an extremely high attainment in the Big Dipper Sword.

It was just that there indeed existed some people to whom a particular martial art just naturally came to very easily.

Such as Chao Yuanlong with the Piercing Sun Needle Art and Lu Wen with the Big Dipper Sword.

Though, whether or not he would be able to match Shi Tie's accomplishments in the future was still an unknown.

If Shi Tie did not cultivate in the Vajra body, having cultivated in

any single other of the Eight Extreme Arts, including the Big Dipper Sword, he would still make for an outstanding Iron Lion King.

If Lu Wen did not cultivate in the Big Dipper Sword, that was a different story altogether.

However, having been able to preside over all the Martial Scholars of Broad Creed Mountain in the art of the Big Dipper Sword at the age of twenty-five or twenty-six could definitely not be attributed to luck, but rather real ability.

Compared to his body's original owner, Yan Zhaoge possessed a different understanding of the Big Dipper Sword.

As he saw it, this sword art did had parts that he could learn from, at the same time also possessing potential that had yet to be unearthed.

Other than that, to Yan Zhaoge, forsaking the Big Dipper Sword was really not a glorious thing at all. With such an old scar left upon him, the cool him really felt somewhat unhappy with it...

Yan Zhaoge had diligently researched into all the martial arts cultivated in by his body's original owner. Of these, the one that he had spent the most time and effort on was not his trademark self-created Coiling Dragon Sleeve, nor the Tushita Palm.

It just so happened to be this Big Dipper Sword that, in other

people's eyes, he had already forsook.

Combined with the foundation his body's original owner had left behind, Yan Zhaoge who had a stronger comprehension ability very quickly gained a deep understanding of this Big Dipper Sword.

If he wanted to dissolve this present image of his in the eyes of others, he didn't actually have to use Lu Wen for it, though having him as an opponent would deliver the greatest effect.

However, since Lu Wen had taken the initiative to deliver himself to his doorstep, Yan Zhaoge had naturally accepted it with grace.

From the fourth floor of the Martial Repository, that old man looked at Yan Zhaoge, his gaze deep and distant, without any visible traces of emotion whatsoever, "What a strong comprehension ability..."

Yan Zhaoge cupped his hands towards Lu Wen, smiling, "Thanks for going easy."

Saying thus, he walked past Lu Wen, heading downstairs.

The Zhao Ming who had regained his senses, looking at Lu Wen, did not hold in his gaze any scorn or contempt, instead even containing a little admiration within.

Lu Wen was already strong enough.

Having been able to stand prominently out in the Sacred Ground Broad Creed Mountain full of geniuses from many lands, become a leading figure of the younger generation, Lu Wen was undoubtedly a genius amongst geniuses.

But a pity-he had met with the even stronger Yan Zhaoge.

Of the entire Broad Creed Mountain, martial practitioners of a similar age and martial practitioners at the same cultivation level-who would dare to proclaim that they had absolute confidence in besting Lu Wen!

Moreover, even in the domain in which Lu Wen was most proficient.

Before today, of martial practitioners below the Martial Grandmaster realm, Lu Wen was the number one in Broad Creed Mountain in the art of the Big Dipper Sword.

But after today, while Lu Wen's Big Dipper Sword would still stand haughtily above all of Broad Creed Mountain's Martial Scholars, above him had actually appeared someone even stronger.

That youth who had once been pressured by him to the point of forsaking the Big Dipper Sword in the past, now defeated him with that very Big Dipper Sword!

Zhao Ming looked at Lu Wen, letting out a sigh before he moved to follow Yan Zhaoge downstairs, “Someone who is able to best geniuses is a genius among geniuses.”

“Someone who is able to best geniuses amongst geniuses-how then could such a person be termed?”

As Yan Zhaoge glanced back, seeing the face of the Zhao Ming following behind him which appeared deep in thought, he could not help but smile, “A martial art like the Big Dipper Sword is not something that can be successfully picked up so quickly; slowly work on it upon your return.”

Returning to his senses, Zhao Ming nodded, “I naturally understand this principle. Still, going into secluded cultivation will definitely not be possible. Soon, I will be heading to the North Heaven Region’s Scarlet Rainbow Sect.”

Yan Zhaoge chuckled, “The son-in-law paying a visit?”

The Scarlet Rainbow Sect was a large power well-established in the North Heaven Region, a power similar to the Eastern Tang Kingdom, occupying a piece of territory whilst recognising Broad Creed Mountain as its master.

The Eastern Tang Kingdom and the Scarlet Rainbow Sect, while one was in the East Heaven Region and the other in the North Heaven Region, had frequent contact with each other.

A large amount of spirit flowers and spirit grass was cultivated within the lands where the Scarlet Rainbow Sect held rein, and a large portion of the ingredients that were required for the Eastern Tang Kingdom's concoction of pills and medicines came from there.

As a clan, the Scarlet Rainbow Sect naturally yearned for the geniuses within its lands. However, as a power of the Heaven Domain, they would definitely be affected by Broad Creed Mountain.

The most elite young geniuses would naturally wish to enter Broad Creed Mountain even more; this was something that the Scarlet Rainbow Sect had long since come to terms with.

In order to strengthen their relationship with Broad Creed Mountain, the Scarlet Rainbow Sect would also internally send some talented geniuses of its own to enter Broad Creed Mountain.

The daughter of the current Scarlet Rainbow Chief had also entered Broad Creed Mountain.

Due to them having associated with each other for a long period of time, both also having some will to get married, Zhao Ming and her had gradually come to walk together.

At Yan Zhaoge's teasing, Zhao Ming remained calm, "I still haven't met the Scarlet Rainbow Chief; thus, I've got to make a trip this time."

Yan Zhaoge nodded, “I wish you the best of luck; hey, if the timing coincides, we may even end up travelling together.”

While Zhao Ming was curious about why Yan Zhaoge would be heading to the North Heaven Region, he did not ask about it, instead just nodding straightforwardly, “That would be perfect; on the way there, I would also be able to ask for your help in the Big Dipper Sword.”

As he said thus, Zhao Ming couldn’t help but let out a sigh within his heart. Just over half a year ago, due to their age difference, his cultivation base had still been higher than that of Yan Zhaoge, but now, the other had already come from behind to surpass him.

He truly couldn’t compare to him; no, more like shouldn’t.

After Yan Zhaoge parted ways with Zhao Ming, he returned to his own lodgings.

After having roughly packed everything that he would need, Yan Zhaoge called Feng Yunsheng to prepare to head out on their journey to the Mountain Domain.

This time, it was not just a matter of the Mountain Domain’s Cloud Portent Mountain; there was still the problem of Feng Yunsheng’s Extreme Yin Physique that had to be resolved.

While Ah Hu, following this period of feeling about with his mind, finally successfully broke through that final bottleneck,



stepping into the tenth and final level of the Martial Scholar realm, the Heavenly Connection stage!

The him who appeared foolish actually had an exceptional comprehension ability in the area of the martial dao. With just a small reminder from Yan Zhaoge, having only been a single step away, he had found that required spark of insight, thus succeeding in his breakthrough.

“Great that I was still able to make it in time; great, great,” Ah Hu drew back the corners of his mouth while laughing foolishly.

Yan Zhaoge patted him on the shoulder, “Come, follow me to the clan’s Assignment Hall.”

In the Assignment Hall, Yan Zhaoge once again saw his second apprentice-uncle, the First Seat of the Assignment Hall, Fang Zhun.

Fang Zhun first said, “With regard to the legacy of the Glacial Dragon Martial Saint, because the matter concerns the abnormalities in Hell, our clan must first investigate into it. However, everything that has no relation to Hell will still belong to you.”

Yan Zhaoge smiled, “Even if you consider it as the clan and I working together to uncover a legacy; that’s still fine.”

“What should be yours, the clan definitely won’t try to keep from

you,” Fang Zhun said, “The exact details, we’ll leave for when eldest apprentice-brother returns.”

Yan Zhaoge nodded, knowing that due to the importance of this matter, Shi Tie had once again personally headed out, taking the small metal plate and travelling all the way to the North Sea.

Fang Zhun continued, “As for that ring of Ye Jing’s, though our investigations, we can already confirm that it is related to the Flame Devil Emperor of before the Great Calamity. However, only a tiny remnant aura of his still remains. It should purely be an ancient artifact, having little to do with the current Flame Devil World of today.”

Yan Zhaoge’s face was calm, “This is indeed some good news.”

“That’s right, it is indeed some good news,” Fang Zhun’s gaze shifted between Yan Zhaoge and Feng Yunsheng, “Right, in just around half a year’s time, it will be the Heavenly Connection Meet again. If you are participating, Zhaoge, you should begin making good your preparations.”

The Heavenly Connection Meet was not a Meet of Heavenly Connection Martial Scholars, but rather a Meet where the elite martial practitioners of the Eight Extreme World’s younger generation associated with one another.

It was held once every three years, with the greatest focus being on one’s potential, rather than current level of cultivation.

That was the meaning of Heavenly Connection.

The Four Young Masters of this era was a title that had begun circulating following the last Meet. Apart from that, there had also been some other young Heaven's favoured sons whose names had spread far and wide as a result.

There were also clans or people who had chosen to remain in hiding, developing in secret.

However, in the intense clashes between the genius-level figures, some shocking sparks would often be released, allowing the participants to benefit greatly from the process, receiving a reward outside of their expectations.

Martial cultivation had all along never purely been about sitting in dry meditation and working ceaselessly for long periods, closing the door to build a carriage.

Therefore, whether to participate or remain in obscurity was something that depended on the people in question themselves.

Yan Zhaoge nodded, "I understand."

Fang Zhun continued, "As for your journey to the Mountain Domain this time, the clan will dispatch an expert to travel alongside you."

Although Yan Zhaoge possessed great ability, travelling to the

Mountain Domain this time would actually be an official dealing with Infinite Boundless Mountain, thereby requiring a bigwig of sufficient status to lead the party. This should be the meaning harboured within.

Yan Zhaoge had long been prepared for this, “Second apprentice-uncle, may I enquire who the Elder leading us will be?”

Fang Zhun said, “It will be junior apprentice-sister Fu.”

Hearing his words, Yan Zhaoge’s eyelids immediately began twitching uncontrollably, “...Senior apprentice-aunt Fu?”

# HSSB 117: The Problem Caused By His Father

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The corners of Yan Zhaoge's mouth twitched, "...Senior apprentice-aunt Fu has left seclusion?"

Fang Zhun nodded, "She just left seclusion recently."

"She is currently in the North Heaven Region's Cloud Pavilion Lake, which should be conveniently along the way for you. Afterwards, she will lead you in travelling to the Mountain Domain."

Yan Zhaoge opened his mouth, but it was a while before he finally spoke, "...it's really still conveniently along the way."

In all honesty, Yan Zhaoge felt from the bottom of his heart that, even Fang Zhun being the one to lead their group would be better than this.

The junior apprentice-sister Fu of Fang Zhun's was one of Broad Creed Mountain's strongest female Martial Grandmasters, the 'Soaring Cloud Lord' Fu Enshu.

She was one of the old Clan Chief's direct disciples alongside Shi Tie, Fang Zhun and Yan Di.

Of the female experts of the current Eight Extremities World, she stood rather high up in the rankings.

...other than that, she had also possessed the title of Broad Creed Mountain's number one beauty in the past.

Now, for the longevity of her current cultivation realm, she still looked to be in her prime.

It was only that as her cultivation and position gradually rose, those who loved to gossip had unconsciously stopped discussing it.

However, Yan Zhaoge really didn't want to have to team up with this senior apprentice-aunt of his.

Because, this senior apprentice-aunt of his, that year, towards her own little junior apprentice-brother, erm, Yan Zhaoge's father Yan Di to be precise, had spawned some feelings of love.

A pity, it was but a one-sided love.

Fallen flowers have intentions, but flowing water is merciless.

Fu Enshu had a strong personality whilst also being a little narrow-minded. In the end, it was sort of like her love for Yan Di had turned a little into hatred.

Therefore, the relationship between the two was now extremely awkward, to the extent that even Yan Zhaoge, as a member of the younger generation, avoided meeting this senior apprentice-aunt Fu of his whenever it was within the realms of possibility to do so.

“Already left seclusion ah...” Yan Zhaoge tapped on his head with his palm, before turning to look at Feng Yunsheng.

Feng Yunsheng found this a little baffling. While she had naturally heard of the Soaring Cloud Lord before, she was completely unaware of the specifics behind this.

Yan Zhaoge cupped his hands towards Fang Zhun, “Does this mean that junior apprentice-sister Feng will be apprenticed to senior apprentice-aunt Fu?”

Fang Zhun nodded, “Precisely so.”

When Broad Creed Mountain’s elite disciples were promoted to being direct disciples like Yan Zhaoge, Lu Wen and Xu Fei, they would be apprenticed to a specific master.

Yan Zhaoge had directly been assigned his own father Yan Di; Lu Wen was Fang Zhun’s personal disciple, whereas Xu Fei, even older than the both of them, was Shi Tie’s personal disciple.

Although it was not like there weren’t cases of males accepting female disciples and females accepting male disciples, generally speaking, as long as the situation permitted it, when female elite disciples were promoted to core, direct disciples, they would generally be apprenticed to fellow females of the senior generation.

As a Maiden of Extreme Yin, Feng Yunsheng required special, individual grooming in the area of her Extreme Yin energy, whilst also not letting her fall back in her martial cultivation as a result.

It was only that with Fu Enshu having been in secluded cultivation for a long time, with no one at all knowing when she would leave seclusion, Yan Zhaoge had not had her within his calculations.

Who knew that by some stroke of chance, Fu Enshu had just so happened to leave seclusion at this time.

As a representative figure of Broad Creed Mountain's female experts of the senior generation, Feng Yunsheng being apprenticed to Fu Enshu was but a natural thing.

Yan Zhaoge sucked in with his mouth. That way, the him who had taken up the responsibility of helping Feng Yunsheng to regain her Extreme Yin Physique would inevitably be having quite some dealings with Fu Enshu.

This time's journey to the Mountain Domain, would only be the beginning.

Fang Zhun said, "The one of our clan who had previously been researching and making preparations with regard to the Extreme Yin Physique has always been junior apprentice-sister Fu. If you have any thoughts about it, Zhaoge, feel free to converse more with her on it."



Although before Yan Zhaoge had brought back Feng Yunsheng, Broad Creed Mountain had never managed to get ahold of a Maiden of Extreme Yin before, they had always been working on the relevant preparations, just waiting for a candidate to arrive.

Therefore, from the current Broad Creed Mountain's standpoint, they already had sufficient preparations for grooming a Maiden of Extreme Yin, the key point being Yan Zhaoge helping Feng Yunsheng to make a full recovery.

Hearing Fang Zhun's words, Yan Zhaoge's eyes instead narrowed slightly.

The wording with which Fang Zhun had spoken to Yan Zhaoge on the matter of the Maiden of Extreme Yin had been very polite, completely not treating Yan Zhaoge as an ordinary member of the younger generation at all as he instead conversed with him on level terms.

However, speaking with Fu Enshu who didn't like the sight of him and his father, who knew whether it would be as easy as that...

Taking his leave of Fang Zhun and leaving the Assignment Hall with Feng Yunsheng, Yan Zhaoge rubbed at his temple, somewhat feeling a bit of a headache coming on.

According to the memories of his body's original owner, that senior apprentice-aunt Fu of his, when talking about her good points, was a candid and straightforward person who acted based

on her feelings, not minding other people's gazes.

When talking about her bad points, she was unbridled and wilful, doing whatever she liked as her personality dictated.

“Important matters are to be prioritised,” Yan Zhaoge stroked his lower chin, “Before official matters, there shouldn't be a problem...I guess?”

Following by Yan Zhaoge's side along with Feng Yunsheng, Ah Hu suddenly spoke in a low voice, “Young Master.

Hearing his words, Yan Zhaoge lifted his head and gazed over. He saw that on the mountain road ahead of them, a girl had suddenly appeared, dressed in white clothes over which was worn a blue robe, her features cold and beautiful. It was precisely the Sikong Qing whom he had not seen in quite a while.

Seeing Yan Zhaoge, Sikong Qing cupped her hands in greeting, “Senior apprentice-brother Yan.”

“Long time no see,” Yan Zhaoge nodded, just wanting to return the greeting when he suddenly felt something, “Eh? Your inhalations and exhalations seem not to contain any impurities whatsoever; you have already stepped into the mid inner aura Martial Scholar realm?”

The breathing of a martial practitioner and the flow of their blood was naturally far from what ordinary people could compare

to.

However, when the breathing of martial practitioners no longer contained any impurities whatsoever, that meant that they must already have washed and refined their lungs with their aura-qi.

The aura-qi washing and refining the internal organs was something that only mid inner aura Martial Scholars could do, also being one of their special characteristics.

Sikong Qing nodded, “I broke through previously. Now, of my internal organs, there only remain the heart and the three truncal cavities that have yet to be washed and refined.”

From her half year at Broad Creed Mountain, while Feng Yunsheng also knew Sikong Qing, she didn't have much of an understanding towards her. Thus, hearing her words, she didn't feel much.

Ah Hu, however, stared wide-eyed as he appraised Sikong Qing all over.

Half a year ago, in the Eastern Tang, Sikong Qing had only just stepped into the early inner aura Martial Scholar realm. Now, in only half a year's time, she was actually already in the mid inner aura stage.

And it was also not that she had just stepped into it; of her internal organs, only her heart and her three truncal cavities had

yet to be washed and refined by her aura-qi.

After all of that was complete, her foundation made stable, she could already begin preparing for her breakthrough into the late inner aura Martial Scholar realm!

Such a speed, was really too utterly shocking.

Ah Hu himself actually also possessed an extremely high talent in the martial dao. However, when he had been in the inner aura Martial Scholar realm in the past, he had also not been able to raise his cultivation so quickly.

It was not just him; as Ah Hu was aware of, even his own Young Master's progress from the early inner aura stage to the mid and late outer aura stages had also not been so swift.

Lu Wen and the others, similarly could not match this!

Such a speed of improvement made Ah Hu feel for a moment like he was looking at his Young Master's crazy speed of progress after having stepped into the late inner aura Martial Scholar realm all over again.

“Seeing a ghost in broad daylight!” Ah Hu suddenly felt like his own brainpower was lacking somewhat, “Although she was also a rare genius in the Body Refinement realm, how was it so crazy as this?”

Yan Zhaoge's gaze flickered momentarily, then regained its former calm as, thinking a little, he had already realised, "You have already completed the tempering mission? As long as you pass that final test, you can become a core, direct disciple?"

Sikong Qing nodded, "Indeed."

Yan Zhaoge curled his lips in secret, "You are to be apprenticed to the Soaring Cloud Lord, senior apprentice-aunt Fu?"

Sikong Qing nodded once more, "Yes, our clan's Elder asked me to accompany senior apprentice-brother Yan to the North Heaven Region's Cloud Pavilion Lake to meet Elder Fu."

"This time, I will be travelling with senior apprentice-brother Yan again; I still have to trouble senior apprentice-brother Yan to help me along as much as possible."

# HSSB 118: Yan Zhaoge Given The Cold Shoulder?

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Looking first at Feng Yunsheng, then at Sikong Qing, Yan Zhaoge could not help but smile as he shook his head, “Since senior apprentice-aunt Fu has left seclusion, this is something that should still be expected.”

“Let’s go; we depart for the North Heaven Region at once,” Yan Zhaoge clapped his hands, then strode on ahead.

As though his earlier words had been prophetic, Zhao Ming also just happened to be preparing to depart for the Scarlet Rainbow Sect of the North Heaven Region, thus joining them on their way.

After having met their First Seat Elder in the North Heaven Region, Yan Zhaoge and the others bid Zhao Ming farewell before he set off for the territory of the Scarlet Rainbow Sect, with Yan Zhaoge’s group continuing on their way to the Cloud Pavilion Lake.

The Cloud Pavilion Lake was situated within the territory of a small kingdom located to the east of the North Heaven Region. While it did not occupy a huge area, it still made for a beautiful and unique scene.

Looking over from afar, from the rippling light on the lake’s surface, one could faintly see that in the air above the centre of the lake, there were white clouds gathered which remained forever undispersed.

Unique ripples of spiritual qi enveloped the entire Cloud Pavilion Lake, with the formation of a unique existence at its centre.

The water vapour within the air was condensed into clouds, yet there was no wind, no rain.

Here, it was spring all year round, even the surrounding temperature not seeing much change, such that those white clouds would never disperse, seemingly having erected a massive pavilion at the centre of the lake.

A structure which was eternally there, formed out of cloud qi.

Yan Zhaoge and the others all already being Martial Scholars, they directly walked on the water, heading towards the centre of the lake.

But before they had neared the pavilion formed of clouds, a screen of water suddenly rose up on the lake's surface all around it, resembling a barrier.

Gazing over, Yan Zhaoge instantly rolled his eyes.

On the screens of water, words were actually visible.

‘Those of the Yan Family wait outside; the rest can enter.’

Seeing this, Ah Hu's face instantly turned bitter, "Young Master..."

Feng Yunsheng and Sikong Qing stared at each other. However unclear they had been on the situation before, they knew for sure now that that rumoured Elder Fu really didn't like the sight of Yan Zhaoge and his father.

Ah Hu rubbed his hands, secretly sending a sound transmission over to Yan Zhaoge, "Young Master, we have no way to force our way in there ah."

While the screen of water before them appeared flimsy, if one were really to think that it was weak, then it would really be that there was a hole in their brain.

This was formed of the longtime Martial Grandmaster expert Fu Enshu using her fist intent to manipulate the water.

It was like how Shi Tie had previously used his fist intent to lock down the heavens and the earth, directly causing Yan Xu to neither be able to advance nor retreat.

To those whose level of cultivation was similar to or superior to Fu Enshu, this screen of water naturally wouldn't count as much, but to Yan Zhaoge and Ah Hu, this flimsy-looking thing was something that was even more tough and indestructible than walls of copper and ceilings of iron.



Seeing the screen of water before them, Yan Zhaoge could not help but laugh as he shook his head, “It’s fine.”

Turning to look at Feng Yunsheng and Sikong Qing, he said smilingly, “Senior apprentice-aunt Fu’s orders; the two of you should enter first.”

Gazing over, the two saw Yan Zhaoge with a calm and unruffled look on his face.

After such a long time had passed, they more or less knew that Yan Zhaoge was really a person who caused others to suffer a loss and did not suffer them himself; this was so even faced with those of the clan’s senior generation.

Looking at them, Yan Zhaoge smiled lightly, “After you enter, I will naturally be able to enter as well.”

The corners of Feng Yunsheng’s mouth twitched, as she looked like she was smiling while also not. Secretly shooting Yan Zhaoge a thumbs up, she no longer hesitated, immediately walking towards that screen of water.

Glancing silently at Yan Zhaoge for a moment, Sikong Qing nodded slightly, before turning and heading towards that water barrier as well.

As they arrived, a gap naturally formed in that screen of water, letting them both in.

“Young Master, how does one say it again?” Watching them enter, Ah Hu sent over a sound transmission in a slightly pained voice, “It is better to offend a gentleman than a scoundrel; it is better to offend a scoundrel than a woman?”

“Who offended her? She’s just narrow-minded,” Yan Zhaoge curled his lips, “Just relax your mind and wait for a moment and it’ll be fine.”

“Very soon, she will ask us in on her own accord.”

Ah Hu was silently left speechless. His Young Master had always been domineering to the extreme; this he knew full well. However, the other party now could not be viewed like any ordinary person.

In terms of rank, Fu Enshu was on the same level as Fang Zhun and Shi Tie; even if her strength as well as position were slightly inferior, it was still not something that disciples of the younger generation could stand up to.

...Especially when, this woman was not at all quite a reasonable person.

If she really wanted teach a disciple of the younger generation a lesson, pushing him to the point of being half-dead, there would also be nowhere for him to seek justice to.

This was the real one of Yan Di and Shi Tie’s generation of Broad

Creed Mountain young disciples who was their greatest chaos-inducing demon lord in the past.

Of the Chief of Broad Creed Mountain Yuan Zhengfeng's personal disciples, Yan Di was the youngest and also the one who entered the clan the latest, when most of the others had already been apprenticed.

When Yan Di had entered, amongst all his young senior apprentice-brothers and sisters, the one Yuan Zhengfeng had trusted the most in was Shi Tie and the one whom he had appreciated the most for his talent was Fang Zhun, but the one who could make him the happiest was actually Fu Enshu.

Fu Enshu's parents were not just from the same clan as Yuan Zhengfeng; they were also close buddies with whom he had gone through some life-and-death situations before. Sadly, they had both died early. Fu Enshu had then virtually been raised by Yuan Zhengfeng, the two sharing a relationship as close as a true father and daughter pair.

On some level, Yuan Zhengfeng had just doted too much on Fu Enshu since young.

Yan Zhaoge thought from the bottom of his heart that there were really many people who had to thank Shi Tie.

If not for this strict, serious senior apprentice-brother pressing down on them from above, many times not even giving face for Yuan Zhengfeng, Fu Enshu, this tyrant of Broad Creed Mountain

would have done a lot more damage than she had.

Looking at Yan Zhaoge, Ah Hu smacked his lips, “Young Master, even faced with Elder Fang, you are still so confident. For that, I would be even more confident than you; after all, Elder Fang is a very reasonable person.”

“However, if it is Elder Fu, she does things most of the time based on her mood.”

Yan Zhaoge shrugged, putting up three fingers.

“Firstly, while senior apprentice-aunt Fu does as she likes more than others, being wild and unbridled in her actions, making decisions based off her own personal likes and dislikes, at the end of the day, she still passionately loves our clan.”

“Having been born there, raised there, with Grand Master looking upon her as a daughter, doting on her, how would she not love and respect Grand Master as a father?”

Yan Zhaoge said as he kept back a finger, “Faced with significant matters which would truly be beneficial to Broad Creed Mountain, she can suppress her own feelings, thinking for the clan’s sake.”

“Secondly, saying such things about the senior generation behind their backs is not very nice, but this senior apprentice-aunt Fu is impatient towards most things. Even if she gets interested in them, it’s also generally ‘three days going fishing, two days letting the

net dry’.”

Yan Zhaoge kept back another finger, “However, senior apprentice-aunt Fu is extremely passionate towards martial cultivation, many years feeling like a single day for her. Don’t be fooled by that chaos-inducing demon lord personality of hers in her youth; her diligence in cultivation is something that even eldest apprentice-uncle praises.”

“Towards yet known secrets of the martial dao, senior apprentice-aunt Fu has an extremely strong desire to get to the bottom of them. When there are some things that she cannot understand, she will find it hard to eat and tough to sleep, just having to comprehend the profundities within before being willing to let it go.”

Saying thus, Yan Zhaoge also praised, “If she were not a crazy devil...being able to reach her current cultivation realm, senior apprentice-aunt Fu naturally didn’t do so by luck.”

“Senior apprentice-aunt Fu loves her face and likes holding grudges, but compared to her face, the difficult problems in the martial dao that she cannot crack gets to her even more.”

Saying thus, Yan Zhaoge smiled, keeping his final finger, “The third ah, hehe; of the entire Broad Creed Mountain, senior apprentice-aunt Fu has one of the most impatient personalities, not being able to hold patient easily...”

Before his words had fully sounded, the water barrier before

them, silently and noiselessly, suddenly opened.

# HSSB 119: How To Chase The Leaders?

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The words on the screen of water vanished, while also not expressly allowing Yan Zhaoge in.

Still, staring at the gap that had opened within the water barrier, Ah Hu was left dumbstruck.

With a calm, serious expression on his face, Yan Zhaoge bowed towards the faraway screen of water, “We thank senior apprentice-aunt Fu.”

Then, he walked towards the doorway that had opened up for them within the screen of water.

Still a little stunned, it was completely based on reflex that Ah Hu followed behind Yan Zhaoge.

It was quite a while before he finally regained his wits, “Young Master, how exactly did you do it?”

Yan Zhaoge snapped his fingers, “Upon seeing junior apprentice-sister Feng, senior apprentice-aunt Fu was unable to grasp the profundities behind her Extreme Yin Physique gradually recuperating. Unable to resist, she just had to let us in.”

Ah Hu stared blankly, “As simple as that?”

Yan Zhaoge shrugged, “This is just how senior apprentice-aunt Fu is as a person; as opposed to face, she is more concerned about such stuff.”

“Moreover, she’s not actually directly angry at me; I’m also not my father ah.”

His hands behind his back, Yan Zhaoge walked neither urgently nor slowly, “Of course, senior apprentice-aunt Fu is also a person who changes her face faster than flipping the pages of a book. When the mystery has been unravelled, who knows that she won’t personally throw me out again.”

Ah Hu shrunk back his head, “Young Master, please try to keep something in reserve; if you are thrown out, I’d surely suffer the same fate too.”

As the two talked, walking on the water, they had already arrived at the centre of the lake.

Under the massive pavilion formed of the white clouds was a small island, the sky above it completely enveloped by those very white clouds.

On the peak of a hill on the island, Feng Yunsheng and Sikong Qing were currently standing by the side. Before them was a woman garbed in green, currently silently looking over downwards.



The age of this woman was somewhat hard to determine; she looked to be in her early twenties, whilst also seeming like she was in her thirties.

Her features were beautiful, not inferior to that of Sikong Qing and Feng Yunsheng in the least.

From her bearing cultivated over time, looking over at this moment, she actually even seemed superior to the two younger girls in terms of appearance.

Walking up the hill and seeing this woman, Yan Zhaoge immediately went up and bowed, “Senior apprentice-aunt Fu.”

This woman was naturally Fu Enshu. Her expression appeared normal, from which it was completely impossible to tell how she had refused Yan Zhaoge entry and forced him to remain outside earlier.

“I’m very pleased with them; I’ll be taking them both as apprentices. On the registration book over at the clan, they can be recorded as direct disciples.”

Fu Enshu’s first words upon meeting Yan Zhaoge was to express her satisfaction towards Feng Yunsheng and Sikong Qing.

Looking at Feng Yunsheng, Yan Zhaoge saw that many emotions seemed to be welling up within her right now, but most of it spoke of her firm determination.

Having the hope of rising up once more, to the Feng Yunsheng who had endured more than a fair share of hardship before this, grabbing hold of the chance before her was the most important thing.

Speaking of it, although having entered Broad Creed Mountain, her identity was kept secret, with most not knowing of her true origins, only thinking of her as a talent the clan had come by inadvertently, when the news of her being promoted to a core, direct disciple eventually spread, it would probably make quite a controversy.

After all, she had entered the clan for but half a year, then ascended into the heavens with a single step.

The Sikong Qing beside her was also someone who had been in the clan for many years and gone through much tempering before being able to arrive at where she was today.

Looking at Sikong Qing, Yan Zhaoge saw that within her clear gaze could also be seen joy as well as anticipation.

Towards Feng Yunsheng, she was not dissatisfied in the least.

She was one of the few who knew about Feng Yunsheng's Extreme Yin Physique, but towards the Extreme Yin Physique, she actually didn't really care about it.

To Sikong Qing, what was more important was the outstanding talent the other party displayed in the area of the martial dao.

Swivelling her head over to glance at Feng Yunsheng, Fu Enshu said, “According to her, she met with an accident previously, with the Extreme Yin energy within her body completely drying up as a result.”

“But now, it has already recovered quite a lot.”

Fu Enshu’s words were speedy as consecutive shooting bullets, “How did you do it? Yunsheng said you used a golden needle acupuncture technique to stimulate her already dried up Extreme Yin arteries and veins.”

“I can also detect that on your golden needles were applied the grease of the seed of the Concealed Visibility Grass. However, the gold needle acupuncture technique should be something special.”

Smiling slightly, similarly pretending that the earlier matter had never transpired, Yan Zhaoge said, “It is indeed like that. I will demonstrate; may senior apprentice-aunt guide me.”

Saying, thus, he came before Feng Yunsheng and did a demonstration.

Just after watching that first needle of his, Fu Enshu was already nodding slowly, “So it was like this.”

Yan Zhaoge smiled as he kept his needle, secretly sending a sound transmission over to Feng Yunsheng, “How is it, the feeling of finally having met someone who speaks even faster than you?”

Although she was before Fu Enshu, Feng Yunsheng blinked, replying, “While master says ten lines, I can say eight. There’s a difference, but it’s not unsurpassable.”

Yan Zhaoge drew back the corners of his mouth, “Nice, aspirations indeed!”

Now, Fu Enshu turned over to look at Yan Zhaoge, directly asking, “I’ve heard from the clan that you want to be placed in charge of the cultivation of Yunsheng’s Extreme Yin energy?”

“You will naturally be overseeing her martial cultivation, senior apprentice-aunt,” Yan Zhaoge candidly met Fu Enshu’s gaze, “However, I indeed have some thoughts about her training as a Maiden of Extreme Yin, with winning the Extreme Yin Crown as a goal.”

Fu Enshu said, “From your acupuncture, I can tell that you indeed have quite the expertise in this area.”

“So, tell me your thoughts.”

Of Broad Creed Mountain’s higher echelon experts, it had always been Fu Enshu preparing for the grooming of their future Maiden of Extreme Yin; she was the one with the greatest authority on the

topic.

It was fine earlier when Fu Enshu had yet to leave seclusion, but now that she had, she naturally had to appraise how much knowledge Yan Zhaoge truly had in the area.

After all, the matter of Maidens of Extreme Yin was a very significant one, not allowing for any mistakes to be made whatsoever.

Yan Zhaoge said neither hurriedly nor slowly, “First is helping junior apprentice-sister Feng to regain her Extreme Yin Physique. Other than golden needle acupuncture, I also planned to find a precious land of solitary yin also containing solitary yang for her.”

“I have set my eyes on the Mountain Domain’s Cloud Portent Mountain, on one hand to manage our relationship with Infinite Boundless Mountain, and on the other for junior apprentice-sister Feng’s recovery.”

“Other than that, I have also researched a medicinal bath for her to use then, with the help of all these factors, aiding junior apprentice-sister Feng’s recovery.”

Here, Yan Zhaoge paused momentarily, “As for after junior apprentice-sister Feng’s recovery, with her returning to cultivation as per normal, I naturally have some thoughts on this; I believe you, senior apprentice-aunt Fu, do too.”

“However, a problem that we must face is: junior apprentice-sister Feng lost a few years of her time, only just having managed to get back on track, with Meng Wan and the others meanwhile already far ahead of her.”

“Her opponents won’t stay stagnant waiting for us; on the contrary, the one who obtains the Extreme Yin Crown will only improve at a higher rate.”

“Under such circumstances, what should junior apprentice-sister Feng do to catch up to them?”

Yan Zhaoge spread out his palms, “At the end of the day, it is not like having a Maiden of Extreme Yin would mean that all is right with the world. Our clan finally having obtained a Maiden of Extreme Yin only gives us the qualification to participate in the Extreme Yin Bout, not having to sit on the sidelines like we do every year. Still, if we end up continually ‘accompanying the Crown Prince in his reading’ in the future, acting as accompaniment, then having a Maiden of Extreme Yin would be as good as not having one.”

“Grooming a Maiden of Extreme Yin, participating in the Extreme Yin Bout; it’s all to win the Extreme Yin Crown!”

Feng Yunsheng nodded gently by the side; this was actually the real crux of the matter.

Herself regaining her Extreme Yin Physique, would merely be the beginning.

Fu Enshu looked at Yan Zhaoge. As compared to Feng Yunsheng regaining her Extreme Yin Physique, this was actually also the true problem that made her head hurt.

If there was no Feng Yunsheng, if Broad Creed Mountain was lucky and could find a Maiden of Extreme Yin for themselves, they could also groom her from scratch.

However, having fallen behind the other Sacred Grounds these past few years, how could they make up for this gap and contend with them?

Having researched on the cultivation of Extreme Yin Energy these past few years, Fu Enshu was completely confident that if she was given a Maiden of Extreme Yin and the same starting point, her disciple would definitely not be any worse than those of the other Sacred Grounds.

However, if they wanted to chase the leaders, the difficulty of this would be immense.

Fu Enshu knit her brows slightly, “What you mean is; you have a plan?”

# HSSB 120: Working Together In Unison

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At the Fu Enshu who was looking at him, Yan Zhaoge also didn't keep her guessing as he smiled, "Two plans, working together in unison."

"Firstly, when adventuring outside previously, I inadvertently obtained a martial scripture of before the Great Calamity specifically targeted at Maidens of Extreme Yin, the Extreme Yin Scripture."

Fu Enshu's gaze flickered as it remained fixated on Yan Zhaoge.

The Feng Yunsheng at the side was slightly stunned, "Extreme Yin Scripture?"

Yan Zhaoge nodded, "That's right; it looks like you've heard of it before."

Feng Yunsheng mumbled, "I've indeed previously heard it... mentioned by some Elders in the past."

"For Maidens of Extreme Yin like us, in cultivating in other martial arts, we do not hold any special advantages, being no different from ordinary people. It all depends on our personal martial talent."

"However, it is rumoured that before the Great Calamity, there existed a precious scripture known as the Extreme Yin Scripture,



specifically suited for the cultivation of Maidens of Extreme Yin.”

“Using it to cultivate, Maidens of Extreme Yin would be able to achieve much more with less effort. Their cultivation speed in the martial dao increasing greatly aside, it also nurtured their Extreme Yin Physiques, strengthening their Extreme Yin energy.”

Feng Yunsheng looked at Yan Zhaoge, “But ever since the Great Calamity, this martial scripture has been lost to the world, not even fragmented segments of it having been left behind, only staying on in the form of legends and rumours.”

Yan Zhaoge smiled as he waited for her to finish speaking, before he said, “It is precisely that.”

“The method to help you to regain your Extreme Yin Physique was something that I came up with myself, but the inspiration from that stemmed from the Extreme Yin Scripture.”

After saying thus, he looked at Fu Enshu, “In our clan, there are only Grand Master and my father who currently know of this. You are the third person of the higher echelons to know.”

“After I found the Extreme Yin Scripture, you have always been in secluded cultivation. Thus, I could only tell you about it today.”

Fu Enshu nodded, then mentioned casually, “You have made quite a great contribution in this matter. However, since you have the Extreme Yin Scripture, it would be the same if you gave it to

me, and I passed it down to Yunsheng.”

Feng Yunsheng and Sikong Qing opened their mouths, but did not speak.

Ah Hu lowered his head and stared down at the floor. Able to speak of something like this as though it was only a completely natural thing-there was only this Elder Fu before them.

Fu Enshu said mildly, “I do not mean to steal your credit; the clan will definitely not withhold the reward that you deserve.”

“I will also have to guide Yunsheng along in her martial cultivation, and it can nicely coordinate with all that as well; why trouble two people on one matter? Zhaoge, your own cultivation can also not be delayed.”

Fu Enshu looked at Yan Zhaoge, “Unless, you have some other thoughts, thus trying to have her by your side every day?”

“Cough, cough...” Ah Hu nearly choked on his own saliva.

The usually cold Sikong Qing also looked curiously towards Yan Zhaoge.

Feng Yunsheng blinked, not giving off the impression of a shy, embarrassed girl at all, her eyes instead containing a hint of a smile as she looked at Yan Zhaoge in a natural, graceful manner.

Having everyone's gazes all focused on him, Yan Zhaoge's expression was as per normal as he did not appear pressured in the least.

Fu Enshu said mildly, "If you take charge of Yunsheng's Extreme Yin cultivation, you will also have to face me often. Because of the problems of the previous generation, when seeing me, you actually also feel a little embarrassed, right? Why would you want to suffer that."

Her words were even more candid than before. At this, Yan Zhaoge had the impulse to let out a bitter smile.

This senior apprentice-aunt really only cared about her own satisfaction, not so much caring about the feelings of others.

Still, Yan Zhaoge wasn't actually dissatisfied with that, because while Fu Enshu's wording was not at all polite, her thoughts were actually also not all that unreasonable.

If he could, Yan Zhaoge would also be happy to leave everything to Fu Enshu, taking on the role of a shopkeeper who just sat back and threw out orders, a carefree and relaxed existence.

As Fu Enshu said, anyway, the credit was already surely his; no one could take it away from him.

But Yan Zhaoge still decided to have this matter firmly within his

own grasp.

He had his own reasons for doing so, just that many things, he could not reveal to outsiders.

But whether for overarching or personal reasons, Yan Zhaoge also had to be in it personally this time.

“I do not deny that I admire junior apprentice-sister Feng a lot, but at the present time at least, it has nothing to do with the relationship between a man and a woman,” Faced with Fu Enshu’s questioning, Yan Zhaoge answered calmly, “The reason I suggested myself being placed in charge of junior apprentice-sister Feng’s Extreme Yin cultivation was because I have some thoughts that need to be monitored and followed up with in real time as I constantly observe the changes in junior apprentice-sister Feng.”

Yan Zhaoge smiled, “Whether the Extreme Yin Scripture alone will definitely be able to get rid of the gap between her and the other Maidens of Extreme Yin is still something that cannot be guaranteed for sure.”

“After all, as junior apprentice-sister Feng catches up, the one who obtains the Extreme Yin Crown, with its help, would also experience a great increase in cultivation speed.”

Fu Enshu’s expression turned somewhat more serious, “Just now, you spoke of two methods, working together in unison?”

Yan Zhaoge spoke, “That’s right. The first is the Extreme Yin Scripture, while the second is an idea of mine.”

As he said thus, Yan Zhaoge extended both his hands, clasping them before him, “They all say that yin and yang coexisting is a major dao, but how is the dao of Extreme Yin not another type of major dao?”

“The Extreme Yin Crown-all the Extreme Yin energy under the heavens at its extreme, also makes for an extremely strong foundation.”

“Therefore, everyone tends never to attempt undermining this point.”

“It is only that a too extreme dao-path, while perhaps making for a journey just as long, a peak just as high, itself is destined to be more difficult the further one walks. Even while its end is always in sight, the dao-path will only get narrower and narrower.”

“If under the precondition of ensuring Extreme Yin as a basis, more variations can still be fused within, there would be a much larger space for development, forming a much wider dao-path.”

Yan Zhaoge spoke, “This way, walking along it would also be much faster.”

This time, Fu Enshu did not hurry to question Yan Zhaoge’s words, instead falling into deep thought.

After a while, she finally asked, “Your wanting to find a precious land of solitary yin that also contains solitary yang to assist in the recovery of Yunsheng’s initial Extreme Yin energy also falls along the same line as this, while both of these were the result of your research into Extreme Yin energy, the two thus serving to verify each other. Can the feasibility of this be confirmed?”

Yan Zhaoge nodded, “That’s right; it was the same conclusion that I arrived at from researching into two different pieces of information based off different lines of consideration. Although it still has yet to be completely verified, I believe that this plan, will work.”

Fu Enshu quickly continued, “You’ve also said that this would be under the precondition of ensuring Extreme Yin as a basis. Otherwise, with yin and yang mixing randomly, it would instead harm her Extreme Yin energy, doing more harm than good.”

“This requires the plan to really be able to work. Otherwise, it would only forever remain words on paper, resembling pavilions within the air.”

Yan Zhaoge nodded, “Senior apprentice-aunt Fu’s words make sense; I am in complete agreement.”

“I have always believed that, actions, speak louder than words.”

Saying thus, Yan Zhaoge extended his finger, speedily writing something in mid-air, as though deriving something. His aura-qi

left marks behind, not dissipating for a long time.

A strong light abruptly flickered in Fu Enshu's eyes, not dissipating for a long time.

“Although it is only in embryonic form, it will be sufficient for the Martial Scholar realm.”

She glanced at Yan Zhaoge, not mincing her words, “No wonder you dare to take on all of it yourself; your research attainment in this area is even deeper than my own. If I were persistent in not allowing it, I would instead be holding Yunsheng back, also holding the clan back.”

Fu Enshu lifted her head, letting out a soundless sigh as she gazed towards the skies, “Yan Di, perhaps, you will be surpassed by him one day?”

# HSSB 121: A Tour That Begins Flightily

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Having managed to successfully convince Fu Enshu, Yan Zhaoge's mood was quite good.

After all, it really hadn't been an easy thing to do; this senior apprentice-aunt Fu was one who often did things completely based on her own mood, based on whether she liked it or not.

A thousand gold cannot buy happiness; there were times where logic never worked.

If it was not completely necessary, Yan Zhaoge would also not want to waste time with her.

However, this time's matter was rather complicated. From that time of his first encounter with Feng Yunsheng, he had already been making plans for it.

If not for Fu Enshu suddenly leaving seclusion, it would also not have been as troublesome as this.

Because the Great Calamity had resulted in the breaking off of legacies, many things had to start back from zero. The current world's understanding of the Extreme Yin Physique, in Yan Zhaoge's eyes, was still limited.

Even if they knew the rumour of the Extreme Yin Scripture being beneficial to the cultivation of Maidens of Extreme Yin, there were



still many things that the current world did not know.

Having read extensively the scriptures stored in the Divine Palace, Yan Zhaoge knew of other scriptures which were related to Maidens of Extreme Yin.

Amongst these, there were some which were not limited to Maidens of Extreme Yin, also similarly being of use to other martial practitioners.

Yan Zhaoge was very interested in this.

From his interactions with Feng Yunsheng, he had gained some real time feedback which had served as reference and verification for him, thereby having been of great help towards the comprehension of principles of the martial dao that he wanted to understand.

It was just that all this should not be let known by outsiders.

Moreover, there were many methods with which to strengthen Feng Yunsheng, and it was not something that just an Extreme Yin Scripture could completely explain clearly.

Having too many secrets, either he withheld some of them or he took charge of the matter himself, thereby aiding in their concealment.

If he withheld them, how could he guarantee that Feng Yunsheng

would surely make up for lost time, catching up with Meng Wan and the others?

If she couldn't win the Extreme Yin Bout, where would be the meaning in all that hardship?

It was true that Feng Yunsheng herself was already a genius in the martial dao. Even ignoring her Extreme Yin Physique, cultivating along normally, her future achievements would also be extremely great.

However, within a short period of time, her potential could not be converted to true strength, and could not play a decisive, strategic role in deciding the balance of power in this world.

To Yan Zhaoge who hailed from Broad Creed Mountain, whether it was himself or his father, they were both closely tied to its joys and sorrows. When Broad Creed Mountain saw glory, they saw glory too. When Broad Creed Mountain was harmed, they were harmed as well.

Whether for overarching or personal reasons, Yan Zhaoge had to ensure that all the developments played out within his grasp this time.

Luckily, as he had predicted earlier, while Fu Enshu was rather wilful and did as she like, at least in front of major matters regarding Broad Creed Mountain, she was still able to weigh their urgency and importance.

While she liked to win and loved her face, him even having heard about her sometimes reneging on her words and refusing to be held accountable for them, on the matter of the Maidens of Extreme Yin, at least, she had still candidly announced her own abilities to be inferior to his.

“I have also heard about the matter of Cloud Portent Mountain,” Regaining her spirits, Fu Enshu continued, “This matter; what do you view its success rate as?”

Yan Zhaoge answered with a serious expression on his face, “At least eighty percent. If I want to be clearer, I will first have to arrive at Cloud Portent Mountain and examine the area itself before I can come up with a more accurate figure.”

Fu Enshu raised the tips of her eyebrows, “If you are not blowing it out of proportion, an eighty percent success rate is already extremely high.”

“In that case, let us depart now.”

As Fu Enshu said thus, the surroundings moved whilst not under the influence of wind, countless streams of qi surging as they directly swept up Yan Zhaoge, Ah Hu, Feng Yunsheng and Sikong Qing.

“Yunsheng naturally has to head to Cloud Portent Mountain; Sikong, you go along with us as well. It will serve as a form of tempering experience, and I can guide you in martial arts along the way as well, not letting your cultivation be delayed.”

The water barrier that had been surrounding the island at the centre of the Cloud Pavilion Lake descended leisurely, as Fu Enshu directly swept along Yan Zhaoge and the others, shooting off into the distance.

Ah Hu stuck out his tongue a little as he silently sent over a sound transmission to Yan Zhaoge, “Young Master, this is also a little too much for lightning-quick efficiency, right?”

“Thinking of leaving and then leaving; saying ‘let’s depart’ and instantly departing!”

Yan Zhaoge stroked his eyebrows, “I seldom hear this anymore, also only having coincidentally heard it being mentioned before, but amongst father’s generation, when they were young, there was actually a saying being spread around.”

“Fu Enshu’s thoughts are like the days of June, fickle and unpredictable.”

“As I see it now, despite the passing of ages, this senior apprentice-aunt Fu is still the same as ever, thinking of leaving and then leaving. It’s fine if one’s used to it; it’s fine if one’s used to it,” Yan Zhaoge grinned, “Let’s just consider it as a tour that begins flightily.”

Feng Yunsheng and Sikong Qing were also slightly taken aback, but they calmed their emotions very quickly.

While the former was not as mentally active as Fu Enshu, she also had a straightforward personality, liking to get straight down to things. Meanwhile, the latter was not really interested in anything other than martial cultivation.

Led by Fu Enshu, they passed high mountains and lofty peaks, hurrying to the Mountain Domain.

Their destination was first the Infinite Mountain Territory in the middle of the Mountain Domain, then Cloud Portent Mountain in the east of the Mountain Domain.

Unlike the Heaven Domain which was divided into five Regions, the Mountain Domain was separated into 'Territories'.

Also because the Mountain Domain possessed many hills and mountains, all of these 'Territories' were mostly named after the various mountain ranges of varying sizes present there.

An example would be how the region where the Sacred Ground of the Mountain Domain, Infinite Boundless Mountain was, was named the Infinite Mountain Territory.

The Cloud Portent Territory was the region where the Cloud Portent Mountain Range was located. The main mountain peak of that mountain range was Cloud Portent Mountain.

The Cloud Portent Territory was in the eastern part of the

Mountain Domain, being directly bordered at its east to the Thunder Domain. To its southeast was the Earth Domain, to its south was the East Heaven Region of the Heaven Domain and to its southwest was the North Heaven Region of the Heaven Domain.

The Sealing Dragon Abyss which originated from the Earth Domain passed through the East Heaven Region of the Heaven Domain, then extended into the Cloud Portent Territory of the Mountain Domain.

The Infinite Shadowy River which similarly originated from the Earth Domain, conversely, first entered the Cloud Portent Territory and then extended into the East Heaven Region.

Because of Cloud Portent Mountain's relation with the Giant Spirit Magnetite, although this was a border area of the Mountain Domain, it was a region which Infinite Boundless Mountain viewed with the utmost importance, closely guarding it against the encroachment of Heavenly Thunder Hall of the Thunder Domain as well as Broad Creed Mountain of the Heaven Domain.

When receiving the news of the arrival of Yan Zhaoge, Fu Enshu and the others, Infinite Boundless Mountain was also not any slow in receiving them.

With Broad Creed Mountain having vaguely divulged that this matter had to do with Giant Spirit Magnetite, Infinite Boundless Mountain would naturally prioritise it greatly.

However, whether it was Yan Zhaoge or Fu Enshu, both of them

also acutely detected that Infinite Boundless Mountain's current attitude towards them seemed a little ambiguous.

Following the earlier war of the Eastern Tang, the current power balance of the world was indeed rather delicate.

Still, Yan Zhaoge could still more or less sense some unusual signs.

"Something's odd..." Yan Zhaoge murmured within his heart, though not showing anything on the surface.

Together with Fu Enshu, accompanied by experts of Infinite Boundless Mountain, they set off for Cloud Portent Mountain together.

And on the way to the Mountain Domain, Yan Zhaoge and the others received a piece of news that, to Broad Creed Mountain, was definitely the stuff of nightmares.

In the third Extreme Yin Bout, the Sacred Sun Clan disciple Meng Wan, the phoenix awaiting Nirvana lying dormant in the dark, in a domineering show of a monarch returning to reclaim her throne, overwhelmed the rest of her competitors, reclaiming the Extreme Yin Crown!

As though affirming Feng Yunsheng's past analysis.

As long as she herself did not meet with any problems, Meng

Wan was currently the strongest Maiden of Extreme Yin.

The Extreme Yin Crown had returned to the hands of the Sacred Sun Clan.

The power balance of the world, instantly changed.

Although the East Coming Martial Saint Huang Guanglie had still yet to leave seclusion, the previous precarious predicament of the Sacred Sun Clan, was no more.

Hearing this news, Yan Zhaoge glanced at Feng Yunsheng.

Feng Yunsheng had a calm expression on her face, showing no signs of surprise in the least.

She also looked towards Yan Zhaoge.

With the general situation having changed, Yan Zhaoge's current quest had become much more important.



# HSSB 122: Cloud Portent Mountain

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When Yan Zhaoge and the others received news of the results of the third Extreme Yin Bout, Infinite Boundless Mountain's side also naturally did as well.

Although they didn't show it outwardly, Yan Zhaoge could still feel that the people of Infinite Boundless Mountain had become much warmer towards them.

With the Sacred Sun Clan holding an even greater advantage, while Infinite Boundless Mountain wouldn't face them directly, they would also increase their guard.

To Infinite Boundless Mountain, before they had sufficient backing to themselves do so, having Broad Creed Mountain helping them in withstanding the Sacred Sun Clan was naturally a good thing.

However, Yan Zhaoge could still feel that on the matter of Cloud Portent Mountain's Giant Spirit Magnetite vein, their attitude was still somewhat ambiguous.

From their earlier interactions, whether intentionally or not, Infinite Boundless Mountain had seemed to reveal an inclination to cooperate with Broad Creed Mountain in some other areas instead.

Yan Zhaoge took some note of this within his heart.

Although Infinite Boundless Mountain's attitude was rather ambiguous, led by them, Yan Zhaoge, Fu Enshu and the others still arrived uneventfully in the Cloud Portent Territory.

"Young master, it just so happens that Zhao Ming and his girl have also come to Cloud Portent Mountain," Walking along the road, Ah Hu was busy sifting through all the reports from his subordinates before relaying the organized information to Yan Zhaoge.

Yan Zhaoge tilted his head as he thought, "Right, the Scarlet Rainbow Sect does indeed have some business relations with the Mountain Domain's Cloud Portent Territory after all."

Ah Hu nodded, "That's right, lands of solitary yin which also contain solitary yang are quite rare. For the Scarlet Rainbow Sect, they have several types of spirit grass which would only reach their highest grade in such a land."

"That's why they've rented a parcel of land at Cloud Portent Mountain and started a medicine field."

Yan Zhaoge nodded his head. Broad Creed Mountain was aware of this matter, not having forbidden it.

While Broad Creed Mountain and Infinite Boundless Mountain also somewhat existed as competitors, the relationship between them was far less strained than with the Sacred Sun Clan.

Mutual interaction between the many powers of Broad Creed Mountain's Heaven Domain and Infinite Boundless Mountain's Mountain Domain was also not rarely seen.

Cloud Portent Mountain was an important location for Infinite Boundless Mountain. However, as long as they didn't encroach on the Giant Spirit Magnetite vein, this place was still not a restricted ground for outsiders.

Of course, if a power on the same level such as Broad Creed Mountain also neared, that would definitely draw the attention of Infinite Boundless Mountain. A power like the Scarlet Rainbow Sect, though, was totally fine.

Ah Hu continued, "I've heard that something's up with their medicinal field; that's why Zhao Ming and Jing Yunzhi have both gone over for a look."

Jing Yunzhi was the daughter of the Chief of the Scarlet Rainbow Sect, also having entered Broad Creed Mountain as a disciple.

Yan Zhaoge said, "After we arrive at Cloud Portent Mountain, we can notify them, and meet up with them when there's time. According to etiquette, they should also come to extend their greetings to senior apprentice-aunt Fu."

Ah Hu gave a simple and honest laugh, "Yes, Young Master."

Stepping into the Cloud Portent Territory, passing by countless mountains of the Cloud Portent Mountain Range, Yan Zhaoge and the others headed all the way east.

Within the Cloud Portent Mountain range, the highest peak slowly was revealed to Yan Zhaoge's party.

The entire Cloud Portent Mountain range resembled an enormous coiled dragon, with Cloud Portent Mountain itself as the dragon's head.

At the foot of Cloud Portent Mountain, it and the surrounding mountains came together to form a small basin of land. This was where the Giant Spirit Magnetite vein was.

Meanwhile, there was a small spiritual stream halfway up Cloud Portent Mountain. This spring was known as the Yin Yang Cloud Spring.

This Yin Yang Cloud Spring was actually one of those rarely seen lands of solitary yin that also contained solitary yang.

Because of the Giant Spirit Magnetite vein, Infinite Boundless Mountain had here not just a single Elder. Other than the First Seat Elder presiding over all the affairs of Cloud Portent Mountain, there was also another longtime Martial Grandmaster specifically sitting over Cloud Portent Mountain. This Elder was dubbed the Magnetite Elder.

Adding on the Infinite Boundless Mountain Elder who accompanied them, there were currently three longtime Martial Grandmasters of Infinite Boundless Mountain congregated at Cloud Portent Mountain.

The First Seat Elder who managed Cloud Portent Mountain was surnamed Zuo. He was a middle-aged man possessing dignified features.

As Yan Zhaoge looked at this Elder Zuo, his gaze hardened for a moment.

The Principal Elder of Infinite Boundless Mountain who had been stationed in the East Heaven Region of the Heaven Domain had been one of this Elder Zuo's subordinates.

In the previous chaos of the Eastern Tang, Infinite Boundless Mountain's movements would definitely have been determined somewhat by him.

"To our clan, Giant Spirit Magnetite is naturally of the utmost importance. Your Broad Creed Mountain suddenly paying a visit was somewhat out of my predictions," Elder Zuo said neither hurriedly nor slowly.

Yan Zhaoge sat silently as Fu Enshu handled matters, "Precisely because of the importance of this matter, without possessing sufficient confidence in it, how would we have brought it up so easily?"

In recent years, because the supply of Giant Spirit Magnetite was gradually dwindling, there was a very real danger of it being entirely exhausted.

Within the sect, there were many elders that were trying to combat the problem of the lack of Giant Spirit Magnetite.

With regard to this matter, the clan had tried to find a solution whilst also internally limiting the amount mined.

This way, they had also inadvertently slowed down their own development.

If this problem could be resolved, enabling them to resume mining Giant Spirit Magnetite in large amounts, they would definitely make use of the chance to enter a quick stage of development once more.

Fu Enshu spoke, “Our clan comes with great sincerity; there is no need for your Infinite Boundless Mountain to worry.”

Also having an understanding of Elder Fu’s personality, Elder Zuo smiled as he heard her words.

If Broad Creed Mountain had truly come here to cause destruction, then that would be equivalent to completely pushing Infinite Boundless Mountain to the side of the Sacred Sun Clan.

However, he also had his own thoughts on this matter.

Broad Creed Mountain definitely wouldn't come to help Infinite Boundless Mountain for no reason. Since they would be cooperating, it would be a matter of both sides obtaining and gaining what they needed. As for which side gained more and which side gained less-that was a different matter altogether.

“You said that you want to examine the location? After you've settled down as is necessary, I shall accompany you,” Elder Zuo said.

Fu Enshu directly swiveled her head over and asked Yan Zhaoge, “Do you require rest?”

Yan Zhaoge resisted the urge to roll his eyes at this senior apprentice-aunt's flighty temperament, “I'm ready anytime.”

Fu Enshu nodded, turning back to face Elder Zuo once more, “When it's still early now, let's go.”

Elder Zuo and the other two Infinite Boundless Mountain Elders communicated with their eyes for a bit, before they all nodded.

The Magnetite Elder specifically in charge of sitting over Cloud Portent Mountain said, “Follow me.”

The group entered the valley, directly entering the quarry. Feeling the flow of spiritual qi within and specially entering the pith of the quarry, Yan Zhaoge came to feel increasingly certain

within his heart.

“Our current method of extracting the ore is too crude. Although our founder obtained the Giant Spirit Profound Art, he did not simultaneously look specifically into mining techniques for the Giant Spirit Magnetite with structural integrity in mind. The mining techniques that were subsequently developed are simple and violent, unceasingly harming the pith of the vein.”

Calculating silently, Yan Zhaoge’s face darkened within his heart, “Besides our clan, there also seems to be someone else working at restoring the Giant Spirit Magnetite vein. It does not seem to be the research of Infinite Boundless Mountain themselves, rather actually possessing some flair of before the Great Calamity....”

“Ah, no wonder their attitude is so ambiguous. They have indeed found hope elsewhere, therefore no longer feeling so passionate towards us.”

“However, it seems like their current operation is still in an experimental stage, so they did not reject our offer outright.”

Yan Zhaoge pondered as he stroked his lower chin.

However, he still appeared outwardly as though everything was normal.

Leaving the quarry, Yan Zhaoge toured leisurely along the basin



of the valley, feeling a step further for the pulses of spiritual qi there.

“How come it feels like there is reverse yang qi going directly down from the mountain into the ground?” Yan Zhaoge wrinkled his brows as he walked out of the valley, now raising his head to gaze at Cloud Portent Mountain before him.

Halfway up the mountain, there shone the glow of fire.

Yan Zhaoge blinked his eyes, “What are they playing at? Infinite Boundless Mountain is burning down their own mountain?”

As he thought thus, Ah Hu galloped out, returning with an unconscious person in his arms. Yan Zhaoge recognized the person—he was evidently one of Zhao Ming’s accompanying retainers.

After regaining consciousness, the person saw Yan Zhaoge and immediately was overjoyed.

“Young Master Yan, it’s good that you are here. Fourth Prince is on the mountain, currently in conflict with people of Infinite Boundless Mountain!”

# HSSB 123: Asking For People At The Door?

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Hearing the other party's words, Yan Zhaoge unconsciously lifted his head to glance at halfway up the side of Cloud Portent Mountain, where the light of fire as well as smoke could faintly be seen.

That was precisely where the source of the Yin Yang Cloud Spring was located, that land of solitary yin also containing solitary yang.

The spirit field which the Scarlet Rainbow Sect used to cultivate spirit grass was also just there.

That retainer hurriedly said, "Fourth Prince and Miss Jing are both on the mountain. When the Scarlet Rainbow Sect's spirit fields were set aflame by the Infinite Boundless Mountain people, Fourth Prince was unable to hold back, and began fighting with them."

Yan Zhaoge straightened his neck in contrast to the tempers of Zhao Yuan, Zhao Sheng and the others, as well as Zhao Ming's, which were rather more violent and reckless.

The other party having set the spirit field of Jing Yunzhi's family aflame, Zhao Ming naturally couldn't hold back his rage, not caring about whether or not he was currently within Infinite Boundless Mountain territory.

"Why do those Infinite Boundless Mountain people want to burn

down the Scarlet Rainbow Sect's fields?" Yan Zhaoge got straight to the point.

That retainer hesitated slightly for a moment before replying, "The people of a smaller-sized power of the Cloud Portent Territory, the Iron Yuan Sect, forcibly encroached on the land of a nearby manor."

"When the owner of the manor did not acquiesce, a conflict broke out between the two, wherein his son injured someone of the Iron Yuan Sect. In retaliation, they broke through the manor's defences, wanting to kill to vent their anger."

"Miss Jing having sat down as a guest at that very manor before, as a longtime acquaintance of the family living there, she rushed over to save them as soon as she came to hear of this piece of news."

"In the end, the Chief of the Iron Yuan Sect, being familiar with one of the disciples of Infinite Boundless Mountain here, instead got over reinforcements, coming to ask for people at their door."

"Fourth Prince and Miss Jing were not willing to hand them over; thus, the other side promptly headed to burn down their spirit field."

Yan Zhaoge raised his head slightly, "Intentionally, huh?"

That retainer was greatly shocked, "Young Master Yan, Fourth

Prince did not want to make an enemy of Infinite Boundless Mountain on purpose, only...only that...”

“I’m not talking about Zhao Ming’s side,” Yan Zhaoge waved his hands, swivelling his head to look at Ah Hu, “Go and inform senior apprentice-aunt Fu.”

Ah Hu scratched his head, “Young Master, Infinite Boundless Mountain has three higher echelon bigwigs here; that’s quite a few Martial Grandmaster experts...”

Yan Zhaoge shook his head, “At the present moment, this bit of things still isn’t yet sufficient to alarm someone of their level; Infinite Boundless Mountain will definitely also send someone lower to handle it first.”

“In asking you to inform senior apprentice-aunt Fu, it is to allow her to understand the situation and be prepared for it. If those bigwig figures really are alarmed and come to deal with it themselves, we will not be afraid.”

“In rushing over now, it is in case the other side possesses an expert that can make Zhao Ming suffer a loss.”

Saying thus, Yan Zhaoge strode off ahead up the mountain.

Standing at the mouth of the valley, currently discussing a new martial technique that Fu Enshu had just passed down to them, Feng Yunsheng and Sikong Qing could not but ask curiously,

“Where is it that you are going?”

Yan Zhaoge pointed towards the black smoke halfway up the mountain, “There are fellow disciples of our clan who are in conflict with people of Infinite Boundless Mountain up there; let’s head over and take a look.”

Taking a quick glance at each other, Feng Yunsheng and Sikong Qing both nodded, following behind Yan Zhaoge.

On the mountain road, an Infinite Boundless Mountain martial practitioner came over to block them, “Happenings on the mountain; newcomers halt your steps!”

Yan Zhaoge said mildly, “If I do that, your Mountain’s Giant Spirit Magnetite Vein will see harm.”

The other party stared blankly, “The vein is at the foot...”

Yan Zhaoge didn’t cease walking, as he instantly strode past him, “You would not be able to bear that responsibility.”

That Infinite Boundless Mountain martial practitioner wanted to block him, but felt a strong wind directly assault him, directly suppressing his intended words back down into his chest, completely unable to open his mouth at all as his figure was also constantly pushed back in retreat.

Not saying a word, Feng Yunsheng and Sikong Qing followed

closely behind Yan Zhaoge, rushing up the mountain.

Arriving in the vicinity of the fire halfway up the mountain, Yan Zhaoge swept his gaze over his surroundings and saw that within the dense smoke, there were people currently clashing.

One of them was precisely Zhao Ming, his opponent being a middle-aged man with the cultivation of a mid outer aura Martial Scholar, not using the martial arts of Infinite Boundless Mountain. That should be the Chief of the Iron Yuan Sect.

This middle-aged man was being suppressed by Zhao Ming, but there were quite a few people near him helping him to surround and attack Zhao Ming.

With his martial arts of Broad Creed Mountain, Zhao Ming's martial prowess was far superior to his opponents'. Even while surrounded, he could still manoeuvre around with few problems and with strength to spare, even having the leisure to protect a little boy in the process.

It was only that Zhao Ming was hassled to the point of being unable to extricate himself. Looking rather anxious, he looked to the side.

There, a girl was currently clashing with a disciple of Infinite Boundless Mountain.

That girl was precisely Zhao Ming's lover and a fellow disciple of

theirs, Jing Yunzhi.

Both of them were in the mid inner aura Martial Scholar realm, one of them utilising Broad Creed Mountain martial arts, the other utilising Infinite Boundless Mountain martial arts, the result however being Jing Yunzhi being suppressed and placed at a disadvantage.

Looking at it, there was actually the feeling of her being stuck in a situation with perils around every corner.

Carefully distinguishing for a moment, Yan Zhaoge remembered the information report that he had once viewed back in the clan, revealing the other party's name to be Hou Xiang or something of the like, a genius of Infinite Boundless Mountain who had just risen up in recent years.

In the vicinity of the fire, a few corpses were already strewn about. From their attire, they were all of Zhao Ming's and Jing Yunzhi's side.

Glancing around, Yan Zhaoge said directly, "Junior apprentice-sister Sikong help junior apprentice-sister Jing; junior apprentice-sister Feng help junior apprentice-brother Zhao."

As Feng Yunsheng stroked the handle of her sword, not waiting for her to ask it herself, Yan Zhaoge directly motioned with a flourish, "Murderers, must die."

Saying thus, Yan Zhaoge waved his sleeve, causing numerous strong winds to surge, dissipating the blazing fire and the dense smoke before them, first moving to extinguish the fire.

Beside him, Sikong Qing, not saying a word, unsheathed her sword, a cold light flickering as she directly replaced Jing Yunzhi, engaging that Infinite Boundless Mountain disciple Hou Xiang in battle!

Feng Yunsheng also invited herself in. As she brandished her sword, the clouds and the winds changed, the resulting violent momentum of her stroke directly pushing back the many people surrounding Zhao Ming.

Zhao Ming let out a long howl, the sword within his hands rising upwards, creating sword shadows that resembled seven stars shooting through the sky as he focused solely on that outer aura stage middle-aged man, attacking and pressuring him to the point that his back was streaked with sweat.

That Infinite Boundless Mountain disciple Hou Xiang was greatly enraged, “People of Broad Creed Mountain, dare to be so arrogant in our clan’s territory?”

Extinguishing the blazing fire, Yan Zhaoge didn’t even turn over to glance at him as he just said casually, “Those who died here all died from blades. Being bare-handed, you are evidently not a murderer. Therefore, you can rest easy; you needn’t die.”

Feeling stifled for a second, Hou Xiang then continued smiling



coldly as he looked at Yan Zhaoge, “Today, I’ve really come to experience new things; never before have I seen people who’ve come for a favour be so arrogant!”

“I know who you are, and also what you’ve come to our Mountain Domain for.”

“However, you still seem to be a little unclear: to put it more plainly, it is currently your Broad Creed Mountain that has need of our Infinite Boundless Mountain!”

“With the Extreme Yin Crown having fallen to the Sacred Sun Clan, even if their East Rising Martial Saint doesn’t leave seclusion, just from their two Sacred Artifacts alone, it is already not something that your Broad Creed Mountain can withstand alone!”

Hou Xiang wasn’t very old, looking like he had still yet to turn twenty. Already being in the mid inner aura Martial Scholar realm at this age, it was somewhat hard to come by.

Even more so was his martial prowess. In fighting with Sikong Qing, up to now, he had yet to fall to a disadvantage, being able to both attack and defend as he executed his techniques in an orderly manner.

He smiled coldly as he looked towards Yan Zhaoge, “In coming to Infinite Boundless Mountain, to put it bluntly, you have come to seek reinforcements, wanting my clan to resist the pressure of the Sacred Sun Clan alongside you.”

“In the war of the Eastern Tang earlier, if my clan had not stood by the side and done nothing, instead having provided assistance to the Sacred Sun Clan, even with you allied with Jade Sea City, it is still unknown which side the victory would have gone to.”

“Now, it is the same. Jade Sea City has lost the Extreme Yin Crown, and is also having its attentions occupied by the Heavenly Thunder Hall.”

“If we help your Broad Creed Mountain, you will no longer have to fear the Sacred Sun Clan; if we help the Sacred Sun Clan, your Broad Creed Mountain will immediately be finished!”

His palms crossing each other to shock the edge of Sikong Qing’s blade aside, he shouted severely, “Open your eyes wide and put on a proper attitude of asking for a favour; this is not a place where you lot can run amok as you like!”

## HSSB 124: When Discussions Fail, Fight!

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Completely not bothering to entertain Hou Xiang's delusions nicely, Yan Zhaoge shook his head somewhat amusedly, "The Extreme Yin Crown having fallen into the Sacred Sun Clan's hands, it'd still be possible for your Infinite Boundless Mountain to help neither side. But helping the Sacred Sun Clan; that would really be having a hole in the brain."

"Their willingness to be a vassal to another aside, if the people of Infinite Boundless Mountain are all as sensible as you, it's destined never to be able to rise up."

Seeing Sikong Qing having replaced Jing Yunzhi, battling Hou Xiang in her place, Zhao Ming instantly let out a small sigh of relief.

The worries in his heart having disappeared, also having Feng Yunsheng helping him to sweep away the surrounding interference, he instantly lunged towards his opponent like a ferocious tiger leaving the mountain.

Whilst extinguishing the fire, Yan Zhaoge also scanned the surrounding area.

After a once-over, Yan Zhaoge's attention fell on that child whom Zhao Ming had been protecting earlier.

That was a boy who looked not much older than ten. He appeared rather dazed, as though he was mentally unsound.

He knelt beside a man, shaking that man's arm, "Daddy, daddy?"

Yan Zhaoge knit his brows slightly. With just a single glance, he knew that that man had already breathed his last.

Seeing the man ignoring him, the boy stumbled and swayed as he got up and walked elsewhere, treating the nearby flashes of blades and shadows of swords like they were invisible.

He arrived at a woman's side, also shaking her arm, "Mummy, mummy?"

Yan Zhaoge sighed silently.

This child, was already an orphan...

The boy looked all around uncomprehendingly, his eyes still filled with incomprehension as though not understanding why his parents were just not paying him any heed.

Having been replaced by Sikong Qing, Jing Yunzhi came over to the boy's side, also seeming somewhat not able to bear it. Looking at the other corpses strewn across the ground, fury surfaced within her eyes once more.

Other than the boy's family, the rest of the dead were all people sent over by the Scarlet Rainbow Sect to manage their medicinal

field here.

Letting out a loud yell, Jing Yunzhi joined in the fray over by Zhao Ming's side, exterminating the martial practitioners of the Iron Yuan Sect alongside Feng Yunsheng.

That middle-aged man in the mid outer aura Martial Scholar realm was precisely the Chief of the Iron Yuan Sect who had initially brought people along to find trouble.

At this moment, facing Broad Creed Mountain's direct disciple Zhao Ming, even while their cultivation levels were similar, he also quickly fell to defeat.

He called out towards Hou Xiang, "Help..."

Before his words had landed, Zhao Ming had already stabbed out with his sword.

Now, a cold snort suddenly resounded from afar, "Killing someone in the lands of my Infinite Boundless Mountain?"

A strong aura-qi shot through the air, tough and vigorous, resembling a massive mountain-splitting knife, chopping down towards Zhao Ming!

The other party had obviously not exerted his full strength, but as this axe chopped over, it was something that Zhao Ming would be unable to withstand. If he took it, even if he didn't die, he would

also be heavily injured!

Yan Zhaoge's expression did not change, as, substituting his sword with his fingers, he stabbed out.

Seven streaks of aura-qi took the form of swords, resembling seven stars converging as they blocked that massive axe formed of aura-qi.

The seven streaks of sword-qi moved at different speeds and with different levels of force, each contacting a different point of that massive aura-qi axe, not destroying it but casually adjusting its direction, causing it to veer slightly off course.

Seeing this, Zhao Ming did not stay his hand, piercing his sword straight through the chest of the Iron Yuan Sect Chief.

That middle-aged man opened his eyes wide, and collapsed onto the ground.

The final scene that he saw was of the corpse of the woman who had previously died by his hands with a grievance lying strewn across the ground, with that simple and foolish boy by her side.

The next moment, before the middle-aged man's eyes was only blackness, as he breathed his last.

Feng Yunsheng, Zhao Ming and Jing Yunzhi swept up the remaining enemies before congregating together by Yan Zhaoge's

side.

Yan Zhaoge said, "I've arrived late; my condolences, junior apprentice-sister Jing. Junior apprentice-brother Zhao, let us slowly talk later."

Zhao Ming nodded cautiously, his gaze directed straight into the distance.

There was precisely the direction from which the massive aura-qi axe had attacked, where a group of people was currently rushing down the mountain.

Gazing over from afar, Yan Zhaoge saw that above the head of their leader was a spiritual light that shot up into the horizon, flickering as it was sometimes visible. Without question, it was a Xiantian Martial Scholar.

The other party, possessing a big build, looked to be about twenty-six or twenty-seven years old, his features cold and stern.

He was garbed in black, with an emblem of a mountain peak stitched onto his clothes. It was actually the appearance of a core, direct disciple of Infinite Boundless Mountain.

When he saw Yan Zhaoge, that person's gaze instantly hardened.

Yan Zhaoge glanced at him calmly, similarly recognising him.

Ji Hanru, one of the leading figures of Infinite Boundless Mountain's younger generation, of the same age group as Lu Wen and Xiao Shen, though still slightly older than them.

In the Eight Extremities World, the name of the 'Little Mountain Lord' Ji Hanru, an elite of the current younger generation, already resounded familiarly like thunder to the years.

Many years ago, Ji Hanru had had a battle with the successor of the Thunder Domain Sacred Ground Heavenly Thunder Hall, the Thunder Rumbling Young Master.

The only son of one of the Heavenly Thunder Hall's bigwig Elders, the Thunder Rumbling Young Master was hailed alongside the Broad Creed Young Master Yan Zhaoge and the World Illuminating Young Master Huang Jie as one of the current era's Four Young Masters.

Ji Hanru had secured a draw in that fight, cementing his status as one of the strongest experts of the current younger generation.

Earlier, just having arrived at Cloud Portent Mountain, Yan Zhaoge had already met him once. Therefore, Yan Zhaoge knew that he had just happened to come to this region for tempering, thus leading to their coincidental meeting here.

Looking at Yan Zhaoge, Ji Hanru said coldly, "Killing in Infinite Boundless Mountain; is this how your Broad Creed Mountain plays the part of guests?"



Yan Zhaoge raised his lower chin slightly, indicating for Ji Hanru to look towards the Hou Xiang who was still currently in the midst of a battle with Sikong Jing, “The Scarlet Rainbow Sect is a clan of my Heaven Domain, while junior apprentice-sister Jing is a disciple of my Broad Creed Mountain, having rented a spirit field of your Infinite Boundless Mountain for plantation purposes, and never having failed in giving you your share of it.”

“Our clan comes over to visit, and your Infinite Boundless Mountain disciple abets people in burning down this spirit field here.”

“Is this how your Infinite Boundless Mountain plays the part of hosts?”

In their attitude towards Broad Creed Mountain, Infinite Boundless Mountain was split internally into two great factions.

According to what Yan Zhaoge knew, amongst the younger generation, Ji Hanru belonged to the faction which had no good feelings towards Broad Creed Mountain.

Thus, facing Ji Hanru, Yan Zhaoge similarly didn't put on a nice face.

Looking at Ji Hanru, Yan Zhaoge's face was expressionless, “Or is it to say, that it was completely intentional on your part?”

Ji Hanru said indifferently, “I know what you have come here for, but that is not something that you can rely on to act unbridled and without reservation.”

“All of your logic can’t change the one simple fact that this place is Cloud Portent Mountain, the territory of my Infinite Boundless Mountain.”

“Whatever happens here, it will naturally be settled by my clan’s laws. Your Broad Creed Mountain stepped past these boundaries and even killed-do you treat my Infinite Boundless Mountain as non-existent?”

Yan Zhaoge chortled, “When we really needed you to appear just now, you indeed were non-existent.”

The aura-qi around Ji Hanru’s entire body surged as he strode forward step by single step, the Infinite Boundless Mountain martial practitioners behind him doing the same.

“As long as it is someone who has killed, take down all of them, and hand them over to our clan’s Elders to deal with.”

“Yan Zhaoge, I am of no mind to engage in battles of the tongue with you. Recently, your name has come up quite a lot; I wonder how much of it stems from the true abilities that you possess?”

“I, Ji Hanru, have never believed in rumours. I only believe in my own eyes and my pair of fists!

Saying thus, he punched out with his fist, with a momentum as heavy as a mountain!

Not even looking at it, Yan Zhaoge retaliated with a single palm.

As his palm struck out, it was like the roar of a dragon and the howl of a tiger resounded!

Aura-qi that resembled flames solidified on Yan Zhaoge's palm, directly facing off against the momentum of Ji Hanru's fist.

Ji Hanru laughed coldly, "Facing me head-on?"

Of the six great Sacred Grounds, Infinite Boundless Mountain's martial arts were renowned for its heavy momentum and great strength!

A fist strike as heavy as a mountain, with the momentum of crushing dry twigs and smashing rotten wood, seemed about to destroy Yan Zhaoge's Tushita palm.

However, with a flick of his wrist, Yan Zhaoge's strength suddenly skyrocketed, erupting in an instant!

"When discussions fail, fight; what do I have to be afraid of facing you head-on?"

Within his Tushita Palm, was integrated the essence of the Mighty Ape Demonic Fist!

The explosive power that suddenly erupted shocked the heavens and shook the earth!

The momentum of the fist strike that resembled a mountain was momentarily rendered sluggish before, vibrating intensely, it was shaken to the point that the earth quaked and the mountains wobbled!

# HSSB 125: Attack, Can't Break Through; Defence, Can't Hold Through!

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The Divine Mountain Fist renowned for the strength of its attacks, in a head-on clash, was actually shaken by his opponent.

Ji Hanru's originally confident face finally changed slightly.

Sucking in a deep breath, he let out a deep roar, "Open!"

Moving with his intentions, Ji Hanru's fist-aura suddenly changed.

That heavy and vigorous aura-qi actually revealed some traces of spiritual activity.

It was as though on the lofty peak of the high mountain, there were trees and fields abound, numerous flowers in full bloom.

In the eyes of others, Ji Hanru's fist-aura that resembled a mountain was no longer as illusory and rigid as before, rather seeming somewhat like it truly existed there.

As he punched out, it was as though a mountain peak had really appeared before them.

The mountain peak toppled over, descending with the momentum of Mount Tai, causing everyone's hearts to tremble!

Having developed spirituality within the aura-qi-this was the true indicator of power for an early Xiantian Martial Scholar!

Ji Hanru was also a proud person. Thus, facing the late outer aura Martial Scholar Yan Zhaoge, while earlier having heard of his consecutive victories over Chao Yuanlong and Xiao Shen, he had still not unleashed his full strength, not believing in the devil as he thought to compete nicely with Yan Zhaoge for a bit.

Who knew that Yan Zhaoge would really be so ferocious, directly meeting his iron fist head-on without dodging or evading.

What was even harder for him to accept was that, the one who had lost that exchange was actually him!

In a head-on clash, Yan Zhaoge had evidently held the upper hand!

But his Infinite Boundless Mountain's martial arts, be it offensive or defensive, were all specially tailored for head-on clashes ah!

His thoughts flashing like lightning, no longer daring to hold anything back, Ji Hanru immediately revealed his true abilities.

The spirituality of his aura-qi was revealed as his fist-aura heavy and vast whilst also naturally intelligent, Ji Hanru forcibly counteracted the decline of his Divine Mountain Fist!

However, at the same time, Yan Zhaoge's face flashed with a red light!

Of the Wind Fire Calamities, the Fire Calamity!

With that fist of his, Yan Zhaoge consecutively exerted force three times, his strength rising explosively time and time again!

The terrifying explosive power seemed to have no end to it as it continually reached another and yet another peak.

His palm a purplish-red colour, the Tushita Palm's special function of breaking through the aura-qi of enemies was brought to bear to the point of perfection as it forcibly broke through Ji Hanru's numerous layers of aura-qi, his palm coming to meet his fist!

Within the air, an explosion resounded, as though two heavy objects had just collided.

Ji Hanru's fist could not help but tremble slightly.

As he was, after all, an early Xiantian Martial Scholar, with his acute senses under his full state of concentration, he detected the incomparable ferocity from Yan Zhaoge's third exertion of force.

Ji Hanru's right hand didn't move as he formed a palm with his left hand, chopping down towards Yan Zhaoge!

His aura-qi agglomerating, vigorous and domineering to the extreme, as Ji Han chopped downwards, it resembled a Heaven Splitting Axe of a gigantic divinity!

As that axe descended, even the towering mountains before them, were directly split apart!

Jin Hanru's movements were all completely taken in by Yan Zhaoge, who let out a long laugh at this.

The Tushita Palm of his left hand remained unchanged, remaining pressed against Ji Hanru's right fist, whereas on his right hand, his index and middle fingers lined up into swords, the Big Dipper Sword appearing once more!

A perfectly executed [Xuanji](#) Heavenly Reflection landed perfectly where the weakest point of Ji Hanru's power was.

Xuanji is a collective name for the first four stars of the Big Dipper

His left hand's Tushita Palm violent like fire, his right hand's Big Dipper Sword intricate and graceful.

Yan Zhaoge's simultaneous execution of the two martial arts, one tough, one soft, was to be admired indeed!

With that sword move of his, the Heaven Splitting Axe of Ji Hanru's momentarily halted within the air.



At this moment, Yan Zhaoge's left palm continued exerting force!

As a loud boom resounded, within everyone's ears vaguely resounded a sound which made it seem as though something had shattered!

Ji Hanru was sent stumbling backwards!

Yan Zhaoge capitalised on his advantage, immediately lunging over as his fingers, resembling the blades of swords, were pointed directly at Ji Hanru.

His aura-qi solidified to form a sword as a green light faintly flickered. The roar of a dragon resounded as a variant technique of the Coiling Dragon Sleeve, Clouds Surging Dragon Soaring, was executed, instantly arriving before Ji Hanru!

Ji Hanru's right hand had already turned numb at this moment. Having lost the initiative, he made a quick and prompt decision, holding his left palm out before his chest!

Numerous layers of aura-qi agglomerated and merged into one, evoking the feeling that there were no weak points in it whatsoever!

Infinite Boundless Mountain direct lineage, Great Chaotic Elements Palm!

Perhaps because it was slow and clumsy, or perhaps because it was not easy to cultivate in, of the current Eight Extremities World's martial arts, in terms of straight-on defence, Infinite Boundless Mountain's were ranked amongst the top few!

The Great Chaotic Elements Palm was precisely their essence!

Even having lost the initiative, even being unable to use his right hand, Ji Hanru had steeled his heart to concentrate on defence at this moment. As the power of his palm seemed to have sealed himself off, Yan Zhaoge's Clouds Surging Dragon Soaring technique was temporarily unable to break through.

"There is no invincible martial art, only an invincible martial practitioner."

After slowly saying thus, Yan Zhaoge's sword-aura suddenly changed, as seven sword shadows shot into the air, resembling the seven stars of the Big Dipper as they congregated into a formation of worshipping the north.

The sword shadows lined up in a straight line as the power contained within them was now condensed to its maximum level, focused at a single point!

Yan Zhaoge's arm trembled, resembling a heavenly dragon moving its body.

The sword intent of the Coiling Dragon Sleeve and the sword

intent of the Big Dipper Sword, actually seemed to merge into one at this very moment!

Dragon Riding the Big Dipper!

Iron hammers could not break cowhide, but cowhide could sometimes be penetrated by sharp steel nails.

With that one sword, its power condensed and concentrated to the utmost, Yan Zhaoge shockingly pierced through the defence of Ji Hanru's Great Chaotic Elements Palm!

Ji Hanru finally regained the use of his right hand as it came out just in time to block this sword of Yan Zhaoge's.

However, his right hand which had originally already been a little injured, suffered injury once more!

Ji Hanru stumbled uncontrollably backwards!

Following this sword of Yan Zhaoge's, he no longer continued attacking, rather standing leisurely there with his hands behind his back, raising his head to look towards the sky.

There, the air suddenly shook as a few people suddenly emerged, precisely Fu Enshu and the other important people of Infinite Boundless Mountain.

Ji Hanru's face slightly turned green.

Although he had many techniques that he had still yet to put on display, in just those mere few exchanges, as a Xiantian Martial Scholar, he had actually been suppressed and beaten by the late outer aura Martial Scholar Yan Zhaoge!

This was not a late outer aura Martial Scholar facing off against a mid outer aura Martial Scholar, but rather an early Xiantian Martial Scholar facing off against a late outer aura Martial Scholar.

The gap between these two, compared to that between the early to mid as well as the mid to late outer aura stages, was even greater!

The crowd of Infinite Boundless Mountain disciples behind him were all shocked as they watched the scene before them.

Rather recently, rumours regarding Yan Zhaoge had been rife as his fame in the Eight Extremities World grew and grew.

However, hearing it with their ears and seeing it for themselves in person with their own eyes were naturally completely different for their minds.

Especially when, this Yan Zhaoge before them, was even more ferocious than was rumoured!

With a cultivation of a late outer aura Martial Scholar realm,

attacking head-on, and suppressing the early Xiantian Martial Scholar Ji Hanru, a Heaven's favoured son of Infinite Boundless Mountain's younger generation who was most proficient in fighting forcefully head-on!

Also, it was evidently Ji Hanru who had launched an attack first, yet then been forced to the defensive in but an instant; and what was even more humiliating was that, he hadn't been able to defend successfully!

Seeing this, Infinite Boundless Mountain's Elder Zuo, the Magnetite Elder and the others also frowned slightly.

Fu Enshu, meanwhile, had a smile on her face, evidently in a rather good mood, to the point that even within her gaze with which she looked at Yan Zhaoge was revealed a seldom seen gentle and gratified smile of a member of the senior generation.

While Elder Zuo appeared calm, his gaze was currently on Yan Zhaoge.

The Magnetite Elder and another Martial Grandmaster of Infinite Boundless Mountain came to surround Fu Enshu, looking somewhat as though it was intentional while also not.

Seeing their three Martial Grandmaster experts standing together with Fu Enshu, the Infinite Boundless Mountain martial practitioners instantly calmed greatly.

Whatever the case, here in Cloud Portent Mountain, their side possessed more experts!

And Fu Enshu was not Yan Di.

Under such circumstances, even if Yan Zhaoge was a dragon, he would also have to crouch; even if he was a tiger, he would also have to lay prone down!

What was laughable was that having fought so happily just now, with so many experts of Infinite Boundless Mountain present now, he would have to pay his debts immediately!

Yan Zhaoge appeared blind to all their gazes as, facing Elder Zuo who was staring at him as a tiger would its prey, he was also completely unruffled, as he greeted him respectfully.

“Dear seniors, this Yan has not failed in his mission, having already successfully extinguished the fire, successfully preventing its instigator from damaging the Giant Spirit Magnetite vein a step further.”

“En...en?” Upon hearing his words, everyone present all opened their eyes wide.

# HSSB 126: You Have To Pay Your Thanks After Taking A Beating!

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“On the mountain, when facing the obstruction of one of your disciples, I had already said that if we did not make it fast, what would suffer would be your clan’s Giant Spirit Magnetite vein.”

Yan Zhaoge had a confident expression on his face, not flustered in the least.

Whether a young man was truly confident or whether he was just blowing things out of proportion was something that the few Infinite Boundless Mountain Martial Grandmasters could easily identify.

Elder Zuo didn’t say anything, while the Magnetite Elder frowned once more.

And the one with the highest cultivation base of the three, the longtime Elder of Infinite Boundless Mountain Shan Shiweng who had accompanied them over from Infinite Boundless Mountain, instead had his expression warm a little.

Shan Shiweng looked at Yan Zhaoge, “What did you just say?”

Yan Zhaoge cupped his hands towards him, “This place is near to the Yin Yang Cloud Spring source; if a large fire blazed, the fire qi would affect the yin-yang equilibrium there.”

“The water vein of the Yin Yang Cloud Spring directly descends beneath Cloud Portent Mountain, connecting with its earth vein. If any changes to the equilibrium of its pulse of qi occurs, it would affect the spiritual qi of the entire earth vein surrounding Cloud Portent Mountain as well.”

“To my generation of martial practitioners, these effects would not be evident at all, but to the pith of the Giant Spirit Magnetite quarry that was already originally damaged, any little bit of change to the surroundings would also affect it.”

Yan Zhaoge paused for a moment, before he continued, “With the fire qi entering the ground, the spiritual qi of the earth vein will naturally adjust itself accordingly, itself becoming more yin-cold in order to achieve a balance with the foreign fire qi.”

“And the earth vein becoming more yin-cold would damage the pith of the Giant Spirit Magnetite quarry a step further.”

The crowd of Infinite Boundless Mountain practitioners were all either uncomprehending or unsatisfied, thus wanting to rebuke Yan Zhaoge. However, they did not dare to rashly cause trouble due to the deterring presence of their clan’s Elders.

Ji Hanru’s brows were knit tightly as his gaze was fixated on Yan Zhaoge.

Shan Shiweng and Elder Zuo did not speak, as the Magnetite Elder asked in a deep tone, “The earth vein becoming more yin-cold will damage the Giant Spirit Magnetite quarry?”



To Infinite Boundless Mountain, Giant Spirit Magnetite was one of its most important resources, virtually having accompanied it all the way throughout, from its initial founding to its later development and subsequent rise to power.

Infinite Boundless Mountain naturally had researched deeply into and possessed a deep understanding of Giant Spirit Magnetite.

As the foremost of all the First Seat Elders, the Magnetite Elder was specifically tasked with sitting over Cloud Portent Mountain's Giant Spirit Magnetite quarry. His understanding of Giant Spirit Magnetite, in the entire Infinite Boundless Mountain, was also numbered within the highest ranks.

Yan Zhaoge's words surpassed his knowledge, but consolidating everything that he knew, he vaguely felt that it did make sense.

Considering the importance of this matter, the Magnetite Elder did not directly and arbitrarily rebuke Yan Zhaoge. However, the doubt within his tone could not be more obvious.

Yan Zhaoge said mildly, "The Giant Spirit Magnetite firmly keeps the elements together, the spiritual qi vigorous as a single body, seemingly not caring about the division of yin and yang."

"However, within the birth of the spirit ore exists the process of yin and yang combining."

"Your clan's vein here as well as the one back at Infinite Boundless Mountain continuing to dry up is because your method

with which you use to mine Giant Spirit Magnetite consists of violently digging it out with the power of unyielding yang.”

“In order to acclimatise to this foreign heat of unyielding yang, the earth vein where the quarry resides has naturally borne cold yin in order to seek an equilibrium.”

“After a long time of this, the power of cold yin has harmed the pith of the quarry, thereby causing the amount of Giant Spirit Magnetite produced within to decrease, till the point of finally drying up.”

Yan Zhaoge spoke with confidence and composure, his words flowing fluently whilst also orderly, “You may perhaps have discovered the cold-hot yin-yang changes to the spiritual qi in the surrounding environment of the quarry, yet not being able to link it to this area due to not understanding the principle behind how Giant Spirit Magnetite is born.”

Hearing till here, not only the Magnetite Elder but also Shan Shiweng and Elder Zuo began pondering deeply.

After some time, Elder Zuo asked, “But, how then did you come to know of these things?”

Yan Zhaoge smiled, “I have let seniors see my laughable abilities. From young, I have loved studying into many miscellaneous things, liking to read through old texts and research ancient words, especially being fascinated with the remnants texts of before the Great Calamity. Up till now, I have even let my martial

cultivation get held back as a result, resulting in my clan's seniors being somewhat dissatisfied with me.”

“And it may seem like a slight affront to say this, but as you seniors here should know, the Giant Spirit Profound Art was not actually invented by your founder.”

A part of the foundation for Infinite Boundless Mountain's establishment was its core Profound Art, the Giant Spirit Profound Art, of a precious martial scripture that had existed before the Great Calamity.

Infinite Boundless Mountain's founder had obtained a damaged, incomplete version of it. After researching and cultivating in it, restoring and creating it anew, the current Giant Spirit Profound Art had then been born.

The current martial scriptures of the current Eight Extremities World had mostly all been obtained this way, just that the Giant Spirit Profound Art that Infinite Boundless Mountain's founder had obtained then had comparatively been rather complete.

Therefore, the current Giant Spirit Profound Art was also comparatively closer to that of the ancient texts of before the Great Calamity.

Infinite Boundless Mountain had never denied this point; Shan Shiweng directly nodded, “That's right.”

He looked at Yan Zhaoge, “The meaning of your words is that you have obtained the complete version of the Giant Spirit Profound Art from before the Great Calamity?”

Yan Zhaoge shook his head, “That’s naturally not it; sorting out the ancient texts that were left behind, what I obtained was some information related to the Giant Spirit Clan of before the Great Calamity.”

Before the Great Calamity, there had existed a strong power known as the Giant Spirit Clan. The Giant Spirit Profound Art had been theirs then.

Yan Zhaoge spoke, “Before the Great Calamity, in cultivating the Giant Spirit Profound Art, the martial practitioners of the Giant Spirit Clan had already begun enlisting the help of Giant Spirit Magnetite. Within this information also contained some research regarding Giant Spirit Magnetite quarries.”

“This mere unskilled one, in daring to offer my assistance and make this trip to Cloud Portent Mountain, naturally won’t speak off my mouth, randomly speaking out whatever.”

As Yan Zhaoge said thus, he smiled slightly, “The damage caused by the underground cold yin qi, accumulated over time, would not usually be obvious. However, with the pith of the quarry already having been damaged, some slight changes should actually also feel very obvious.”

“Your clan’s people previously didn’t notice the problem in this

area, perhaps having been unable to catch it. However, now that you are aware of it, with such a deep quarry pith as a target for careful checking, I believe that you can find that my words are not false.”

Saying thus, Yan Zhaoge immediately shut his mouth smilingly as he placed his hands behind his back, staying silently there whilst not moving an inch.

Pondering deeply for a moment, the Magnetite Elder then said in a deep tone, “I’ll go down and see.”

Shan Shiweng nodded gently.

Ji Hanru and the other Infinite Boundless Mountain disciples all felt a little awkward at this time.

They all hoped that Yan Zhaoge would be proved as spouting nonsense, or they would really have made a big fool out of themselves this time.

The person who had set the fire and in effect endangered the Giant Spirit Magnetite vein was related to their own clan.

Broad Creed Mountain’s people, in having helped and extinguished the fire, would instead have become their benefactors. Themselves having been beaten earlier, not only would that have been for nothing, they would also have to thank them and apologise to them for their earlier actions.

Still having to pay back a smile after having taken a slap-this was already not something that ‘aggrieved’ could describe.

Elder Zuo stared at Yan Zhaoge, “If it is really as you say, our clan will first thank your Broad Creed Mountain with cupped hands. Still, it must be known that the one who set the fire did so whilst being unaware of the overall situation.”

“Rules cannot be discarded lightly. Something that happened within the lands of my Infinite Boundless Mountain naturally has to be dealt with by our laws; when have we needed others to interfere and do it for us?”

Yan Zhaoge said calmly, “If there had been time, I would also have wanted to wait for those of Infinite Boundless Mountain to rush over to handle the matter. Having had no time for that, we have indeed taken liberties.”

Elder Zuo narrowed his eyes as Fu Enshu now directed a glance from over beside him, “Zuo Cheng, are you finding trouble?”

“If you want to rip our relationship apart, then let us talk properly about it for a bit.”

“Just having arrived here, we immediately met with people causing trouble; was all of this really a coincidence?” Fu Enshu’s willow-like brows gradually stood on end, “Do you think I am stupid, or do you think that my Broad Creed Mountain is good to bully?”

Infinite Boundless Mountain's Elder Zuo had a grave expression on his face, "Fu Enshu..."

Not waiting for him to finish, Shan Shiweng raised his palm, saying slowly, "Everything, shall await Magnetite's return."

Elder Zuo looked at Shan Shiweng, the latter meeting his gaze calmly.

This decrepit-looking Shan Shiweng who seldom gave his opinions actually possessed the highest cultivation and the highest seniority amongst these three Infinite Boundless Mountain bigwigs.

Elder Zuo retracted his gaze, falling into silence.

Still, after a brief moment, the Magnetite Elder had already returned. A grave expression on his face, he nodded towards Shan Shiweng and Elder Zuo.

No words needed to be said; from his expression alone, the other Infinite Boundless Mountain martial practitioners all saw only blackness.

Ji Hanru closed his eyes somewhat painfully, clenching his teeth tight, to the point that his gums almost bled.

# HSSB 127: You Can Wait To Regret It

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The current atmosphere at the scene turned awkward.

Yan Zhaoge stood where he was composedly, his vision turning elsewhere.

There, Sikong Qing and Hou Xiang were actually still locked in battle.

The two were completely engrossed in it, to the point of completely ignoring everything else around them.

It might not be that they had not noticed the arrival of Fu Enshu, Shan Shiweng, Elder Zuo and the others, but they had still not stopped at it regardless.

The fight was much too vigorous, such that whoever first let it go and retreated would possibly be injured by the other party.

The two could only fully focus their attentions on their contest. If they wanted to break it off, it could only happen through the interference of someone of a higher cultivation.

Fu Enshu and the others having arrived, they had naturally first come to focus on Yan Zhaoge's and Ji Hanru's side. Afterwards, Yan Zhaoge mentioning the matter of the blazing fire on the mountain influencing the spiritual flow of the earth vein here and thereby causing the Giant Spirit Magnetite vein to be damaged had



also been too shocking to the ears.

To the point that no one had even gone to interfere with Sikong Qing and Hou Xiang's battle.

Fu Enshu looked towards their battle, looking as though she was very much enjoying it.

Elder Zuo and the other Infinite Boundless Mountain martial practitioners were momentarily silent, before they too began intently focusing on the fight between the two inner aura Martial Scholars.

In a certain way, they also greatly valued the things displayed in this contest.

Hou Xiang was a young genius of their Infinite Boundless Mountain who had recently risen to prominence, seldom meeting an opponent amongst his peers as he presided over them.

Earlier, Broad Creed Mountain's Jing Yunzhi who was older than him yet also similarly in the mid inner aura Martial Scholar realm, in actual combat, had been suppressed by him to the point of facing great danger.

Now, there was actually a girl who might even be younger than Hou Xiang who was able to stand up to him; this naturally caused the people of Infinite Boundless Mountain to secretly take note of this within their hearts.

Undoubtedly, this was yet another elite genius of Broad Creed Mountain's younger generation just newly rising to prominence.

They of Infinite Boundless Mountain all paid much heed, because Yan Zhaoge's earlier performance had really been too stunning!

A late outer aura Martial Scholar, facing off against an early Xiantian Martial Scholar, had actually somehow strode past that massive gulf in ability.

Speaking from their hearts, Ji Hanru had still underestimated Yan Zhaoge a little just now, not having gone all out from the start, such that Yan Zhaoge had instead managed to snatch the upper hand.

When he discovered that something was wrong, the him who had fallen to a disadvantage was already hard pressed to reverse the situation, in the end being completely suppressed by Yan Zhaoge's momentum with his continuous barrage of unforgiving attacks.

Till finally, even his full defence with the Great Chaotic Elements Palm had been broken through by Yan Zhaoge.

Ji Hanru had lost whilst being a little useless and incompetent, but Yan Zhaoge's victory could not be attributed to luck, because from the start to the end, he had appeared to be dealing with the situation with relative ease, causing others to be unable to easily estimate how strong he truly was.

The Infinite Boundless Mountain disciples could argue that Ji Hanru had not used his full strength, but who could say for sure that Yan Zhaoge had?

Of course, going down that train of thought, regarding Yan Zhaoge's strength, they all felt that it was terrifying to the extreme.

It was fine for Shan Shiweng and the other bigwigs. In observing the battle between Sikong Qing and Hou Xiang, it was just to avoid awkwardness, whilst also appraising the strength of Broad Creed Mountain's new generation of disciples.

The younger generation Infinite Boundless Mountain disciples, however, were paying close attention to the battle situation, seemingly even more nervous than the one in the midst of battle, Hou Xiang, himself, as they desperately hoped that Hou Xiang would be able to defeat Sikong Qing and get some face back for Infinite Boundless Mountain.

A portion of Yan Zhaoge's attention, however, was on that boy.

He didn't forget that Zhao Ming's retainer had earlier mentioned that the family of the manor encroached on by the Iron Yuan Sect had had the manor owner's son injure one of their men.

The person that the Iron Yuan Sect had come asking for was that manor owner's son.

The victims in this medicinal field, those garbed in the attire of the Scarlet Rainbow Sect aside, were all from that manor.

This included that boy's parents, whose clothes were the most luxurious, as Yan Zhaoge even saw a damaged high-grade demi-artifact beside that man's corpse.

For a small family, having a high-grade demi-artifact was already extremely rare.

Looking at that boy once more, despite his simple and foolish appearance, even from his clothes that were stained with dust and soil and no longer clean, one could still tell that his background was not simple.

There was a ninety percent chance that this boy and his parents were the family that owned the manor.

Then the problem arose: such a child who was but about ten years old-he could injure an Iron Yuan Sect martial practitioner?

Even if one wanted to plant evidence, this would also be way too unconvincing.

Unless, this boy was really out of the ordinary!

Not saying a word, Yan Zhaoge took up that boy's hand, checking

his pulse as he carefully examined his body's situation.

The boy raised his head to look dazedly at Yan Zhaoge, before lowering his head once more to look at his parents.

“...this child?!” Yan Zhaoge's gaze flickered, before he asked in a gentle tone, “Child, what's your name?”

While that boy appeared somewhat simple and foolish, once could tell that his parents had always been educating him with care, as he replied dazedly on hearing the question, “Han...Long...er...”

Han Long'er raised his head as he answered Yan Zhaoge. Yan Zhaoge focused intently on his eyes, as though he was trying to penetrate into his mind with his gaze.

Han Long'er shook his head, lowering his head once more after having given his name.

“Good fellow; I still thought that I had made a mistake. Now, it seems that I did not see wrong,” Yan Zhaoge sucked in a deep breath as he swept over Ji Hanru's group from the corner of his eyes, “You lot can wait to regret using your head to slam into a mountain, trying to knock down Infinite Boundless and Cloud Portent.”

Feng Yunsheng, Zhao Ming and Jing Yunzhi stood by Yan Zhaoge's side, also not having perceived Yan Zhaoge's mood,

instead being focused on the fighting Sikong Qing and Hou Xiang.

“Junior apprentice-sister Sikong is of the same style as yours, also facing the people of Infinite Boundless Mountain head-on ah!”

After watching for a time, Zhao Ming exclaimed somewhat appreciatively to Yan Zhaoge.

The Jing Yunzhi beside him nodded, her face also full of admiration.

Of the current six great Sacred Grounds, all of them had their own complete systems of martial arts, encompassing everything under the sun.

Compared to the other first and second-rate powers out there, the martial arts of the Sacred Grounds possessed an all-round advantage in most areas, presiding over the rest of the world.

However, between Sacred Grounds themselves, there more or less still existed comparisons of shortcomings and strong points, each of them possessing their own special style.

Infinite Boundless Mountain was renowned for their deep strength and heavy momentum that was unyielding and vigorous.

Their attacks were like the suppression of Mount Tai, toppling mountains and overturning seas, suppressing others head-on with a strength that evoked despair.

Their defence was firm as rock, solid and impregnable, causing others to feel like they were faced with a towering mountain that could not be easily surpassed.

The martial practitioners that hailed from Infinite Boundless Mountain were most proficient in dealing and taking on attacks head-on.

Generally speaking, whilst at the same cultivation level, very few would be able to gain an advantage over martial practitioners of Infinite Boundless Mountain whilst taking them head-on.

Therefore, Yan Zhaoge's earlier victory had left Ji Hanru and the others exceptionally without face.

Perhaps it was a coincidence, but what made the faces of these younger generation Infinite Boundless Mountain disciples so black was that Sikong Qing was also using a similar method, meeting offense with offense as she clashed with Hou Xiang head-on.

Looking first at Sikong Qing and then at Yan Zhaoge, a hint of a smile surfaced at the corner of Feng Yunsheng's mouth.

Yan Zhaoge tilted his head, "You're definitely not thinking of something good."

"I only remembered that while roaming the outside world earlier, I heard a jingle that some of those first and second-rate

powers privately weaved up about our six great Sacred Grounds,” Feng Yunsheng didn’t attempt to dodge his question, instead answering him poised and gracefully, “Originally, I had thought that this made some sense, but looking at you and senior apprentice-sister Sikong now, I feel that there is a great difference.”

Yan Zhaoge got a little interested, “Oh? How did they weave it?”



## HSSB 128: Jingle

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Not only Yan Zhaoge, even Zhao Ming and Jing Yunzhi felt curious about this, paying attention to the battle situation over at Sikong Qing's side while in the meantime also pricking up their ears.

Feng Yunsheng said, "First, I must warn you that it isn't all that nice to hear."

Yan Zhaoge and the two smiled. The six great Sacred Grounds presided high over those first and second-rate powers, weighing down upon them with great pressure that resembled mountains.

If there was anything good, it would definitely be split amongst the six great Sacred Grounds first. Other people grumbling and griping about it a little, was actually only natural.

Feng Yunsheng also didn't beat around the bush, moving straight to announcing the answer.

"Broad Creed wily, Sacred Sun wild. Rushing to reincarnate the Heavenly Thunder Hall, smelly and hard that Infinite Boundless Mountain. Slick to the extreme Turbid Wave Pavilion, most venomous naught but Jade Sea City."

Hearing this, the trio all had strange expressions on their faces, before simultaneously beginning to snigger a few moments later.

“Everything else aside, the comparison really is somewhat accurate,” Zhao Ming smiled as he shook his head, as the Jing Yunzhi beside him also could not help but laugh.

Of the six great Sacred Grounds, Broad Creed Mountain was the most erudite and all-rounded, possessing all the various styles of martial arts that were. Just from style and type alone, it was very hard to find an existence that completely countered the Broad Creed martial arts.

Whilst facing off against others, Broad Creed Mountain martial practitioners also saw the greatest change in their combat styles. As someone once said, “Countering Broad Creed is hard, Broad Creed countering is easy.”

Wanting to counter Broad Creed Mountain’s martial arts through style was very difficult, as if the Broad Creed Mountain martial practitioners had cultivated extensively and deeply enough, they could actually vary their styles to counter their opponent.

Thus, in the eyes of others, Broad Creed Mountain martial practitioners and their martial arts had become the definition of crafty, being extremely wily as they specifically looked for the weak points of their opponents to make their moves on, in effect themselves creating the situation of bullying the strong with the weak.

Facing their opponents’ strengths head-on like Yan Zhaoge just now and Sikong Qing now was conversely something that rarely happened.

The Sacred Sun Clan's martial arts concentrated highly on momentum rather than stances, wild and unrestrained, not following common logic, making it hard for others to predict.

There were others who had said in the dark that these were obviously the supreme martial arts of a Sacred Ground, but why did they so much seem like a wild path, unenlightened yet putting on the airs of superiority.

The Heavenly Thunder Hall had fierce attacks, its style being even more domineering and swift than the Sacred Sun Clan, resembling the flashing of lightning and the rumbling of thunder. Of the six great Sacred Grounds, the Heavenly Thunder Hall focused the most on speed.

And of the Sacred Grounds, Heavenly Thunder Hall's martial arts also walked the most extreme path.

If one said that the Sacred Sun Clan that was domineering as fire greatly prioritised offence over defence, Heavenly Thunder Hall could virtually be said as only knowing offence and not defence.

'Smelly and hard that Infinite Boundless Mountain' was used to slander Infinite Boundless Mountain martial practitioners as being as smelly and hard as the stones in the latrine pits, also describing how their martial arts were comparatively heavy and stagnant, not being as flexible as those of the other Sacred Grounds.

For the legacies of the six great Sacred Grounds, Infinite

Boundless Mountain was publicly recognised as the most proficient in tough, head-on fights, but also the least proficient in terms of speed of movement.

‘Slick to the extreme Turbid Wave Pavilion’ referred to the style of Turbid Wave Pavilion’s martial arts, proficient in countering toughness with softness.

Turbid Wave Pavilion’s dissipating force with force techniques could practically be hailed as standing at the top of the current Eight Extremities World.

Their defensive ability along Infinite Boundless Mountain’s strength, one soft, one tough, were named side by side in this world, while their movement techniques also specialised in moving over short distances, being nimble to the extreme.

As for that final ‘Most venomous naught but Jade Sea City’, it referred to Jade Sea City’s martial arts, proficient in wielding secret and unseen forces, resembling a sea that appeared calm on the surface yet surged with unseen turbulent tides beneath, formlessly harming others without them knowing.

One of Jade Sea City’s most famed supreme martial arts, the Jade Sea Formless Sword, was even more so a formless and shapeless sword. When its sword intent fanned out, enemies were as though plunged into the sea.

The sword-qi that was formless yet all-pervading and omnipresent, once entering someone’s body, was like a maggot

that had invaded their bones, being hard to dispel, thus handing Jade Sea City the outside reputation of ‘venomous’.

Zhao Ming laughed, “This Jade Sea Formless Sword is not just something that those first and second-rate forces are scolding; even the other five Sacred Grounds, our clan included, also hate it bitterly.”

Holding Han Long’er’s hand, Yan Zhaoge smiled, “Of the six great Sacred Grounds, which doesn’t have a supreme art that everyone also hates bitterly?”

Feng Yunsheng nodded, “It is precisely so.”

Glancing at Jing Yunzhi, Yan Zhaoge sighed silently, before handing Han Long’er over to Feng Yunsheng’s care.

Jing Yunzhi had lent a helping hand, yet caused her own Scarlet Rainbow Sect’s medicinal field that they had painstakingly cultivated to be implicated instead, with some of their martial practitioners even perishing.

While this fellow disciple of his was a reasonable person, asking her to help take care of this child now would inevitably feel a little uncaring.

While Feng Yunsheng was a little quizzical at Yan Zhaoge’s actions, she did not ask any questions, all smiles as she took hold of Han Long’er’s hand.

Han Long'er was dazed as his vision was still focused on the corpses of his parents.

“Daddy...mommy...why are you not waking up?”

Feng Yunsheng sighed within her heart, her gaze becoming gentler and gentler.

And on the other side, the battle between Sikong Qing and Hou Xiang was also gradually being decided.

Sikong Qing displayed Broad Creed Mountain's direct lineage martial arts, the Great Heaven Earth Sword of the Eight Extreme Arts, fighting strength with strength, accumulating her advantage bit by bit.

The Great Heaven Earth Sword held offense and defence in one. While it seemed simple and clumsy, it was actually intricate to the extreme, encompassing everything under the heavens, grand and majestic as it contained the essence of Broad Creed Mountain's attainments in the dao of the sword.

The Big Dipper Sword appeared extremely complicated but actually contained extreme simplicity, while the Great Heaven Earth Sword appeared simple but had many complexities hidden within.

At this moment, Sikong Qing displayed the flair of the Great

Heaven Earth Sword as best she could, her advantage increasing unceasingly till the point that she was like a rolling snowball, her momentum growing greater and greater as Hou Xiang completely couldn't find a chance to turn the tables at all.

Zhao Ming glanced at the Yan Zhaoge beside him.

Similarly in a head-on clash, Yan Zhaoge's way had been to end the fight speedily, swift as wind speeding and lightning flashing, deciding the victory in but an instant.

Whereas Sikong Qing's way had been even more direct and overboard, while not as shocking and dazzling to the eyes, being steady as Mount Tai.

Such a young girl, against an opponent of Infinite Boundless Mountain, was even more stable and sound than him, firmly grasping the advantage in her own hands.

Although Hou Xiang was still barely holding on, looking at him now, he gave off the feeling that his defeat was only a matter of time, with virtually no one feeling that he would be able to turn the tables around.

However, as opposed to Sikong Qing, Yan Zhaoge gave off a bottomless feeling, rendering others completely unable to see through him, to discern where exactly his limit truly was.

“While junior apprentice-sister Sikong appears to be fighting

based on stability, her sword-intent is constantly pushing forward, not showing any signs of passivity whatsoever,” Yan Zhaoge smiled lightly, before his focus turned elsewhere.

There, yet another group of Infinite Boundless Mountain martial practitioners had appeared.

One of them, rather resembled the Zhao Ming currently standing beside Yan Zhaoge.

He was obviously the Zhao Hao who had totally vanished following the war of the Eastern Tang!

Yan Zhaoge appraised Zhao Hao all over, “Eh? Not having to specifically breathe, there are streams of qi flowing slowly about the outside of his body. This is the appearance of already having opened up his orifices, such that they will automatically take in qi themselves?”

“He has become a Martial Scholar, and has also already reached the peak of the early inner aura Martial Scholar realm, about to completely open up all his orifices and step into the mid inner aura Martial Scholar realm.”

“That’s quite a fast speed,” Yan Zhaoge wasn’t much surprised, because while half a year ago, Zhao Hao had only just broken through from the eighth level of the Body Refinement realm, the mid qi-directing stage, to the ninth level, the late qi-directing stage, following that reaching the peak of the Body Refinement realm and breaking through to become a Martial Scholar, jumping



up three levels within a short period of time in what was an extremely world-shocking feat, he knew Zhao Hao's background.

With his experience from his previous lifetime, having been reborn now, it was completely logical that he would start off with an extremely high speed.

Only that part of martial cultivation which required slow grinding over a period of time meant time which Zhao Hao could not avoid spending.

Other than that, as long as it was a bottleneck that required insights, to him who had gone through the process before, it was basically like walking on flat land.

To Zhao Hao, those problems that those around him were stuck on for long periods having to analyse and ponder on, were completely nothing.

Although it was reincarnation, as long as he always had a grasp of his body's situation, there existed for him no barriers in the form of knowledge and experience.

Therefore, Zhao Hao's unworldly speed in the Body Refinement and Martial Scholar realms had completely been within Yan Zhaoge's predictions.

That Zhao Hao had previously accompanied the Infinite Boundless Mountain martial practitioners in leaving the Eastern

Tang, Yan Zhaoge had also been aware of.

However, he had not predicted that Zhao Hao would appear at this Cloud Portent Mountain.

“What’s he here for?” Yan Zhaoge raised his brows slightly, “Is it also for the Giant Spirit Magnetite vein?”

# HSSB 129: No Longer Of Use

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The arrival of Zhao Hao and the others did not affect the result of Sikong Qing's and Hou Xiang's battle.

Sikong Qing's advantage had already accumulated to the point of being difficult to reverse; as long as she herself did not make a silly mistake out of complacency, she would inevitably be the victor.

The passion of this cold girl towards the martial dao far surpassed the imaginations of many; currently focused on the battle, she naturally wouldn't be complacent and underestimate the enemy.

Thus, Hou Xiang was already destined for defeat.

When the sword in Sikong Qing's hand knocked away his spiritual artifact that was a short axe, Hou Xiang stood where he was, his face a burning red.

The other Infinite Boundless Mountain disciples were also completely without face. Ji Hanru and Hou Xiang were elites of their clan's younger generation, yet had both been defeated at the hands of Broad Creed Mountain's disciples.

And in terms of age, Hou Xiang was older than Sikong Qing while Ji Hanru was older than Yan Zhaoge.

Especially embarrassing was the fact that Ji Hanru was older

than Yan Zhaoge by not just a year or two. Strictly speaking, they weren't even in the same age category; by logic, Ji Hanru should have secured a complete victory.

Zhao Hao was currently also garbed in black, in the attire of an Infinite Boundless Mountain disciple.

However, he didn't even glance at his fellow disciple Hou Xiang once. Rather, it was Sikong Qing on whom his gaze rested on for a moment.

However, the next instant, Zhao Hao's gaze had already shifted to fall on Yan Zhaoge.

Glancing at Zhao Hao, Yan Zhaoge no longer saw the arrogance and disdain that he had once seen in the other party's eyes. However, it was definitely not a peaceful gaze, being as sharp as a sword.

"Ah, I no longer have to give face to Uncle Zhao now..." The corners of Yan Zhaoge's mouth curled slightly as his gaze suddenly turned cold and penetrating.

His eyes like electricity, it was as though the air shook suddenly, causing Zhao Hao's eyes to feel a piercing pain.

Elder Zuo snorted from mid-air, "A late outer aura Martial Scholar bullying someone of the early inner aura stage?"

He said this layered with a cold snort, his voice solidified till it seemed like a real entity, pressuring down towards Yan Zhaoge like a mountain peak.

The Fu Enshu by the side similarly gave a cold snort, “Rein in the pair of eyes of that disciple of yours first. Such unbridled and unrestrained provocation; does he think that no one can take care of him?”

As her words resounded, the mountain peak weighing down on Yan Zhaoge abruptly shattered, disappearing without a trace.

Looking straight at Elder Zuo, Fu Enshu said in a slow and orderly manner, “Speaking of bullying, your clan’s early Xiantian disciple also attacked the late outer aura stage Zhaoge just now, didn’t he?”

Usually speaking like a swift gale of wind and a heavy downpour of rain, currently suddenly speaking slowly and leisurely in a soft and gentle manner, it really was all that more aggravating.

On the ground, looking at Zhao Hao, Zhao Ming sighed, “Sixteenth Brother, with your talent, even if you did not inherit the throne, you could still enter my Broad Creed Mountain whereupon the clan would treat you as an important target for grooming. Why did it have to come to this?”

Zhao Hao glanced at Zhao Ming from the corner of his eye, then completely ignored him.

In comparison to Zhao Yuan and Zhao Sheng, while Zhao Ming was more forthright and cared more about relationships, he also had a rasher temper. Seeing Zhao Hao's arrogant and disdainful manner, he was instantly angered to the point of not being able to say a word.

From the sky now resounded Fu Enshu's voice, "So it's that ungrateful bastard of Zhao Shicheng's."

In her life, the person she respected the most was her Master Yuan Zhengfeng, the two being as close as father and daughter. Because of this, she especially hated those who were unfilial.

Fu Enshu's likes and dislikes followed her heart, having never been a reasonable person. Now, recognising Zhao Hao, her gaze instantly turned hostile.

This glance of hers was like it could truly birth electricity within the air as a streak of light vaguely seemed to flash by.

Elder Zuo's expression changed as he boomed loudly, "Fu Enshu, that's too much!"

He moved to block Fu Enshu's attack, the latter raising her brows, "Hmmm?"

Lifting his hand to stop the two, Shan Shiweng gazed at Fu Enshu, "Our two clans had an agreement that day. The matter of the Eastern Tang already having passed, whatever his background,

this one is now a disciple of my Infinite Boundless Mountain.

Fu Enshu glanced towards Yan Zhaoge, Feng Yunsheng, Sikong Qing and the others.

With her temper, if she had been on her lonesome, she might have not cared about it and slaughtered Zhao Hao on the spot, even if it meant being surrounded and simultaneously attacked by the Infinite Boundless Mountain trio following that.

However, there were also juniors of her clan present here. If she failed to take proper care of them and something happened, the consequences would be disastrous beyond compare.

Infinite Boundless Mountain's Elder Zuo said coldly, "Fu Enshu, do you really think that without the people of your Broad Creed Mountain, my Infinite Boundless Mountain cannot ourselves deal with the problem of the Giant Spirit Magnetite vein?"

"Eh?" Fu Enshu was slightly stunned as she lowered her head to look towards Zhao Hao, "...you don't mean him, do you?"

Shan Shiweng was silent for a moment before he nodded, "To tell you the truth, our clan's new disciple Zhao Hao has also put forward a technique for helping the Giant Spirit Magnetite vein to recover."

"Before this, this was kept secret and not announced, not as an intentional concealment of the fact, but rather because we were

surveying the area and making certain of our preparations.”

At this point, Shan Shiweng’s expression did not change, whereas Elder Zuo and the Magnetite Elder actually stared at Zhao Hao with rather unfriendly gazes.

Due to wanting to keep everything to himself, this little fellow had all along withheld the core portion of his secret technique, only having revealed some limited information on it.

However, with this matter just being so important, concerning one of Infinite Boundless Mountain’s most important lifelines, Elder Zuo also hadn’t dared to suppress and not report the matter.

Therefore, he had not shared in such a great contribution at all, only able to receive some recommendation benefits through Zhao Hao.

It was the same for the Magnetite Elder who guarded Cloud Portent Mountain as well.

Although facing Broad Creed Mountain, the two Infinite Boundless Mountain bigwigs had to stand behind their disciple Zhao Hao, they were both extremely dissatisfied towards this untactful member of the younger generation within their hearts.

Meanwhile, they were also secretly doubtful on whether Zhao Hao’s method would really work.



These past days, having been in Cloud Portent Mountain, Zhao Hao had been surveying it on-site.

Earlier, he had not completely finished with that yet. Therefore, when Yan Zhaoge and the others had come visiting, Infinite Boundless Mountain had also not been against it, wanting to have two hands of preparations available as they sought stability.

Herein lay the reason why Yan Zhaoge had earlier felt that Infinite Boundless Mountain's attitude was ambiguous.

Zhao Hao glanced coldly at Yan Zhaoge and Fu Enshu, saying, "My plan here has already reached complication; we no longer require any others coming from outside of the clan."

The meaning of his words that Yan Zhaoge and the others were no longer of use being here.

"Ah," Fu Enshu was angered to the point of laughing.

Looking at Zhao Hao, Yan Zhaoge had a thoughtful expression on his face.

Earlier, Hou Xiang had let out big words, and Yan Zhaoge had been completely too lazy to pay heed to them.

In the first Extreme Yin Bout, when the Extreme Yin Crown had fallen into the hands of the Sacred Sun Clan, the relationship between Broad Creed Mountain and Infinite Boundless Mountain

had become much warmer, as the cooperation between them increased.

It was only after the second Extreme Yin Bout, with Jade Sea City having obtained the Extreme Yin Crown, that their relationship gradually grown distant once more.

Now that the Extreme Yin Crown had fallen back into the hands of the Sacred Sun Clan, would Infinite Boundless Mountain team up with the Sacred Sun Clan?

This was why following the third Extreme Yin Bout, with the Extreme Yin Crown falling to Meng Wan once more, the tensions between Broad Creed Mountain and Infinite Boundless Mountain had instantly eased.

However, cooperating did not mean that they would be intimate to the point of being inseparable.

How they cooperated and to what extent they did so, as well as what each side could get from the other-all these were continually changing, continually being weighed by them.

For example, when the Sacred Sun Clan had started a war with Broad Creed Mountain, Infinite Boundless Mountain definitely wouldn't have helped the Sacred Sun Clan. However, whether they stood on as simple bystanders or they truly helped Broad Creed Mountain in facing off against the Sacred Sun Clan was naturally a different matter altogether.

If they, representing Broad Creed Mountain, helped Infinite Boundless Mountain to solve the huge problem of the Giant Spirit Magnetite vein, Infinite Boundless Mountain would owe them, and in effect Broad Creed Mountain, an incomparably huge favour.

When the two engaged in cooperation later on, Broad Creed Mountain would definitely hold a great advantage.

Also, this didn't require Broad Creed Mountain to contribute anything material, because the Giant Spirit Magnetite vein was Infinite Boundless Mountain's own possession.

But if Infinite Boundless Mountain solved this problem on its own, that would mean a different result altogether.

# HSSB 130: Holding Their Heads High

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Looking towards Zhao Hao, Yan Zhaoge thought, “You are proficient in alchemy and medicine; have you researched into spirit ore quarries too?”

Shan Shiweng also looked towards Zhao Hao, “Your plan, has already reached completion?”

Zhao Hao said, “At the very least, it can allow this Giant Spirit Magnetite vein to be restored to seventy percent of its peak state.”

As these words left his mouth, the Infinite Boundless Mountain martial practitioners all had their spirits greatly lifted.

This Giant Spirit Magnetite vein before them was only at forty percent of its peak state in terms of production capabilities.

For stability’s sake, Infinite Boundless Mountain had limited the mining here; with that, it had fallen to twenty to thirty percent.

From this, it could be seen how pressing the problem of the Giant Spirit Magnetite was to Infinite Boundless Mountain.

Zhao Hao was confident that he could restore the Giant Spirit Magnetite vein to seventy percent of its former peak. While this still seemed far from a full hundred percent, it was actually already nearly double of what they currently had. How could this not cause Shan Shiweng and the others to be so moved?

Hearing his words, Yan Zhaoge smiled slightly, “I have two methods. One can restore it to seventy percent, the other to ninety percent.”

Hearing Yan Zhaoge’s words, Zhao Hao knit his brows slightly as he looked towards him.

The crowd instantly fell silent as Shan Shiweng, Elder Zuo and the Magnetite Elder stared at one another.

The problem that had been plaguing Infinite Boundless Mountain for many years, when brought to Yan Zhaoge, could not only be solved, but also had more than just a single solution?

That seventy percent restoration method aside, if it could really be restored to ninety percent, close to its peak state, that would really be too terrifying, to the point where it had completely surpassed all of Infinite Boundless Mountain’s earlier predictions.

And the twenty percent advantage over Zhao Hao, also just nicely surpassed Infinite Boundless Mountain’s bottom line.

If Yan Zhaoge’s method was only at around eighty percent, it was more likely that Infinite Boundless Mountain would still have chosen Zhao Hao. After all, he was their disciple.

Choosing to believe in Yan Zhaoge’s words presented the possibility of being indebted to others.

However, ninety percent against seventy percent-this caused Infinite Boundless Mountain's side to hesitate.

Especially because with the huge fire just now, Yan Zhaoge had accurately deduced the reason the vein was ailing; this was something that Zhao Hao had not done before.

The reason those of Infinite Boundless Mountain had doubts on Zhao Hao's method was that even though he had been the one to propose it, he still gave off the feeling of not really understanding it.

Before having left Infinite Boundless Mountain and come here earlier, Shan Shiweng had been discussing various possibilities regarding this along with the higher echelons of their clan, their Clan Chief included, suggesting different methods for dealing with the problem.

Therefore, the situation before him was not something that he could not himself deal with; it also didn't require him to specifically seek instructions from the clan.

"Plans that remain on paper are not sufficient proof; concrete results still have to be seen," Shan Shiweng said in a deep tone, "Is it convenient for the two of you to disclose some specifics?"

Yan Zhaoge smiled lightly, "Putting it to test beats saying empty words; I also agree with that."

“My method can see immediate effects. We can definitely use it now and see immediate results.”

“Although the predicted effects cannot be achieved immediately, from watching the recovery process, it would already be possible to make a general estimate.”

“As for the specific eventual results, they can be proven with the passing of time. Over this period of time, I will also be staying here at Cloud Portent Mountain, viewing these further effects.”

Shan Shiweng and the others were slightly stunned, as Zhao Hao now said coldly from the other side, “My method, will also take speedy effect.”

Looking towards Yan Zhaoge, there was evidently some doubt within his gaze.

For the Giant Spirit Magnetite vein restoration method, he had just coincidentally come by some remnant traces of the Giant Spirit Clan of before the Great Calamity, thereby coming to know it.

Before this, he had treated it like nothing at all-what did Infinite Boundless Mountain’s survival have to do with him?

Now that he wanted to help Infinite Boundless Mountain, it was just perfect for him to put to use.

However, helping the Giant Spirit Magnetite vein to be ninety percent restored was something that he had no confidence in doing.

Following the matter of the Golden Needle Liberating Pill technique as well as the matter of the Heaven Thwarting Mantra dispelling the miasma in the Sealing Dragon Abyss, Zhao Hao would no longer underestimate Yan Zhaoge's abilities.

When Yan Zhaoge claimed to be able to restore the vein to ninety percent, even Zhao Hao who had continuously eaten losses at his hands indeed believed it somewhat.

However, this also made his inner hatred towards Yan Zhaoge grow, "In the Eastern Tang, it was you who continuously wrecked my plans. Now that you have arrived at Infinite Boundless Mountain, it is you again who is obstructing my rise to power!"

"Yan Zhaoge, Broad Creed Mountain-it is indeed still better for you to be destroyed."

Zhao Hao had all along been arrogant, without holding anybody in his eyes. As a result, he had met setbacks at the hands of Yan Zhaoge time and time again.

Initially, he had disliked Yan Zhaoge due to him hailing from Broad Creed Mountain. Now, however, his personal hatred towards Yan Zhaoge had already exceeded his hatred of Broad Creed Mountain as a whole.



Shan Shiweng and Elder Zuo both looked towards Elder Magnetite, who, after pondering for a bit, nodded, “With this old man looking over it, they can have a try; it will not affect the entire vein.”

“Since that is so, we’ll see the methods of you two then,” Shan Shiweng’s gaze swept over Yan Zhaoge and Zhao Hao, “Who’ll go first?”

While Zhao Hao had become more vigilant and wary of Yan Zhaoge, his own arrogance had not decreased in the slightest, as he said calmly, “Those who come from afar are guests; he can go first.”

“That’s why I say that, personality dictates destiny.” Glancing at Zhao Hao, Yan Zhaoge also didn’t refuse, as he smiled and nodded, “I’m fine with anything; since you say that, then I’ll go first.”

This part of the mountain would have people taking charge and cleaning up after the matter. In the meantime, Yan Zhaoge and the others returned to where the Giant Spirit Magnetite quarry was.

Most of them remained outside the quarry, with only a few given the permission to accompany them into its depths.

Yan Zhaoge came to where the pith of the quarry was, accompanied by the Magnetite Elder.

As the other party's fist-intent spread out everywhere, it was as though the quarry was enveloped by formless currents of qi, yet not influencing Yan Zhaoge's movements.

Carefully feeling the state of the pith of the quarry as well the changes in the spiritual qi of the surrounding earth vein once more, Yan Zhaoge felt even more certain within his heart, "He predicted that his method could restore the vein to seventy percent, yet is unclear of the specific reason for its current condition. That means that his method, should be the Broken Vein Resuming Flow technique..."

After pondering for a moment, Yan Zhaoge immediately began.

Not knowing exactly what was happening within, the people guarding outside inevitably felt much anxiety.

After who knows how long, everyone felt the earth beneath their feet seemingly shudder slightly.

Gazing upwards, they saw winds rising and clouds surging in the air above Cloud Portent Mountain.

Streaks of spiritual light shot out from the pit of the quarry, as a dense and heavy spiritual qi vigorously erupted.

Joyful expressions were revealed on the faces of Infinite Boundless Mountain's martial practitioners. They could not be more familiar with this spiritual qi, which was precisely that

which was contained within Giant Spirit Magnetite.

Within the quarry, carefully feeling the changes in the spiritual qi, Zhao Hao instead gradually began smiling.

On the other side, after glancing back and forth with Shan Shiweng and the Magnetite Elder, Elder Zuo slowly said, "...you still held back?"

Yan Zhaoge smiled slightly, "Not for this method; we only need to continue with it all the way."

Elder Zuo said indifferently, "Continuing with it all the way, the vein will only be restored to at most seventy percent."

Fu Enshu also swivelled her head to look at Yan Zhaoge, who smiled calmly, "The ninety percent restoration method might be a little too difficult for your clan to accept."

"Thus, I first used the seventy percent restoration method, a technique known as the Piercing Scouting technique."

Yan Zhaoge glanced at Zhao Hao, "If your clan's disciple's method can't work, we should then just use this method that you have just seen."

Zhao Hao looked at the pith of the quarry before him, seemingly in a sort of trance. Seeing this, Shan Shiweng and the others all frowned.

Just as they were beginning to feel a little impatient, Zhao Hao suddenly smiled, “It’s my turn.”

Having said thus, he began.

Because his cultivation was still low, there was also the Magnetite Elder coordinating with him by the side.

The vein shuddered once more, as a joyful expression gradually began appearing on the Magnetite Elder’s face, “This trend...this trend...”

Hearing his words, Shan Shiweng, Elder Zuo and the others all had their expressions change as they began examining it carefully.

Although Zhao Hao’s actions had still yet to conclude, joyful expressions were revealed on all of their faces, “There is a rise, and it is not just limited to seventy percent!”

“The efficiency has overshadowed that of the earlier Piercing Scouting technique. By this trend, it will very possibly reach over eighty percent; even if not ninety, also close to that!”

Hearing their words, Yan Zhaoge raised the tips of his brows.

Fu Enshu frowned.

The other Infinite Boundless Mountain martial practitioners were all overjoyed.

Zhao Hao suddenly swivelled his head to look at Yan Zhaoge, as he said quietly, “There is no need for you to take out that ninety percent technique of yours.”

With the effects of both methods similar, Infinite Boundless Mountain being able to solve the problem themselves, why would they need to seek Broad Creed Mountain’s help?

Also, as Yan Zhaoge had said, that ninety percent vein restoration technique of his also contained some other hidden dangers.

The crowd of Infinite Boundless Mountain disciples all let out a long breath. Looking at Yan Zhaoge, they now finally had the feeling of being able to hold their heads high.

# HSSB 131: An Inspirational Story That Moves The Entire Eight Extremities World

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From their earlier consecutive defeats at the hands of Yan Zhaoge and Sikong Qing, the crowd of Infinite Boundless Mountain disciples had been left with no face.

Victory or defeat was one thing, but after having met a setback at the hands of Yan Zhaoge, still having to rely on him to restore their own Giant Spirit Magnetite vein would make things even more embarrassing for Ji Hanru and the others.

Even if they thought to find back their face in the future, there was also a little feeling of being unable to live up to it.

Although Zhao Hao was not at all likeable, it was at the very least an Infinite Boundless Mountain disciple having gained the upper hand, as everyone's troubled hearts were instantly soothed.

“He said that he has two techniques; who knows that it was not blowing things out of proportion to increase the chips in Broad Creed Mountain's hands, while there was actually only that one method?”

An Infinite Boundless Mountain disciple said hatefully.

“Even if such wasn't the case, even if he really has another method, it would also be useless,” Someone smiled from the side, “The method supplied by our clan's disciple has already caused the

vein to recover to more than eighty percent, even nearing ninety percent, not being inferior to his.”

“That being the case, why would we need to rely on an outside person?”

The surrounding Infinite Boundless Mountain disciples all nodded, “That’s right, that is indeed the case; this time, Yan Zhaoge has barked up the wrong tree.”

Ji Hanru’s expression was solemn, not being too happy. After all, he had truly been defeated by Yan Zhaoge, now having needed a new disciple of theirs to find face back for the clan.

But as one of the leading figures of Infinite Boundless Mountain, if he wanted to find back face, there was only the method of him personally defeating Yan Zhaoge in the future.

However, seeing that the Giant Spirit Magnetite vein could be restored, not even needing to rely on the help of others, as a disciple of Infinite Boundless Mountain, Ji Hanru too breathed a sigh of relief.

Not having the habit of concealing her emotions, Fu Enshu was currently frowning.

Zhao Ming, Jing Yunzhi and the others were all currently looking a little worriedly at Yan Zhaoge.

This time, having made a wasted trip, even having been defeated by another, would definitely come as a huge blow for the Yan Zhaoge for whom things all had been smooth recently.

Broad Creed Mountain would no longer hold an advantage in their upcoming interactions with Infinite Boundless Mountain; rather, they could even be slightly pressed.

Infinite Boundless Mountain was currently internally divided, but even the faction that leaned towards Broad Creed Mountain would not assist them without reservation. After all, first and foremost in their minds would always be their own Infinite Boundless Mountain.

At the end of the day, while it was true that neither the teeth nor the lips could survive without the other, the one who faced the greatest threat from the Sacred Sun Clan was still Broad Creed Mountain; Infinite Boundless Mountain had a greater room for manoeuvring about.

Shan Shiweng was one of Infinite Boundless Mountain's bigwigs who leaned towards Broad Creed Mountain. However, for the problem of Cloud Portent Mountain's Giant Spirit Magnetite vein, he was naturally happier to see it being solved by their clan's own disciple.

As for Elder Zuo who had rejected Broad Creed Mountain from the start, he was naturally only even happier.

He glanced mildly at Yan Zhaoge, at this moment more



concerned about him being superior to Ji Hanru in terms of strength.

As for the Giant Spirit Magnetite vein, the general situation had already been decided.

Elder Zuo even had some mixed emotions now, because in having achieved this, Zhao Hao had ascended into the heavens with a single step.

Thinking about how closely Zhao Hao guarded his tongue, never having been willing to give away his contribution, Elder Zuo felt a little unhappy.

Still, after all, he himself should also be able to receive some benefits from this. He began carefully considering how he should operate in the clan.

Looking at the multitude of emotions in the crowd before him, Yan Zhaoge blinked.

He noted that Zhao Hao's gaze still remained fixated on him.

Seeing Yan Zhaoge look over, Zhao Hao said mildly, "Seeing your Piercing Scouting technique, I improved my original plan, thus leading to it producing a better effect. It was precisely yourself who led to this result now."

Elder Zuo cupped his hands towards Fu Enshu, "We have let you

make a tiring trip all the way here for nothing, but our clan is still grateful towards you.”

“Although we will not use the method supplied by your clan’s Yan Zhaoge, in the entire process, he did indeed make some contributions.”

Hearing Elder Zuo purposely act gracious, Fu Enshu’s face turned even darker.

Still, she didn’t lose her temper towards Yan Zhaoge. Instead, she stared at Elder Zuo in an increasingly unfriendly manner.

Seeing her like this, if not for the three bigwigs of Infinite Boundless Mountain being here, they were afraid that she might simply have directly torn down this entire Giant Spirit Magnetite vein.

Zhao Hao gazed at Yan Zhaoge, “Today, was only the beginning!”

“You, and Broad Creed Mountain behind you, will one day be destroyed in my hands, not the Sacred Sun Clan’s, not the Heavenly Thunder Hall’s, not Infinite Boundless Mountain’s, but mine!”

Although these words did not actually leave his mouth, paying attention to Zhao Hao’s gaze, Yan Zhaoge could vaguely sense these emotions of his.

“What hands you have left, just play them now. Even if you keep them, you won’t birth a child.”

Now, Yan Zhaoge suddenly heard Feng Yunsheng send him a sound transmission from the side.

The corners of Yan Zhaoge’s mouth curved slightly.

“What hands could I have left? Haven’t you seen how my face has now been slapped to the point of ringing with slapping sounds? In having thrown my face away, I’ll be throwing it all the way from Cloud Portent Mountain back to Broad Creed Mountain.”

Yan Zhaoge said, “Whereas this Junior Brother Zhao of Infinite Boundless Mountain, will be hailed as his clan’s hero.”

“You see: an outsider comes to their clan’s territory full of himself, pointing and commanding others as he likes, yet the other members of the clan are all unable to do anything about it, only able to watch that outsider showing off, being full of anger yet completely helpless within.”

“At this time, a young disciple rises up from nowhere, turning the tide with his own efforts, allowing the entire clan to lift its head up high, not just solving a major problem which had been plaguing the clan for a long time but also beating the face of the originally arrogant outsider to a pulp, causing his reputation to sweep the floor, only able to scam back in the dirt.”

“And this young disciple who turned the tides thereon walks to the peak, with the clan placing him highly and taking good care of him, giving him the best resources and assurances, gifting and educating him in the best martial arts that they possess.”

“En, and there would very possibly also be beautiful senior and junior apprentice-sisters who would have their hearts stolen by him as a result.”

Yan Zhaoge smiled lightly, “How about it; is this story inspirational or what? Truly moving to the extreme.”

Feng Yunsheng looked at Yan Zhaoge, looking as though she was smiling whilst also not, “It sounds a little strange; how did you think up all this nonsensical stuff that’s all over the place ah?”

She looked first at herself, then at Sikong Qing, “From what you say, why not let’s add a: The maidens who had originally arrived together with that outsider perhaps secretly fell for him, perhaps felt curious about him, or perhaps were just dissatisfied at their loss, but, whatever the case, all gave their hearts to this person at that very moment?”

Yan Zhaoge smiled as he looked at her, “Hey, how did you know?”

“Following that strange path of thinking of yours, duh,” Feng Yunsheng said impatiently, “If you have the time to have all those strange notions in your head, why not think of how to solve this problem before your eyes? Or do you really want to, like you said,

have your face beaten to a pulp, your reputation sweeping the floor, only able to scam back in the dirt?”

Yan Zhaoge said leisurely, “Some say that explosions are art, are justice, are faith.”

These words were said very softly, such that Feng Yunsheng didn’t really catch them, “What?”

Before she had finished with her question, the quarry around them, suddenly began to quake intensely!

It was especially so for its pith area, which actually gave off the feeling of seas surging and rivers overturning, as though it was about to completely blow!

Greatly shocked, the Magnetite Elder broke off Zhao Hao’s Broken Vein Resuming Flow technique, suppressing the abnormalities in the vein with all his might.

Even so, the entire Giant Spirit Magnetite vein resembled a gigantic barrel of gunpowder that had been ignited!

# HSSB 132: A Sincere Yan Zhaoge

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The Magnetite Elder was currently suppressing the abnormalities in the Giant Spirit Magnetite vein with all his might, but at this moment, the entire quarry was as though it was about to collapse.

Luckily, Shan Shiweng and Elder Zuo were present as well. With the three Infinite Boundless Mountain bigwigs working in unison, they were finally able to stabilise the vein.

What made those of Infinite Boundless Mountain want to cry yet not have the tears to do so was the fact that Yan Zhaoge's and Zhao Hao's earlier work had all gone down the drain.

Elder Zuo sucked in a deep breath, controlling his own emotions as he looked towards Zhao Hao, asking in a deep tone, "How did this happen?"

Zhao Hao's brows were tightly knit as he was completely fixated on the Giant Spirit Magnetite vein before him which suddenly seemed completely foreign to him.

Not even answering Elder Zuo's question, not even waiting for the abnormalities within the quarry to be completely quelled, bearing the quaking of the surrounding land, he quickly went forward to stroke the pith of the quarry.

After a moment, Zhao Hao's face abruptly sunk, "It's completely changed...the Broken Vein Resuming Flow technique is no longer usable; if it were used, it would only damage the vein further!"

“Just what...” Zhao Hao suddenly swivelled his head to look at Yan Zhaoge.

Yan Zhaoge noticed that Zhao Hao was staring at him, yet treated it like it was nothing.

Also looking stunned, he too appraised the Giant Spirit Magnetite vein, carefully checking the pith of the quarry.

After a moment, he shook his head, “My Piercing Scouting technique is also no longer usable.”

Elder Zuo stared at Zhao Hao, “Was it an accident in the operation, with the method still being able to be used, or was it a problem with the method itself?”

At Elder Zuo’s question, Zhao Hao was silent, as he only stared at Yan Zhaoge.

While his knowledge of Giant Spirit Magnetite veins was inferior to Yan Zhaoge’s, it was also not low, and he could vaguely feel now that, he had been set up by Yan Zhaoge!

He had previously believed that Yan Zhaoge’s Piercing Scouting technique, while not having caused any visible changes, had instead boosted the effects of his Broken Vein Resuming Flow technique.

But actually, perhaps it was because Yan Zhaoge had silently altered the state of the vein before performing the Piercing Scouting technique that his Broken Vein Resuming Flow technique had not just failed, but had even caused the whole place to almost blow to the high heavens.

At Zhao Hao's enraged gaze, Yan Zhaoge pretended completely not to see it, as he instead checked the pith of the quarry with a puzzled look on his face, "Such a change was really out of my expectations; this way, this matter will be somewhat harder to handle."

The Magnetite Elder had a bitter look on his face, as Shan Shiweng was also frowning.

Both of them as well as Elder Zuo looked somewhat suspiciously between Yan Zhaoge and Zhao Hao.

Because the abnormalities caused by the Broken Vein Resuming Flow technique earlier had caused a large change in the flow of spiritual qi in the vein itself as well as the surrounding environment.

Although they had reacted quickly enough, joining hands to suppress the abnormalities, all the earlier details had been completely wiped out, rendering it hard for them to identify what exactly had led to the scene currently before their eyes.

They also vaguely suspected that Yan Zhaoge had perhaps tampered with things, but lacked any actual evidence.



And what was most significant was the fact that as compared to Zhao Hao who was already completely out of ideas, the restoration of the Giant Spirit Magnetite vein currently still depended on Yan Zhaoge.

Still having to rely on this junior of Broad Creed Mountain at the end of the day-this caused Shan Shiweng and the others to feel somewhat dejected.

Shan Shiweng let out a dry cough, “Just now, you mentioned that there is still a technique that can allow the vein to recover to ninety percent?”

Belonging to the faction of Infinite Boundless Mountain that leaned towards Broad Creed Mountain, he had not opened his mouth to mock Yan Zhaoge just now. Now, he could finally at least ease the atmosphere a bit.

Meanwhile, Elder Zuo and the Magnetite Elder both felt awkward to the point of not uttering a sound.

Hearing his words, Yan Zhaoge smiled, “There is indeed still a method. However, it was targeted at the previous state of the vein. I will have to survey the area once more to check whether it is currently still usable.”

Shan Shiweng let out a bitter laugh as he nodded, “Experienced and steady; having such a son, Yan Di should be happy.”

Hearing Shan Shiweng's evaluation of Yan Zhaoge, the crowd of Infinite Boundless Mountain disciples nearly spat out blood, wanting to rebut, yet unable to do so.

His face livid, Zhao Hao stood rooted to the spot. How could he not understand that whilst complimenting Yan Zhaoge, Shan Shiweng had also been reprimanding him!

Lacking in abilities, yet still advancing recklessly!

While he had not expressly said these words, Zhao Hao could feel everyone's gazes currently on him, obviously all reprimanding him this way.

A short while ago, he had still been a hero who had suddenly risen up from nowhere; now, he had already fallen from the heavens to the bottom of the lowest pit.

He had wanted to create a name for himself in Infinite Boundless Mountain. Originally, he would have done so in a more brilliant way than any of the other Infinite Boundless Mountain younger generation disciples, but now, in a feat that had never been seen before from the dawn of history, after having taken that one great step into the heavens, he had been, instantly and directly, stomped into the ground!

Much less rising, he had instead ended up in a pit full of mud.

Although the Magnetite Elder had quelled the abnormalities in the vein in a timely manner, and there had not truly been any irreversible losses, he could predict that his, Zhao Hao's following days in Infinite Boundless Mountain might not pass so smoothly.

As the one who had referred Zhao Hao, Elder Zuo similarly heard that meaning in Shan Shiweng's words as he could only feel a hot, burning pain on his face.

As he carefully checked the pith of the quarry, Yan Zhaoge heard Feng Yunsheng's voice sound by his ears, "Was this all part of your plan?"

"When I heard Zhao Hao say that his method could restore the vein to seventy percent, I then knew for certain," Yan Zhaoge said, "The method which could restore the vein to seventy percent is the Broken Vein Resuming Flow technique, while the Piercing Scouting technique can actually restore it to eighty percent. I deliberately suppressed the effects a little, whilst these two techniques, regardless of order of execution, would definitely come into conflict."

"I need to thank Zhao Hao; otherwise, I also wouldn't have been able to easily make Infinite Boundless Mountain accept the other Thunder Element Revival Art."

Hearing his words, Feng Yunsheng asked, "What if Zhao Hao went first? Wouldn't the one to damage the vein be you then?"

"In that case, I definitely wouldn't be so foolish as to go on with

the original plan, directly moving on to the backup plan, although it would be slightly more troublesome,” Yan Zhaoge shrugged, “However, personality dictates destiny-this Junior Brother Zhao didn’t let me down.”

Yan Zhaoge went through the motions of carefully surveying the pith of the quarry, next closing his eyes as though pondering for a time, before he finally looked at Shan Shiweng, “My second method is still usable.”

“It’s just that there is a small problem with this technique, which your clan might not be able to accept so easily,” Yan Zhaoge paused slightly, “The effects would obviously be better, but I still didn’t employ it earlier-this was the reason for that.”

Shan Shiweng asked, “Now, only this method remains, is it?”

Yan Zhaoge nodded, “At the very least, other than it, I have no other solutions for the time being.”

Glancing at the silent, unspeaking Zhao Hao, Shan Shiweng made a decision, “Just say it!”

If a new, large Giant Spirit Magnetite vein suddenly appeared outside the Mountain Domain, Infinite Boundless Mountain would do everything to obtain it whatever the costs. If the situation so forced it, they even wouldn’t mind going to the war with the other Sacred Grounds!

Infinite Boundless Mountain's current need for Giant Spirit Magnetite veins was already an extremely urgent one.

Yan Zhaoge answered, "The name of this technique, is the Thunder Element Revival Art."

"Thunder Element...Revival Art?" Hearing this name, Shan Shiweng, Elder Zuo, the Magnetite Elder and the others all had their hearts jump involuntarily, as a bad feeling vaguely welled up within their hearts.

Yan Zhaoge continued, "This technique, requires the use of an item."

As he lightly clapped his hands, Ah Hu walked up beside him, a box within his hands. He opened the box, within which was placed a purplish-blue piece of jade.

Within the piece of jade, faint blue lights of thunder was shining, rumbling noises even being emitted from within as they seemed to reveal a human silhouette.

"Thunderbolt Soul Jade!"

Seeing this item, the faces of Shan Shiweng and the others all darkened.

At this point, Elder Zuo also couldn't be concerned with his face anymore as he raised his head to stare at Yan Zhaoge, "Your

method, definitely requires the use of this?”

Thunderbolt Soul Jade, a supreme treasure unique to the Thunder Domain, rare beyond compare, of great use to the Heavenly Thunder Hall!

The importance of Thunderbolt Soul Jade in the eyes of Heavenly Thunder Hall martial practitioners was in no way inferior to the importance of Giant Spirit Magnetite in the eyes of Infinite Boundless Mountain.

Because of its rarity, its demand completely couldn't be met at all, leading to an extreme shortage of it.

It was rare to the point that even if Infinite Boundless Mountain wanted to trade for it with the Heavenly Thunder Hall, the Heavenly Thunder Hall would also adamantly reject their offer.

If the Sacred Sun Clan wanted to try to make use of this to team up with the Heavenly Thunder Hall in forcing Infinite Boundless Mountain into an alliance, it would instead aggravate the Heavenly Thunder Hall first.

In the eyes of the Heavenly Thunder Hall, none of the other resources of the Eight Extremities World were the equal of the Thunderbolt Soul Jade.

Looking at how these Infinite Boundless Mountain bigwigs had the look of wanting to gobble people up, Yan Zhaoge said

innocently, “So, from the start, I completely hadn’t intended to bring this method up.”

“In coming here, my clan’s intentions are to help your clan, enhancing the collaborative relationship between our two sides, hoping that the both of us can form an alliance and face the Sacred Sun Clan and the Heavenly Thunder Hall together. We did not deliberately instigate any trouble on purpose.”

As he said thus, Yan Zhaoge’s gaze brimmed with sincerity.

# HSSB 133: You Are So Innocent, While I Am So Full Of Schemes

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Yan Zhaoge's completely sincere expression, instead caused those of Infinite Boundless Mountain great pain.

Getting the Heavenly Thunder Hall to voluntarily let out some Thunderbolt Soul Jade would be harder than ascending into the heavens.

Unless one took a Sacred Artifact to exchange, in which case the Heavenly Thunder Hall would be more than happy to do so.

But the problem was-would Infinite Boundless Mountain really be willing to do so?

Perhaps they should just ally with the Sacred Sun Clan and the Heavenly Thunder Hall and decimate Broad Creed Mountain together, then snatch Broad Creed Mountain's supreme treasure as compensation for the Heavenly Thunder Hall?

Then, the Heavenly Thunder Hall would have one Martial Saint and one Sacred Artifact, and the Sacred Sun Clan would also have the same, as well as an Extreme Yin Crown on top of that.

If Broad Creed Mountain was destroyed, although they would have obtained Thunderbolt Soul Jade, for an Infinite Boundless Mountain with only a single Sacred Artifact guarding them, how far would they be away from destruction?



Shan Shiweng and the others stared at one another, feeling a bit of a headache coming on.

“This is nothing but a threat!” Elder Zuo hatefully sent over a sound transmission, “A junior who can only play little tricks!”

Shan Shiweng said coldly, “If the person whom you referred had not brought upon us such a huge disaster, our clan would also not have been pushed to this extent.”

Elder Zuo snorted, “Even if there had not been Zhao Hao, that fellow surnamed Yan would also definitely have thought of another plan-his understanding of Giant Spirit Magnetite veins far exceeds ours!”

Saying till here, Elder Zuo paused slightly, also feeling embarrassed.

Then, he continued, “This pit was specifically dug for us to jump into, ending with forcing our clan to lose our advantages of freedom and initiative, having to choose one side of two!”

The Magnetite Elder said, “But now, we cannot but acquiesce.”

A hint of viciousness flashed through Elder Zuo’s gaze, “Not necessarily!”

“Since we have been forced to choose sides, we might as well stand on the side of the Sacred Sun Clan; it beats being threatened by this mere junior of Broad Creed Mountain!”

“In exchange for our clan’s full assistance, we can get the Sacred Clan to pass the Extreme Yin Crown to the Heavenly Thunder Hall, with the Heavenly Thunder Hall supplying us with Thunderbolt Soul Jade, enabling us to restore our Giant Spirit Magnetite vein.”

“Whoever gains the most in destroying Broad Creed Mountain will all depend on each side’s own abilities.”

“With the Sacred Sun Clan’s position having risen a step further, Turbid Wave Pavilion probably wouldn’t be able to sit still. While Turbid Wave Pavilion does not care about outside matters, it shouldn’t be happy to see the Sacred Sun Clan really lording over the Eight Extremities World.”

Elder Zuo said in a deep tone, “At that time, we can form an alliance with Turbid Wave Pavilion and Jade Sea City, re-establishing a balance with the Sacred Sun Clan and the Heavenly Thunder Hall once more.”

Shan Shiwen sighed, “Your thoughts are too idealised; do not be let astray by a moment of anger.”

“The precondition for your so-called re-establishing a balance with the Sacred Sun Clan and the Heavenly Thunder Hall with three allied powers is that both sides’ abilities will not greatly change from how they are now. However, if Huang Guanglie leaves

seclusion successfully, he will most likely have improved a step further. If Chief had then still yet to step into the Martial Saint realm, it would be too hard for us to withstand him.”

“Whether we get friendly with Broad Creed Mountain or the Sacred Sun Clan, the final, intended result should always be the rise of our Infinite Boundless Mountain.”

Shan Shiweng looked at Elder Zuo, “I have to admit that with the strength of the Sacred Sun Clan now, joining hands with Broad Creed Mountain in containing them would be the best course of action for us. After all, without the lips, the teeth will also perish in winter; neither of them can do without the other.”

“If we assist the Sacred Sun Clan, it would most likely create a situation where they end up sweeping through and taking over the entire world.”

“Everything is to be done with our clan in mind; now isn’t the time to be holding grudges like a child.”

Elder Zuo and the Magnetite Elder both fell into a deep silence.

They also understood this reasoning, but having been played with in this way by that junior Yan Zhaoge, it had really caused them much frustration.

Shan Shiweng shook his head, “Moreover, joining hands with Broad Creed Mountain in resisting the Sacred Sun Clan has long

since been decided upon by our clan; the only difference is to what extent we join hands and to what extent we resist.”

“As I see it now, sitting on the mountain and watching the tigers fight whilst waiting for an opportunity to move is no longer a viable option; we have no choice but to really make a move now.”

After a few moments, the Magnetite Elder let out a bitter smile, “The Thunderbolt Mountain of the Heavenly Thunder Hall that produces Thunderbolt Soul Jade is actually rather close to us.”

Thunderbolt Soul Jade being of utmost importance to the Heavenly Thunder Hall, they defended it well from enemy invasions lest the vein there be damaged.

Still, if someone did so, a huge enmity would inevitably result.

Therefore, the other Sacred Grounds wouldn't do such a thing lightly.

The Heavenly Thunder Hall's defensive preparations were mostly targeted at Broad Creed Mountain and Jade Sea City, its guard against Infinite Boundless Mountain's side being comparatively lower.

Shan Shiweng spoke, “Report back to the clan, and invite the Chief to make the final decision.”

Although Infinite Boundless Mountain had previously predicted

for various possible scenarios that they might face, directly starting a war with the Heavenly Thunder Hall had not been amongst them.

If no other outside powers interfered as they made a move on the Thunderbolt Soul Jade, the intensity of this war would definitely not be any lower than that which had just transpired between Broad Creed Mountain and the Sacred Sun Clan.

Even a full-out war erupting from this conflict was something that was not impossible.

Such a major matter was naturally no longer something that the trio led by Shan Shiweng could decide on.

At the same time, this also concerned Infinite Boundless Mountain joining in a tripartite alliance with Broad Creed Mountain and Jade Sea City for good, the three powers joining hands in resisting the Sacred Sun Clan and the Heavenly Thunder Hall.

If they really decided to make a move on the Thunderbolt Soul Jade vein, with Jade Sea City sending its troops to weigh down on the Thunder Domain from the other side, the Heavenly Thunder Hall would also not dare to move recklessly, thereby aiding in their advance and retreat.

This was also in line with the general policy Infinite Boundless Mountain had originally thought up, just that they would now have to enter the battlefield without armour.

“Kid, nice one,” Fu Enshu’s expression had turned from cloudy to sunny, as she now smiled at Yan Zhaoge, “Whether it was by accident and chance or you had planned for all of this beforehand, this hand, was played beautifully.”

Yan Zhaoge smiled, “It would also not have been possible without your presence here.”

It’s also fortunate that you are not of Infinite Boundless Mountain; otherwise, with your stubborn temper, if you came up in a fit of anger, it would so totally not have worked.

This latter part of his sentence, Yan Zhaoge naturally didn’t say out loud.

“Other than that, I also have to thank you,” Yan Zhaoge looked at Zhao Hao through the corner of his eye, “You are indeed a good person ah.”

If not for Zhao Hao having stuck a hand in, Infinite Boundless Mountain probably wouldn’t have accepted it so easy.

On the surface, after all, what had happened was that Zhao Hao had rendered all other paths for restoring the Giant Spirit Magnetite vein other than that of the Thunder Element Revival Art unusable, forcing Infinite Boundless Mountain to only have this sole path to choose from.

And this caused Shan Shiweng and the others to feel even more depressed and helpless.

After Yan Zhaoge performed an initial demonstration of the Thunder Element Revival Art, its extraordinary effects were proven.

However, this also presented them with that expected problem. In the process of restoring the Giant Spirit Magnetite vein through the Thunder Element Revival Art, a ceaseless supply of Thunderbolt Soul Jade would be required.

Although this still awaited their clan's final decision, whatever that decision was, the situation now was that if they wanted to restore the vein, they just had to depend on Yan Zhaoge.

Thus, Shan Shiweng and the others could only pinch their noses and thank Fu Enshu and Yan Zhaoge for their help.

Due to their positions, Shan Shiweng's trio could not just lower their heads towards Yan Zhaoge, as they all gave their thanks to Fu Enshu instead.

Whereas the other Infinite Boundless Mountain martial practitioners all had to go thank Yan Zhaoge instead.

The faces of Ji Hanru and the others were either deathly ashen or swelled red to the point that it seemed like they had received some crazy infusion of blood.

At this point, the beatings they had received earlier on the mountainside could only be considered as having all been for naught. They could only clench their teeth until it shattered and force all that blood down.

In comparison to Ji Hanru, Hou Xiang nearly forgot how he was supposed to breath, directly fainting.

To him, fainting was perhaps for the best.

Zhao Hao stood where he was, not moving an inch, his entire person resembling a statue.

Glancing at him, Yan Zhaoge shrugged, “You are so innocent, while I am so full of schemes; I’m so sorry for that.”

Not long after, without any prior warning, experts of Infinite Boundless Mountain suddenly launched an assault on the Thunder Domain’s Thunderbolt Mountain, stealing a large amount of Thunderbolt Soul Jade.

At the same time, many peak experts of the Water Domain’s Jade Sea City weighed down on the border of the Thunder and Water Domains, pressuring the Heavenly Thunder Hall into relative inaction.

Broad Creed Mountain stood between Infinite Boundless Mountain and the Sacred Sun Clan, preventing the Sacred Sun



Clan from making a move.

The Eight Extremities World which had only just quietened down not long ago once again rose with howling gales and surging clouds.

# HSSB 134: Big Dipper Body Ying Longtu

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In robbing the Thunderbolt Soul Jade, Infinite Boundless Mountain didn't push things too far, later still recompensing the Heavenly Thunder Hall with some treasures for it to be taken as a trade.

Wedged in between Jade Sea City and Infinite Boundless Mountain, the Heavenly Thunder Hall could only grit their teeth and suffer this humiliation.

However, such a forceful trade being brokered caused the originally ordinary relationship between the two sides to deteriorate, their mid and low-tier martial practitioners clashing repeatedly time and time again on their own accord.

This time, the Sacred Sun Clan didn't take up its usual domineering stance.

However, the tripartite alliance of Broad Creed Mountain, Infinite Boundless Mountain and Jade Sea City did not relax, because they knew that the Sacred Sun Clan and the Heavenly Thunder Hall were only tolerating them now as they prepared in secret to erupt out in force even more strongly in the future.

In order to wait for the East Coming Martial Saint, Huang Guanglie, to emerge from seclusion successful in his efforts.

Despite finally having chosen the side of Broad Creed Mountain and Jade Sea City, Infinite Boundless Mountain still wasn't that

easy to deal with.

They tightly sealed away the news on the restoration of the Giant Spirit Magnetite vein, with the Sacred Sun Clan and the Heavenly Thunder Hall only receiving a vague, simple report on it.

But as intended by them, the news that Yan Zhaoge had been related to this, was leaked.

Very quickly, many rumours regarding the Broad Creed Young Master Yan Zhaoge circulated around the Eight Extremities World.

The name of Yan Zhaoge which had already been coming up quite a lot recently now resounded even more resplendently within the Eight Extremities World.

And it was not a notorious name; the image of Yan Zhaoge that Infinite Boundless Mountain had spread of him in secret truly praised him to the point of being rare even within the heavens, the sole remaining on this earth.

On listening to it, one would literally feel that Yan Zhaoge was the first person of the Eight Extremities World's younger generation, the shocking depth of his potential even more exaggerated than that of his father Yan Di in the past.

Without a doubt, this was them trying to overpraise him to death.

Now, Yan Zhaoge understood for the first time what it felt like to have a thousand gazes on him.

Previously in the Eastern Tang, Yan Zhaoge had successively defeated the Sacred Sun Clan's Chao Yuanlong and Xiao Shen. With this, he was already eye-catching enough. Now, with his exploits at the Infinite Boundless Mountain, he had become even more visible.

However, in areas other than the Broad Creed Mountain's Heavenly Domain, including the Jade Sea City's territory, the validity of these rumors was often called into question.

After all, it was the nature of young martial practitioners to be arrogant and unwilling to be behind someone else.

Without having personally fought against him or seen his prowess in person, many people were unconvinced.

As compared to those of the same generation as him, the higher echelons of many great powers, especially the Sacred Sun Clan and the Heavenly Thunder Hall, were also forced to reevaluate Yan Zhaoge.

The lines of thinking of these higher echelon experts would naturally be different.

If one considered the matters of the past years' Zhan Dongge to be somewhat distant temporally, then the Yan father and duo

could be considered to be the focus of everyone's attention.

However, these surface struggles temporarily had nothing to do with Yan Zhaoge. Right now, he was worried about a different matter.

The child that was being protected by Zhao Ming and Jing Yunzhi had seemingly realized that his parents would never be able to wake up.

To a child, this revelation was perhaps even more significant than the heavens collapsing.

Within Han Long'er's somewhat sluggish gaze, there was only sorrow and tears.

Perhaps he still did not fully understand the meaning of death, but he still understood that his parents were never coming back to him.

Feng Yunsheng let out a sigh as she lightly grasped his hand to lead him. Unexpectedly, she was actually unable to move him in the slightest.

"Mm?" Feng Yunsheng was visibly astonished. Using a little more strength, she tried to lead him again. To everyone's surprise, Han Long'er actually forcefully threw off her hand.

Feng Yunsheng wasn't some sort of weak maiden. Of course, she

had used an appropriate amount of force to handle a child, but even so—it wasn't something that a ten year old child should be able to escape from.

In particular, Feng Yunsheng was able to acutely sense that when Han Long'er had burst out with explosive force to escape her grip, her palm was left feeling slightly numb.

“This child having injured one of the Iron Yuan Sect disciples, when the Iron Yuan sect came knocking along with that Hou Xiang, beyond just aiming at his parents, they were aiming for him as well,” Yan Zhaoge said as he walked over.

Now, there were no more Infinite Boundless Mountain people in the vicinity, so Yan Zhaoge spoke without any misgivings.

Hearing what he had said, even Fu Enshu's attention was piqued as she examined Han Long'er.

Zhao Ming and Jin Yunzhi also realized the truth of this matter, “That's right – at the time, we thought that the Iron Yuan Sect was simply making up excuses, but it's clear that there actually is something bizarre about this child!”

Fu Enshu's gaze was almost tangible as it seemed to envelop Han Long'er.

Han Long'er frowned, and turned his pair of big eyes towards Fu Enshu.

Fu Enshu let out a small exclamation of surprise, “His response is extremely sensitive.”

With her cultivation, even though it was just a penetrating gaze, most low-tier martial practitioners would be hard pressed to stop it—even detecting it would already be hard.

That Han Long'er was able to feel it was sufficient proof that besides having innate freakish strength, he was also gifted with perception that far surpassed the norm.

“A body like Vajra, a heart clear like a mirror—this child's innate talent is truly too extraordinary!” Fu Enshu clicked her tongue in admiration, “What's more, like a divine object concealing itself, it is usually undetectable from the outside. If not for him having exposed himself, even I would have overlooked and misjudged him.”

Yan Zhaoge said, “His physique at birth resembles that of dragons; his tranquil thoughts connect with divinities—I've previously seen on ancient records that this is known as the Big Dipper Body, a prime physique for martial cultivation. This is still the first appearance of such a thing ever since the time of the Great Calamity.”

Feng Yunsheng, Sikong Qing, and the others listened with slightly stunned looks, as Zhao Ming asked somewhat hesitantly, “But this child looks to be...er, a little slow-witted. Would he be able to practice martial arts?”

Yan Zhaoge laughed, “Rest assured, even though he may be slow-witted with respect to other matters, in terms of martial cultivation, his acuity of mind will definitely surpass almost everyone of this world.”

Having said thus, he walked behind Han Long'er, lightly swiping downwards with his fingers. Han Long'er's clothes split open, revealing his back.

Yan Zhaoge's sword-qi was already finely controlled to the point where regardless of whether he used it to cut someone's clothes or write characters on their surface, the other party would also not sense it at all.

However, Han Long'er clearly flinched forward, as Fu Enshu and the others continuously nodded at this.

Han Long'er's reaction was still within Yan Zhaoge's predictions when he made his move. As a result, Han Long'er's shirt was still split cleanly down the middle.

On his back, there were thirty six small points, resembling bruises on his skin.

However, from these bruises emanated a faint golden color.

Thirty six small dots precisely corresponded with the number of stars of the Big Dipper. Within those points, the outline of a



dragon could vaguely be seen, vivid and lifelike, mighty beyond compare.

Upon seeing this, Fu Enshu looked up towards the sky and laughed, “His inborn conditions for cultivation -even if they’re not the strongest in the world, it’s definitely countable on the fingers!”

“This blind Infinite Boundless Mountain—just wait to regret it.”

Yan Zhaoge looked towards Zhao Ming and Jing Yunzhi, “Do you know what his actual name is? Han Long’er is only his child name; what about his real, given name?”

Jing Yunzhi spoke:” From what I heard from his mother, his parents had him very late, but he seemed a little simple-minded, so they treasured him even more dearly. However, for fear that he wouldn’t survive to adulthood, they only gave him the child name Han Long’er. As for his family name, he is surnamed Ying.”

“Senior apprentice-aunt Fu, I have overstepped my bounds,” Yan Zhaoge said.

Fu Enshu nodded, “Originally, his master should bestow a name upon him, but if not for you, our clan might have missed out on him. You just do as you see fit then.”

Yan Zhaoge looked at the dragon pattern on Han Long’er’s back, “Let us call him [Ying Longtu](#) then.”

Literally means dragon picture...

Han Long'er looked somewhat vacantly back at Yan Zhaoge.

Yan Zhaoge smiled lightly, letting Han Long'er relax somewhat. Seemingly sensing Yan Zhaoge's good intentions, Han Long'er also drew back the corners of his mouth and grinned.

# HSSB 135: Stepping Into The Xiantian Martial Scholar Realm

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The Han Long'er of before, the present Ying Longtu, was already on his own.

Brought along covertly by Zhao Ming and Jing Yunzhi, he left the Mountain Domain's Cloud Portent Territory, returning to the North Heaven Region of the Heaven Domain, before being secretly escorted to Broad Creed Mountain.

The earlier matter with the Iron Yuan Sect, due to Yan Zhaoge, was naturally quelled by Infinite Boundless Mountain.

Infinite Boundless Mountain had also vaguely realised that Ying Longtu was unordinary, but now gave up on pursuing the matter.

Perhaps they were also curious about how abnormal it was for him to have injured someone earlier, yet, unable to get a grasp on any other information, could not make an accurate judgement on the matter, thus not wanting to create any unnecessary problems.

And along with having sent Ying Longtu back to Broad Creed Mountain uneventfully, Yan Zhaoge's expression now came to refocus on that Yin Yang Cloud Spring, a spirit spring located partway up Cloud Portent Mountain.

Regarding Feng Yunsheng recovering her Extreme Yin Physique, Broad Creed Mountain was currently still keeping it tightly under

wraps.

Infinite Boundless Mountain also had a Maiden of Extreme Yin; if they were to find out the specifics of this matter, who knew what thoughts might rise up within their minds.

Therefore, when Fu Enshu brought up borrowing the use of the Yin Yang Cloud Spring, she still gave the reason of it being for letting the juniors cultivate within, having Yan Zhaoge and Sikong Qing act together as a smokescreen for Feng Yunsheng.

While Fu Enshu had a straight temper, she was not a foolish person. In having brought Sikong Qing along initially, other than being to guide her in the martial dao in their time here, she had also had such a consideration in mind.

Though, she probably wouldn't have guessed that Yan Zhaoge would really benefit from the assistance of the Yin Yang Cloud Spring as well.

The Yin Yang Cloud Spring consisted of several springs, all independent yet also connected. Yan Zhaoge, Feng Yunsheng and Sikong Qing each occupied a single one, not affecting one another.

Completely immersed in the spring water, Yan Zhaoge inhaled and exhaled silently with controlled breaths.

Within his dantian's qi ocean, a mass of clear qi roiled unceasingly. As it dispersed, a mass of chaotic qi was revealed.

The acupoints of Yan Zhaoge's entire body pulsed, icy white auras and blazing red auras resembling numerous white and red dragons as they travelled through Yan Zhaoge's meridians.

The auras of ice and fire that resembled dragons intermingled, together congregating within that mass of chaotic qi.

The mass of chaotic qi first swelled and expanded, before, along with Yan Zhaoge's breathing, resuming its original form, looking like none of these changes had occurred in the first place.

However, its concept of being infinite and limitless, able to contain and decimate tens of thousands of living beings within seemed to grow much more evident.

Within the mass of chaotic qi, there lay a fire seed, upon which light and darkness flickered intermittently as it pulsed with a red light. It was the crystallisation of what Yan Zhaoge had obtained from the Sacred Heavenly Fire Scripture.

And accompanied by Yan Zhaoge's breathing, this fire seed gradually began to undergo changes.

The blazing heat gradually faded, till none of it remained, before it began unceasingly turning icy cold!

Following a long period of nourishment, the fire seed had disappeared, in its place shockingly having appeared a tiny crystal

of ice!

While that ice crystal was tiny, it contained the extreme coldness of deep winter, as though originating from the desolate primordial plains, whilst also as though walking towards the end of the world.

Within that extreme winter, no signs of life were existent, all doomed to perish.

Following that, the ice crystal within the mass of chaotic qi began rising unceasingly in temperature once more, the harsh winter fading, warmth once again reappearing.

Finally, it reached the point where it seemed even more blazing hot than the sun, with the ice crystal fading, and the fire seed reappearing once more.

This cycle repeated itself over and over as Yan Zhaoge remained with his eyes shut, yet seemed to see a radiance gradually light up before them, becoming brighter and brighter by the second.

While he did not see and did not hear, the surrounding world was growing clearer and clearer.

It was even to the point that it was even more clear and distinct than when he had directly seen with his eyes and heard with his ears before.

It was as though, there was a feeling of ‘realism’ within.

Yan Zhaoge guided Feng Yunsheng in his spare time, as these continuous days fully focused on nothing but cultivation continued.

Relying on the help of outside objects, but first and foremost looking at himself; Yan Zhaoge had never slacked off in his own cultivation, even being far more diligent and hardworking than others.

This way, nearly half a year passed.

One day, above Yan Zhaoge's head, an indistinct spiritual light suddenly appeared, shooting straight into the horizon!

That light was not a true existence, but was rather profound to the extreme, seemingly giving off the feeling of one having formed a connection with the heavens and the earth.

Within his dantian, in the chaotic qi mass, the interchanging of fire seed and ice crystal finally ceased, as, no longer changing, the fire seed buried itself deeply within the mass of chaos.

The clear qi spread out, covering and concealing the mass of chaotic qi, before streams of aura-qi of the clear qi expanded outwards, diffusing within Yan Zhaoge's entire skeleton as well as limbs.

The acupoints of Yan Zhaoge's entire body shuddered in unison,

aura-qi erupting outside of his body.

Streams of intelligent and lively qi flowed, resembling stones which had been infused with the gift of life, possessing their own spirituality!

Xiantian Martial Scholar, achieved!

Feeling this, the Ah Hu who was standing guard outside entered.

Yan Zhaoge opened his eyes, a brilliant light shooting in all directions as he looked at Ah Hu.

Ah Hu looked stunned for a moment before he grinned widely, flattering him, “Young Master is indeed Young Master. What a strong essence, energy and spirit; it’s something that most early Xiantian Martial Scholars would not have.”

“Ah Hu, your expression is too fake, you still have to work on it some more,” Emerging from the spring, Yan Zhaoge stretched his body a little as he smiled, “Well, I’ve finally made it to Xiantian.”

Ah Hu grinned, “Young Master ah, can you not put on an expression of it having taken a very long time? From the late inner aura stage to the early Xiantian stage, you only took over a year’s worth of time ah!”

“Infinite Boundless Mountain thought they were extolling you to death, but as I see it, even those words of theirs were belittling



you!”

Yan Zhaoge smiled, but did not speak.

Before, never having had the chance to learn of this, even Yan Zhaoge himself had not known.

In his previous life, having read through the various scriptures stored within the Divine Palace, Yan Zhaoge had then realised that he was actually like a fish in water in this world of martial practitioners, possessing an extremely high comprehension ability in the area of the martial dao.

Instead of saying that it was a hidden talent of his, it actually seemed more like he had been born for it.

In this life, having long accrued a steady foundation, it was time for his shocking progress to begin.

If not for the fact that he had wanted to avoid standing out too much, leading to the suspicion of others, he could have been even faster.

The long time he had previously spent accumulating his foundation after having come to this world, had not been for naught.

“After stepping into the Xiantian stage, there are many things that can now be done,” Yan Zhaoge smiled, as he took out his

Internal Crystal Furnace.

Opening the furnace, the faint blue glow of fire, precisely that of Li Yan True Fire, shone.

Following nourishment, the seed of Li Yan True Fire that he had obtained back then had already reached an initial stage. Other than Yan Zhaoge's own Internal Crystal Furnace, his father's back at Broad Creed Mountain similarly nourished this Li Yan True Fire within.

Activating the Internal Crystal Furnace with his own special methods, the numerous spiritual patterns on it lit up with a brilliant light.

“Ah Hu, bring over the two low-grade spiritual artifacts of Yan Xu's that we obtained back then,” Yan Zhaoge said, as Ah Hu hurriedly did as asked, taking out the two low-grade spiritual artifacts, a light armour and a belt, and handing them over to Yan Zhaoge.

These two spiritual artifacts had previously been harmed at their core to the point of near destruction by Shi Tie. If not for Yan Zhaoge having preserved them with a secret technique, they would not be intact now.

However, they had still taken a great blow to their vitality, being hard for them to regain their former glory.

“To the value of the Internal Furnace, whether or not spirit artifacts can be forged is the greatest obstacle,” Yan Zhaoge said as he dropped the light armour and the belt within the Internal Crystal Furnace, “Now is precisely the best time to try things out first with these two things.”

Ah Hu’s eyes shone, “Young Master, spirit artifacts damaged to such an extent-can they still be repaired?”

Yan Zhaoge shook his head, “There is some chance of recovery, but for them to regain their former peak would be hard. However, after repairing them a little and restoring some of their vitality, they can be put to even greater use, in forging something that I have always wanted to forge.”

# HSSB 136: The Third Target

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Yan Zhaoge carefully made adjustments to his Internal Crystal Furnace, once in a while getting Ah Hu to get some supplementary ingredients to add within as he carefully operated it.

Spirit artifacts, even damaged ones, also contained profundities within. Reforging these artifacts would not be something that could be done within a short period of time.

Especially when during this process, Yan Zhaoge was still carefully feeling for the profundities contained within, using it to corroborate his Internal Crystal Furnace controlling method as well as various artifact forging knowledge.

As time passed, the Internal Crystal Furnace shone with a brilliant light as the light armour was first to be successfully repaired.

Guiding it with his aura-qi, the light armour rose up from the furnace.

Watching carefully from the side, Ah Hu saw that from its outer appearance alone, this light armour was already completely undamaged, just that if one felt carefully, they would be able to feel that the spirituality within was still somewhat inferior to that of ordinary low-grade spirit artifacts.

However, it was still not something that high-grade artifacts could compare to.

Following this, that belt was also successfully repaired, its situation also much the same.

Ah Hu clicked his tongue in praise, “Young Master, even so, it’s already really amazing; after all, before this, they were already not far from the point of complete destruction.”

“If this were used on living beings, it would be close to the point of raising someone from the dead!”

Carefully appraising it for a moment, Yan Zhaoge nodded, “This level of restoration, is enough.”

Saying thus, waving his hands, the light armour and the belt sunk within the Internal Crystal Furnace once more.

Staring fixatedly at the Internal Crystal Furnace, Yan Zhaoge said to Ah Hu, “Ah Hu, speedily hand me the things that I passed on to you for safekeeping earlier.”

Roused by his words, Ah Hu hurriedly took out a giant crystal.

This crystal was in the shape of a shuttle, close to two feet long, bearing the thickness of a human arm.

Receiving the crystal, Yan Zhaoge placed it within his Internal Crystal Furnace and carefully operated it, before now receiving a

special pouch from Ah Hu.

Opening the pouch, a blazing hot aura immediately assaulted, seemingly blazing even more mercilessly hot than flames themselves.

Looking into the pouch, one would see that it was completely red within, resembling flames, also resembling rock, also resembling flowing water!

An existence that resembled lava, it was precisely the precious treasure that Yan Zhaoge had specifically asked Yan Di to get back from the Fire Domain, the Underground Fire Pith!

This item was rare beyond compare, being an extremely limited resource in the Fire Domain, with the Sacred Sun Clan having basically restricted its outflow.

In terms of significance, the Underground Fire Pith wasn't as significant to the Sacred Sun Clan as Thunderbolt Soul Jade was to the Heavenly Thunder Hall and Giant Spirit Magnetite was to Infinite Boundless Mountain.

However, what couldn't be helped was that the production rate of this Underground Fire Pith itself was just too low.

Unless Broad Creed Mountain assaulted the Fire Domain this time, it would be very difficult for Yan Zhaoge to obtain Underground Fire Pith from any other sources.

After Yan Zhaoge added the Underground Fire Pith into the Internal Crystal Furnace and operated it even more carefully than before, the Internal Crystal Furnace began to vibrate intensely.

After a long time, a precious light suddenly shot up into the sky.

Yan Zhaoge clapped his hands, “Good! Underground Splitting Shuttle, achieved!”

Catching Ah Hu looking at the Internal Crystal Furnace somewhat curiously from the side, Yan Zhaoge smiled slightly, “It is not a spirit artifact, but if one wants to forge it, it would also be very difficult, with spirit artifacts being required ingredients for doing so.”

“I can’t bear to part with the wholesome Jade Dragon Sword and Radiant Sun Wheel, and I can’t just sacrifice your Black Nightmare armour, can I?”

Ah Hu gave a simple and honest laugh, “Naturally, using these two damaged goods would be a much better allocation of useless resources.”

“Right, counting the days, it should be the time for the Cloud Array Spirit Flower to bloom,” Yan Zhaoge said, “Let’s go, Grand Master’s Heaven Reversing Pill’s final main ingredient can now be obtained.”

In coming to the Mountain Domain this time, the unexpected gain Han Long'er aside, Yan Zhaoge had originally had three targets in mind, the first two being Infinite Boundless Mountain's Giant Spirit Magnetite vein and Cloud Portent Mountain's Yin Yang Cloud Spring, while the third was the Cloud Array Spirit Flower.

This flower was extremely rare, yet not highly regarded by the people of this world, because it was not of much use.

However, to Yan Zhaoge, this was an important alchemical ingredient required for his Grand Master Yuan Zhengfeng.

What made Yan Zhaoge relieved was that the Great Calamity had not forced the Cloud Array Spirit Flower into extinction, having finally pinpointed them on the East Strangling Snow Mountains at the border of the Mountain and the Thunder Domains.

It was only that just having made the discovery, the flowers had still yet to bloom. Therefore, Yan Zhaoge had still remained cultivating at Cloud Portent Mountain, waiting for the spirit flowers to finally bloom as they had now before making for the East Strangling Snow Mountains.

Infinite Boundless Mountain having snatched the Heavenly Thunder Hall's Thunderbolt Soul Jade, the relationship between the two sides had broken down for good. Also, after Infinite Boundless Mountain had officially entered an alliance with Broad Creed Mountain, Yan Zhaoge had given a pedestal for them to step down from, completely making public the secret of the Thunder Element Revival Art, which the martial practitioners of Infinite



Boundless Mountain could also use without him needing to do it himself.

Before he left, he naturally had to report to Fu Enshu.

Fu Enshu didn't question further on Yan Zhaoge's current target, simply nodding, "Our clan has already formed an agreement with Infinite Boundless Mountain as well as made the appropriate preparations; you won't have to worry about being assassinated by Martial Grandmasters."

"However, you must also take caution against the other side's Martial Grandmasters making a move in secret."

"The time for this time's Heavenly Connection Meet is already nearing, and it has been decided that it will be held in the Lake Domain. Since you've decided to participate, this time, after having done what you've set out to do, you can directly make for the Lake Domain, meeting up with other members of our clan on the journey there."

Yan Zhaoge nodded, "I understand, senior apprentice-aunt Fu can rest easy."

Saying thus, he took his leave.

Fu Enshu stood with her hands behind her back. After who knows how long, Feng Yunsheng and Sikong Qing also walked out from the Yin Yang Cloud Spring.

“Zhaoge said that your relationship does not involve that between a man and a woman. Then, Yunsheng, has your heart been moved by him?” Fu Enshu suddenly asked mildly.

Feng Yunsheng was momentarily taken aback before she answered straightforwardly, “Other than gratitude, I also admire senior apprentice-brother Yan greatly, always having some sort of expectations of him.”

“Although he is still young, I indeed have this inexplicable feeling about him, like there is nothing he cannot do.”

“While he does not really look the part, he is actually very reliable. Being with him is also very relaxing, making me very happy to be with him.”

Although her life experience far exceeded others of her age, the Feng Yunsheng who was but still a rookie in the area of emotional problems found her thoughts still somewhat hard to grasp and describe, as she just laughed, “I feel that, it shouldn’t have reached that extent yet, right?”

“Indeed, it has not,” Fu Enshu said mildly, “Being happy and always thinking about him when together-this is actually still nothing much.”

“If at some point in time, after having separated, you still keep thinking about him, that is the time when you should be wary.”

Feng Yunsheng blinked, but, very rationally, did not ask why she would have to be wary.

Fu Enshu looked at Sikong Qing, “Sikong, how do you see Zhaoge?”

Sikong Qing pondered very earnestly for a moment before answering, “Much admiration, and also curiosity.”

“The matter of the Eastern Tang, and this this time in Cloud Portent Mountain as well, I also feel admiration at, but what I admired most was how returning to the Mountain this time, he defeated Lu Wen senior apprentice-brother Lu in the Big Dipper Sword.”

“While people in the past all said that although he was young and arrogant, easily folding when faced with setbacks, creating a masterful sword art of his own was worthy of praise, as I see it, it was more about knowing when to quit, sticking with the simple rather than grasping at the hard.”

“In the Eastern Tang, he caused others to view him in a different light, and returning to the Mountain this time, he defeated senior apprentice-brother Lu in the Big Dipper Sword; I greatly admire that indeed.”

Hearing her words, Fu Enshu gazed into the distance, murmuring in a voice too small to be heard “Xue Chuqing, I’m even more unresigned now...”

.....

As their trio was discussing him, Yan Zhaoge had already set off, arriving at the eastern border of the Mountain Domain's Cloud Portent territory, with the East Strangling Snow Mountains already having appeared before his eyes.

On this snow-encrusted mountain range was eternally unmelting pure white snow. Here, strange beasts often roamed.

"The leading party should already have arrived?" Yan Zhaoge asked, and Ah Hu replied, "They already arrived earlier."

While saying thus, Ah Hu's expression suddenly changed.

Yan Zhaoge also frowned as he hastened his footsteps.

On a snowy peak, a group of people were currently standing.

Two black-clothed martial practitioners had fallen to the ground, hands supporting their chests and blood leaking out from the corners of their mouths.

Seeing Yan Zhaoge approach, their faces filled with guilt, "Young Master."

Yan Zhaoge nodded towards them, Ah Hu coming forward to

guard them.

The line of vision of the group facing them also came to fall on Yan Zhaoge and Ah Hu.

Scanning their appearance, Yan Zhaoge instantly smiled coldly.

“Oh, the Yan Family of Thunder Domain’s Zhao Region?”

# HSSB 137: The Central Heaven Region Yans And The Zhao Region Yans

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Within the icy wind, on the snowy ground, a single spirit flower bloomed, its flower petals stacked layer upon layer till it resembled a flower of clouds as a fragrance was emitted.

On the surface of the flower petals, numerous sigils of light flickered, as though coming together to form an intricate array.

It was precisely Yan Zhaoge's target this time, the Cloud Array Spirit Flower.

However, Yan Zhaoge's attention was currently not on that spirit flower, as he was instead smiling coldly at those opposite him.

There stood a crowd of people with a youth at their head, his clothes and accessories somewhat bearing the style of the north.

Yan Zhaoge needed only a glance to know where they hailed from. The Thunder Domain's Yan Family, their ancestral ground in the Zhao Region of the Thunder Domain, one of the numerous powers under the Heavenly Thunder Hall as well as one of the most major families with the longest histories in the Eight Extremities World following the time of the Great Calamity.

The Yan Family of the Heaven Domain's Central Heaven Region had split off from this very Yan Family of the Thunder Domain's Zhao Region that year.

However, that year, the relationship between the two had been extremely terrible.

Following that, when Yan Zhaoge's family had set off on the road to the Heaven Domain for good, they had even met with a huge disaster which was also partly related to these Zhao Region Yans.

At that time, Yan Di had still been young, and it was in that huge disaster that his parents had died.

Thus, meeting each other now, both sides were not like old friends from the same village reuniting with one another and renewing their blood ties once more, rather it being a situation of enemies meeting with exceptionally bloodshot eyes.

Having crossed over to this world, he did not particularly have any special feelings regarding these Zhao Region Yans. It was only that them having ignored ties of blood and tried to exterminate them permanently, he naturally wouldn't feel that it would be a problem coming into conflict with them.

Moreover, Yan Zhaoge's current identity had already decided on his stance for him.

And with these Zhao Region Yans before him evidently here with ill intentions, there was even less need for him to be polite to them.

“Young Master, they attempted to snatch the spirit flower. This subordinate is incompetent, failing in guarding it; if you, Young Master, had not arrived in time, we would not have been able to stop them,” A collapsed black-clothed martial practitioner stood, wiping the blood off his mouth.

Yan Zhaoge said, “It’s fine. You have performed well in guarding, and sustained injuries from your duties; there is no need to blame yourselves.”

“As for them...” Yan Zhaoge chuckled, putting his hands behind his back as he strode forward.

As he strode forward, those opposite him could only feel as though a large mountain was moving closer and closer to them.

The people of the Zhao Region Yans all felt somewhat of a headache coming on, not having expected Yan Zhaoge and Ah Hu to arrive so quickly.

The leading youth said, “I recognise you, Yan Zhaoge.”

“This spirit flower is an ownerless object, not something cultivated by your Broad Creed Mountain. If you want to obtain it, we will not stop you. However, the two of them are not of Broad Creed Mountain, only being the retainers of your Central Heaven Region Yans-what right do they have to stop us from harvesting the spirit flower?”



“A retainer of a branch family being disrespectful towards a member of the main family; I disciplining them is only proper. Or could it be that you want to start a fight with me due to them?”

Hearing his words, Yan Zhaoge shook his head, finding it a little funny.

Not seeing him move, the crowd could only see a blur as the sound of the wind suddenly resounded, with the youth flying uncontrollably backwards the very next instant.

On that youth's face, a 'Five Finger Mountain' imprint shocking to the eye had appeared.

The imprint was the crimson of blood, resembling a permanent birthmark as it clearly told everyone exactly how he had been sent flying.

Yan Zhaoge said mildly, “If you are not awake, I will help to wake you up. The Zhao Region Yans and the Heaven Region Yans have long been two different families, and not the so-called main and branch families that you so speak of.”

“If you hit my people, I'll hit you; what do I care about what main family?”

An old man hurriedly supported the youth up, swivelling his head to stare at Yan Zhaoge, “Yan Zhaoge, you forget the teachings of your ancestors; we'll have to see what Yan Di says about that!”

“Don’t forget; within your very name, lies your roots!”

Yan Zhaoge laughed. He indeed hadn’t previously guessed that in this world, there was also the saying of ‘The [lands of Yan and Zhao](#) are generous with the mournful Ge(songs) of fallen heroes.”

Basically Crown Prince Dan of the Yan Kingdom, and King Huiwen, Zhao He, of the Zhao Kingdom(real history)

The Eight Extremities World’s ‘lands of Yan and Zhao’ were the Zhao Region and the You Region of the Thunder Domain’s six regions, with the You Region also being known as the Yan Region.

“And since when has the Zhao Region’s Yan Family been representative of ‘the lands of Yan and Zhao’? In all actuality, it is more like you have embarrassed the term.”

Yan Zhaoge raised his brows high, “If my Central Heaven Region Yans really do want to make a trip to lands of Yan and Zhao, it would not be to visit relatives, but to get back some debts.”

“That year, what you Zhao Region Yans did-you may not be clear on it, but the higher-ups within your family all know it full well.”

His hands behind his back, Yan Zhaoge said mildly, “If I settle these debts with you, you might not even understand the meaning behind it; I can’t be bothered to take it up with the likes of you.”

“However, having attacked my people, you think to leave so

easily? Those who used your hands leave your hands behind; those who used your legs leave your legs behind. If you won't do it yourself, there are more than enough people waiting to help you."

Ah Hu bared his teeth, his expression a little savage, resembling a ferocious tiger that hungrily devoured all it saw, causing people to involuntarily shiver in their boots.

The surrounding area flashed with figures as numerous black-clothed martial practitioners appeared.

That old man called out hatefully, "Who do you think you are attacking? This is the direct lineage of our Family Head, Young Master Min!"

Yan Zhaoge chortled, "Someone with [that sort of character in his name](#) ah, should indeed be of the direct lineage of this generation of the Zhao Region Yans. However, this level of ability is really too low. Before speaking, shouldn't he at least first see the situation and the environment he is in?"

Basically, Yan Min has this 'Door' character 门 in his 'Min' character 闵. Chinese stuff.

"However low his level of ability, it also isn't something that you as a member of a branch family can discuss; before you speak, best be clear of your own identity first."

Now, a voice resounded over from the distance.

Yan Zhaoge asked lazily, “Yan Shan, is it?”

While Yan Min still remained semi-conscious with a blood-red palm imprint on his face, the old man and the other Zhao Region Yan Family martial practitioners beside him all revealed expressions of joy, “Young Master Shan is here!”

As a flash of lightning streaked by, on the snowy peak suddenly instantly appeared a youth who looked to be around twenty-six or twenty-seven years of age, his features a bit similar to Yan Min’s, but the aura around him much, much stronger.

A sharp expression on his face, this youth’s gaze was like lightning as above his head was an illusory spiritual light that connected straight into the horizon. He was a Xiantian Martial Scholar.

No ripples could be seen in Yan Zhaoge’s expression whatsoever as he looked carelessly at the other party, “Yan Shan, it seems like you’re not really awake as well, making it hard for me to connect you to your lofty name.”

Although this was his first time meeting him in person, unlike Yan Min, Yan Zhaoge was very familiar with this Yan Shan before him.

The Zhao Region Yan Family’s most outstanding martial genius of this generation.

Not only was it his Yan Family that spent much effort in grooming him, he was also a direct disciple of the Thunder Domain's Heavenly Thunder Hall, an elite of their current younger generation.

The Heaven's favoured son of the Heavenly Thunder Hall, the Thunder Rumbling Young Master Lin Zhou who was hailed alongside Yan Zhaoge as one of the Four Young Masters of the current era, was known alongside Yan Shan as 'Lightning Flashing Thunder Rumbling', dominating all the other martial practitioners of the Thunder Domain of their generation.

Yan Shan stared at Yan Zhaoge.

Snatching the flower and launching an attack was actually something that he had instructed Yan Min and the others to do, just that he himself, having had something to do, had left for a short moment.

Being much older and correspondingly having cultivated for much longer, Yan Shan's cultivation base had originally far exceeded Yan Zhaoge's, thus never having put him on his mind at all before.

However, in recent days, Yan Shan had felt very stifled by the fact that the Thunder Rumbling Young Master Lin Zhou who had always been progressing at the same pace as him with neither being the superior had suddenly improved in his cultivation, actually throwing him behind. This made Yan Shan feel despondent to the extreme.

But it just had to be that Yan Zhaoge had also increased greatly in fame over the past year as his cultivation abruptly progressed by leaps and bounds, also having achieved some glorious achievements in battle.

Having learnt that Yan Zhaoge had sent people to stand guard over the Cloud Array Spirit Flower, the demon within Yan Shan's heart could no longer be suppressed as he instructed Yan Min to wreck Yan Zhaoge's plans.

Because of the news that Infinite Boundless Mountain had let out, the Heavenly Thunder Hall had already long since viewed Yan Zhaoge as a thorn in their flesh.

As both a direct disciple of the Heavenly Thunder Hall and a member of the direct lineage of the Zhao Region Yans at the same time, Yan Shan naturally saw Yan Zhaoge as even more of an enemy.

Looking at Yan Zhaoge, Yan Shan said coldly, "That year, we exiled your branch of the Yan Family, but a single pen cannot write two 'Yan' characters. Your Central Heaven Region Yans, will forever be a branch of our Zhao Region Yans."

"Let alone you, even if it is your father Yan Di, even if he succeeds the position of Broad Creed Mountain's Chief, he would also be an exile of the Zhao Region Yans."

"The main clan and a branch clan are worlds apart; seniority has

to be ordered. Going against social morals and defying your superior; forgetting the teaching of your ancestors-you rightly deserve the taste of our ancestral shrine's familial laws!"

# HSSB 138: Faster Than You!

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Yan Zhaoge said mildly, “Because of my father, your Zhao Region Yan Family is no match for my Central Heaven Region Yan Family.”

“It is true that you have entered Heavenly Thunder Hall, but the Heavenly Thunder Hall is not superior to my Broad Creed Mountain.”

“As for you...” Yan Zhaoge shook his head, “I really can’t see where you have gotten the confidence to say these words.”

Yan Shan said casually, “My confidence comes from fact that the distance between us, is very small.”

As he said thus, Yan Shan suddenly raised his hand, a purple glow flashing.

It was as though within the darkness of the night, a flash of lightning suddenly streaked through the sky, piercing though the horizon, illuminating the great earth!

The Thunder Domain Heavenly Thunder Hall’s direct lineage martial art, the Purple Lightning Shocking Rainbow Sword!

Low-grade spirit artifact, Purple Gold Thunder Sword!



Yan Shan suddenly moved, and immediately exerted his full strength, even directly using a spirit artifact!

The stronger a person, the stronger his ability to protect those around him, just like people being able to stand under the shade of a huge tree.

Yan Zhaoge's name had come up quite a lot recently; while Yan Shan had not personally witnessed this, he had also paid heed to it.

Unlike Ah Hu's spiritual light which was not visible on the outside, like Yan Shan, after Yan Zhaoge had stepped into the Xiantian stage, he had not concealed the spiritual light above his head.

Yan Shan could clearly determine that at this moment, Yan Zhaoge was, shockingly, already a Xiantian Martial Scholar just like he was.

Even whilst being shocked by the speed of Yan Zhaoge's development, a decisive killing intent welled up within Yan Shan's heart.

Whether it was as a disciple of the Heavenly Thunder Hall or as a descendant of the Zhao Region Yan Family, he also couldn't let Yan Zhaoge continue growing any further.

Otherwise, with his current speed of development...Yan Shan didn't even dare to continue thinking further down this line.

A single Yan Wudi, was already enough to let the Heavenly Thunder Hall and the Zhao Region Yan Family find it hard to eat and tough to sleep!

While Yan Shan said some arrogant words, he didn't hold back in his offensive in the slightest.

The Heavenly Thunder Hall's martial arts that were renowned for their ferocious swiftness that resembled thunder and lightning were executed by him to the point of perfection, with the first move, revealing his true abilities to decide the victory!

A spirit artifact in hand, it was a killing weapon that would be hard for Martial Scholars to withstand!

Even for opponents at the same cultivation level, even if they were protected by a spirit artifact, when caught off guard with no time to react, they would still be directly instakilled by Yan Shan's sword!

The martial practitioners of Heavenly Thunder Hall seldom fought protracted battles, with victory being decided most of the time in but a few exchanges!

Victory or defeat, life or death, decided in but an instant!

In the Eight Extremities World, of the six great Sacred Grounds, Heavenly Thunder Hall martial practitioners were publicly viewed

as those who were most proficient in winning with an inferior strength, the weaker defeating the stronger.

Sometimes, for those whose overall strength surpassed that of their Heavenly Thunder Hall opponents, they still were eventually defeated by their weaker opponents.

The reason was none other than the word, ‘speed’!

The Purple Lightning Shocking Rainbow Sword, the direct lineage martial art of the Heavenly Thunder Hall, contained in its entirety but a single stance-the sword drawing stance!

Quick as flashing lightning, an incomparably shocking unsheathing of the sword!

This sword dao was not about getting faster and faster; its fastest sword, was its first motion when the sword was unsheathed!

This sword was swift to the point that Martial Scholars below the Xiantian stage would find it hard even to detect Yan Shan’s unsheathing motion.

Even at the moment when the sword connected and they perished, they might not also have yet understood how exactly Yan Shan had claimed their lives!

Although it was still in the day now, the Yan Zhaoge who was directly facing off against Yan Shan’s sword had such a feeling.

It was like there was not a single speck of light before him, the only light coming from a sudden flash of lightning in the pitch black of the night.

All the light was concentrated within this purple streak of lightning!

A cold and decisive killing intent caused the lightning to not contain any blazing heat whatsoever, instead being bone-numbingly cold!

This streak of lightning, however, did not disorient Yan Zhaoge.

Not slower than Yan Shan in the least, Yan Zhaoge abruptly moved!

Aura Wind Heaven Warping Qi!

Wind Fire Calamities, Wind Calamity!

Under the boost of the two movement techniques, the already swift Clouds Surging Dragon Soaring sword technique sped up even further!

Like a divine dragon crossing the heavens, one instant a thousand li!

As Yan Zhaoge moved, Yan Shan was instantly disorientated!

It was not just in his field of vision; even in his acute senses that had reached the initial stages of being able to sense the heavens and earth, Yan Zhaoge was also nowhere to be found!

Yan Shan was shocked, as the Purple Gold Thunder Sword abruptly vibrated!

The Xiantian Martial Scholar Yan Shan could not react in time, but as a spirit artifact, his Purple Gold Thunder Sword could, and did.

Guided by the Purple Gold Thunder Sword that was abundant with spirituality, its originally straight sword-light curved into an arc.

It was only now that Yan Shan felt the hairs on the back of his head blow upwards simultaneously, as though infinite, limitless coldness had converged at the back of his head, piercing him with a needle-sharp pain.

Not daring to hesitate in the least, Yan Shan followed through with the guidance of the Purple Gold Thunder Sword, swivelling around and striking out with his sword behind him.

Clenching his teeth hard, the Purple Gold Thunder Sword within his hands shook.

The Heavenly Thunder Hall's direct lineage martial art, Lightning Mantra Seventy Two Swords!

Dense as rain, quick as lightning, the violent sword-light instantly transformed into a net of electricity before him as the sky filled with a purple light, obscuring the heavens and covering the earth.

But within the net of electricity, a green light shockingly penetrated through its incomparably dense area of purple light!

This scene obviously meant that Yan Zhaoge's sword, was faster!

The next moment, the all-encompassing purple light was extinguished.

Only now did the sound of the howling wind enter Yan Shan's ears, as he felt as though he was currently in the eye of a violent storm.

Seeing his sword-light vanish, Yan Shan's pupils abruptly contracted as he hurriedly changed his stance once more.

But this time, the sword-light of purple lightning, no longer appeared.

Dazed, Yan Shan suddenly saw a severed arm, within which was still grasped a sword that radiated purple light, shoot up into the sky.

The severed arm was drenched in fresh blood, spilling down to stain the pure white snow below.

Yan Zhaoge reappeared once more, the Jade Dragon Sword within his right hand, looking at his opponent calmly.

Only now did Yan Shan feel an intense pain emanating from his right arm. Looking downwards, his sword-wielding right hand had actually been severed by Yan Zhaoge in a single blow!

The speed of this sword of Yan Zhaoge's was such that without even having yet detected it, Yan Shan had already been struck by it!

Yan Shan let out a tragic cry, his left hand cradling the wound on his right arm as he tottered backwards.

It was only now that the surrounding spectators felt like they had just woken up from a dream, though not quite understanding why.

Most of them had only seemed to see a purple sword-light and a green-sword light flash by before their eyes, not having been able to see anything further.

What they saw next was a severed arm, shooting up into the sky!

The entire exchange of blows had only seemingly lasted the time

it took to blink one's eyes.

Yan Min and the others stared wide-eyed, completely unable to comprehend how it had turned out this way.

“The distance between us is very small,” Yan Zhaoge looked calmly at the collapsed Yan Shan, “Then?”

The fingers of Yan Shan's left hand tapped around continuously, hurriedly staunching the flow of blood on his right arm.

He looked at Yan Zhaoge with an incredulous expression on his face.

Although Heavenly Thunder Hall's martial practitioners all proudly proclaimed that of all the martial arts under the heavens, only speed could not be surpassed, it did not mean that they were really invincible at their same level of cultivation.

Of the current six great Sacred Grounds, while Heavenly Thunder Hall disciples often got one up over disciples of the other Sacred Grounds, they often met with setbacks as well.

A disciple of Infinite Boundless Mountain had once jokingly said that the Heavenly Thunder Hall were only awesome at the start of a fight, and if they were unable to quickly secure victory, they would be like meaty flesh from the underbelly of a fish.

However, Yan Zhaoge had won in what they were most



proficient at, securing victory in Yan Shan's most prided unsheathing of the sword as well as speed!

This was what was hardest for Yan Shan to accept!

Not only had he lost, it had been a complete, sweeping victory!

The faces of Yan Min and the other Zhao Region Yans were ashen.

Yan Shan, was the most outstanding genius of this generation of the Zhao Region Yan Family!

Having been groomed by them, he was also one of the most outstanding figures of the Thunder Domain's Heavenly Thunder Hall's younger generation.

Not only was he as an early Xiantian Martial Scholar invincible amongst all the martial practitioners of the Zhao Region Yan Family at the same cultivation level, even their mid Xiantian martial scholars had to bow down in inferiority to him.

But such a Heaven's favoured son, in the blink of an eye, had been defeated by Yan Zhaoge!

# HSSB 139: Thunder Rumbling Young Master

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Not just those of the Zhao Region Yan Family, even the black-clothed martial practitioners of the Central Heaven Region Yan Family who had accompanied Yan Zhaoge here all revealed shocked expressions.

When a Heavenly Thunder Hall disciple clashed with an opponent with the battle being decided within the first few moves, he or she would generally have emerged the victor.

The longer the fight dragged on, the lower the chances of winning of the Heavenly Thunder Hall martial practitioner. Victories were usually in terms of speed, while defeat was generally from having entered tough, protracted battles.

Today, a Heavenly Thunder Hall martial practitioner had been speedily defeated by someone at the same cultivation level, rather than someone with a superior cultivation base-how long had it been since the entire Eight Extremities World had seen such a thing?

Yan Zhaoge stood where he was, unmoving. And it was now that Yan Shan's severed arm, finally landed on the ground.

That right hand of his was still tightly gripping the Purple Gold Thunder Sword, which, possessing much spirituality, guided Yan Shan's broken arm on its own initiative back to its owner.

However, just as the Purple Gold Thunder Sword moved, Yan

Zhaoge's Jade Dragon Sword followed, moving to suppress its motion as a streak of green light flashed past.

Shaken by that aura-qi, the fingers of Yan Shan's severed hand naturally unclenched, releasing the handle of the sword.

Yan Shan glared furiously at Yan Zhaoge, "You..."

Yan Zhaoge's expression was mild and as per usual as he captured the Purple Gold Thunder Sword with the Jade Dragon Sword.

Being heavily injured, Yan Shan was unable to concentrate, his communication with the Purple Gold Thunder Sword no longer smooth. Even while the Purple Gold Thunder Sword tried to struggle, it was still easily suppressed by the Jade Dragon Sword.

Yan Zhaoge said calmly, "You're lucky; when you return, remember to thank Lin Zhou and his father."

Hearing his words, Yan Shan was stunned with incomprehension.

Yan Zhaoge, however, no longer paid any attention to him. Keeping the Purple Gold Thunder Sword, he turned and walked towards the Cloud Array Spirit Flower, also waving his hands towards Ah Hu.

With a savage laugh, Ah Hu, along with the other black-clothed martial practitioners, walked towards Yan Min and the others.

The faces of Yan Min and the others all turned pale as they now remembered Yan Zhaoge's earlier words. Even if they wanted to struggle in resistance, how were they these peoples' opponents?

Ignoring the ghastly shrieks and howls of the Zhao Region Yans as well as the Yan Shan whose face was currently both angered and pale at the same time, Yan Zhaoge minded his own business as he went to harvest the Cloud Array Spirit Flower.

Leaving behind a ground of fresh blood, Yan Shan and the others fled in a panic.

The old man who was Yan Min's guardian, ignoring Yan Shan's unhappy expression, suddenly said before leaving, "The Thunder Rumbling Young Master is also in these East Strangling Snow Mountains!"

Upon hearing that old man's words, Yan Zhaoge's expression didn't change in the slightest; this caused him quite some disappointment.

Ah Hu returned to Yan Zhaoge's side.

"Young Master, when that Yan Shan moved just now, he evidently displayed an extremely strong killing intent towards you..."

While carefully harvesting the spirit flower, Yan Zhaoge replied,

“Letting him return would still be of benefit to us. That severed arm of his—did he take it away?”

Ah Hu answered, “He did, and if he manages to get it done in time, it still has the possibility of being fixed back. However, as a martial practitioner, his right hand should no longer be of much use in the future.”

Yan Zhaoge said carelessly, “No matter, he trains in the sword. If his right hand can’t make it, the possibility still remains of him fighting with his left.”

Ah Hu scratched his head, “Young Master?”

“While cultivating at Cloud Portent Mountain, you gathered information as per usual, before reporting it to me,” Yan Zhaoge’s gaze hardened slightly, “Do you still remember which news regarding the Heavenly Thunder Hall we saw as worth paying attention to?”

Ah Hu realised, “Young Master, you mentioned Lin Zhou and his father just now...”

Lin Zhou was that young genius of the Heavenly Thunder Hall who was known alongside the similarly remarkable Yan Shan as ‘Lightning Flashing Thunder Rumbling’.

At the same time, his background was also extraordinary, his father being a Grand Elder of the Heavenly Thunder Hall who

possessed great authority there.

Three years ago, in the Heavenly Connection Meet then, Yan Zhaoge had been hailed as one of the Four Young Masters of the current era alongside Lin Zhou, known as the Thunder Rumbling Young Master.

Unlike Broad Creed Mountain's Xu Fei, Lu Wen and Yan Zhaoge as well as the Sacred Sun Clan's Tang Yonghao, Xiao Shen and Chao Yuanlong who had basically been the most superior within their own age category, Lin Zhou and Yan Shan were really of the same age, the two of them having competed for ten over years ever since their youth all the way up till now.

Above them stood the two Grand Elders of the Heavenly Thunder Hall, who were similarly competitors.

Just like the Sacred Sun Clan's Chief Huang Xu and the World Illuminating Lord of that generation before; just like Fang Zhun and Yan Di now.

Lin Zhou's father and Yan Shan's Master had also long been competing for the position of the Heavenly Thunder Hall's next Chief.

Yan Zhaoge nodded, "Of the two, Lin Zhou's father has always been at an obvious disadvantage. If no unforeseen circumstances occur, there is an eighty percent chance that it will be Yan Shan's Master who prevails, and this result will also be seen very quickly."

“If that is the case and Yan Shan wishes to die, I don’t mind fulfilling his wishes.”

“That way, of the Heavenly Thunder Hall’s younger generation, while it still cannot be said that Lin Zhou is completely unmatched, Yan Shan’s Master will find it very hard to produce a young disciple who can contend with him within a short period of time.”

“Although the use of this is limited, it will at the very least improve the position of Lin Zhou’s father, preventing him from being defeated so easily.”

The internal conflict of the Heavenly Thunder Hall being even more of a stalemate and with both sides’ relationship increasingly likely to worsen was naturally all the better for Broad Creed Mountain.

Ah Hu nodded in understanding, “However, in recent days, it seems that the internal situation within the Heavenly Thunder Hall has actually seen a sudden change.”

“Lin Zhou’s father, continuously playing some brilliant hands, actually gradually got the situation more and more into his favour, his speaking power and influence in the Heavenly Thunder Hall rising straight up, even having the momentum of coming from behind to steal the lead.”

“The Thunder Rumbling Young Master Lin Zhou himself also suddenly improved in his cultivation, throwing Yan Shan with

whom he had previously always been level.”

“The situation has now reversed, with Lin Zhou’s father holding much of an upper hand. If Yan Shan’s Master loses him as well, things will only get more unfavourable for him.”

Having finished harvesting the Cloud Array Spirit Flower, Yan Zhaoge stored it carefully, “That’s right. Suppressing the stronger and helping the weaker, causing both sides to be kept locked in a stalemate, is what we would be most happy to see now.”

“As for Yan Shan, he can first carefully get over his injuries before proceeding to properly train his left arm in the sword, following which his main opponent will still be Lin Zhou.”

Yan Zhaoge lifted his eyelids, “I have a sort of premonition that even if we inadvertently make things more convenient for Yan Shan’s Master, Lin Zhou and his father will only come to hold a greater and greater advantage.”

“The good days of Yan Shan and his Master, are at their end.”

Ah Hu was somewhat doubtful, “Young Master, why is that so ah?”

Yan Zhaoge said, “It’s just a premonition; I can’t explain it clearly.”

He handed over the container within which was sealed the Cloud



Array Spirit Flower over to Ah Hu, “Keeping low-key and careful, making sure not to alarm anyone as much as possible, get this back to Broad Creed Mountain as soon as possible.”

After thinking for a while, Ah Hu said, “My target is also very obvious, and will easily attract the attention of others; why not you send someone else instead.”

Yan Zhaoge nodded, “You can arrange for it; just remember that this thing is very important, and has to be handed over to my father in person.”

Ah Hu agreed, and went to make the arrangements.

Seeing Ah Hu’s departing figure, Yan Zhaoge thought about how some things were inconvenient for him to talk clearly to even Ah Hu about.

Regarding Lin Zhou’s and his father’s sudden rise to power, it had not actually been just a prediction of his.

Putting together and analysing some of the information reports that he had received, Yan Zhaoge had actually had even more speculations.

“Lin Zhou, interesting...” Yan Zhaoge lightly raised his brows as many thoughts instantly flashed through his mind.

In the memories of his body’s original owner, in the Heavenly

Connection Meet three years ago, Yan Shan, being in seclusion, had not participated, but the Thunder Rumbling Young Master Lin Zhou, he had actually met in person.

Still, at this moment, before Yan Zhaoge's eyes, two other silhouettes vaguely took form, vaguely coming to merge with the figure of Lin Zhou.

“Disperse, and carefully search this East Strangling Snow Mountain. The Heavenly Thunder Hall's ‘Lightning Flashing Thunder Rumbling’ both appearing in this place at the same time—there's bound to be something up,” After pondering for a moment, Yan Zhaoge recovered and instructed the retainers accompanying him.

# HSSB 140: Sacred Artifact Fragment

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The East Strangling Snow Mountain was large, but at the end of the day, its special characteristics that people would take heed of were still limited.

Not long after, the black-clothed martial practitioners reported back that between the mountains to the south there was an unusual flow of spiritual qi.

It actually seemed like there was a hidden yet extremely strong spirit formation there.

Yan Zhaoge and Ah Hu immediately hurried in that direction, following which Yan Zhaoge raised his brows slightly, “It really is a massive spirit formation.”

After feeling carefully, he could detect that the strength of the spirit formation was currently rising unceasingly.

Ah Hu grinned widely, “Young Master, such fluctuations of power-it isn’t something that people have set up here, but rather an ancient formation that has long existed!”

“Usually it is completely obscured, making it hard to detect.”

“Now, with people having set it off, the spirit formation has activated, its strength rising, forming an existence like a boundary that is gradually reaching its peak.”

Rubbing his huge hands, Ah Hu smiled till only his teeth and not his eyes could be seen, “This is very possibly a cave dwelling left behind by a senior expert who has long since died; we’ve struck it rich this time. Luckily we made it here in time; it really is that arriving coincidentally beats arriving early.”

Carefully observing the fluctuations of the formation, Yan Zhaoge gradually came to a realisation, “The legacies that were left behind in the Eight Extremities World following the Great Calamity cannot be considered too ancient; they’re at the very least far from the time of the Glacial Dragon Martial Saint.”

“While the one who left the legacy should not have reached the Martial Saint realm, this spirit formation is somewhat profound, remaining hidden and inactivated.”

“Even having been set off now, its spiritual fluctuations are still limited to the few mountain peaks in the vicinity; if not for me having specially sent people to search all around, we would not have been able to discover it from further away.”

As he thought thus within his heart, Yan Zhaoge swivelled his head to glance at the happy Ah Hu, “You yourself also said that the formation was only set off just now because of people; this means that someone has gone on ahead of us.”

Ah Hu gave a simple and honest laugh, “If someone has gone on ahead, you, Young Master, can come up from behind ah.”

“With Yan Shan heavily injured and retreated, it should most likely be that Thunder Rumbling Young Master Lin Zhou, right?”

He rubbed his hands, “Such legacies, though ancient and worn down, still likely contain some defensive measures. Even if Lin Zhou has entered first, if he wants to crack them, it will also not be easy. Conversely he would even be sweeping the path ahead on our behalf.”

“Young Master, the spirit formation has only just activated; there’s still some time for us to rush in now. Otherwise, we’d be kept on the outside.”

Narrowing his eyes, Yan Zhaoge thought for a moment, before he responded as if without a care, “Let’s go, we’ll just take a look first before deciding on anything else.”

The crowd of black-clothed martial practitioners remained on the outside while Yan Zhaoge and Ah Hu proceeded inside, following the path of the spiritual qi to the centre of the spirit formation. It was a cave made completely of ice.

After checking the outskirts and confirming that there were no people waiting in ambush or orioles lying in wait, Yan Zhaoge and Ah Hu entered the cave together.

The power of the spirit formation became stronger and stronger as it gradually produced the effect of separating them from the heavens and the earth.

Yan Zhaoge was not worried about his path back outside being cut off, though. As long as he had control of the core of the formation, it would not be hard for him if he wanted to leave.

Within the ice cave, danger came every three steps, crises every five, as the place was riddled with hidden mechanisms. This forced Yan Zhaoge and Ah Hu to have to keep alert.

Passing through that long tunnel of ice, reaching its end, the two seemed to have entered a large hall.

“Young Master, be careful!” Ah Hu’s expression was stern as no laughter could be seen on it whatsoever.

Yan Zhaoge nodded, focusing on that dense cold fog before him.

The fog enveloped the surrounding area, causing the very space itself to seem somewhat warped.

Yan Zhaoge proceeded in a direction for a very long distance. However, no matter how he moved, he could not touch the walls or ceiling of the hall, as if it were a completely empty space.

Enveloped by the cold fog, this hall seemed to have become infinitely large, and had become part of an intricate bewildering formation.

Ah Hu followed closely by Yan Zhaoge, not leaving his side by an inch.

Within the fog that suffused the air before them, although it was not like they could not see the fingers that they extended before them, they could only see an extremely limited distance, despite their enhanced vision.

Suddenly, the layer of ice beneath their feet shook as within the fog, over ten indistinct gigantic figures slowly rose up from the ground.

Ice Crystal Guards, giants formed of ice.

Their icy bodies were huge and burly, with strong fluctuations of power being emanated from the entirety of their being. Although the giants' movements were a little stiff, the heavy power they possessed was not something that people would dare to look down on in the least.

While these Ice Crystal Guards did not possess any aura-qi whatsoever, their strength was terrifying, and the destructive power contained within their bodies superior to the flesh and blood bodies of humans.

As beings born from the spirit formation and its cold fog, even if they were destroyed or damaged, after a period of time of nurturing, they would still be reborn once more from within the cold fog.

Yan Zhaoge raised his brows, "So it is the legacy of Old Man Great Sorrow."

Ah Hu nodded a few times, “The ice fog bewildering formation, the Ice Crystal Guards-it is indeed the handiwork of Old Man Great Sorrow of the past.”

While Old Man Great Sorrow had died quite a long time ago, he was still quite famous in the Eight Extremities World, having left many legends behind for later generations to visit and ponder upon.

And the most well-known and colourful of those legends was the rumour that Old Man Great Sorrow had once possessed a Sacred Artifact fragment.

It was said that it was of a Sacred Artifact that had existed before the time of the Great Calamity, but had shattered after meeting with danger during the Great Calamity.

But even though it was only a fragment of a Sacred Artifact, it still possessed a somewhat strong power.

The power contained within it aside, as an ingredient, the fragment was also a precious treasure which one would be hard pressed to find elsewhere.

Because of that matter during the Calamity, Old Man Great Sorrow had even been surrounded and attacked, only managing to break out of the encirclement with much difficulty. Following that, he found a secret place of residence for himself and no longer appeared within the world.



“It looks like this is the secret residence of Old Man Great Sorrow,” Ah Hu was not shocked, rather being overjoyed, “Young Master, a Sacred Artifact fragment is no small thing. This time, you’ve really struck it lucky.”

Yan Zhaoge thought aloud, “If Old Man Great Sorrow did not step into the Martial Saint realm, he should be long dead by now.”

Ah Hu grinned, “If he became a Martial Saint, why in the world would he still be in hiding ah.”

As he said this, Ah Hu punched an approaching Ice Crystal Guard into smithereens, “I’ll hold them off here; does Young Master have any way to crack this ice fog?”

Yan Zhaoge said, “Cracking the ice fog would not be hard, but cracking it would not mean that all would be well.”

“After observing for a while, this place should be divided into two levels.”

“The first level is the cold ice, borrowing the external environment of the East Strangling Snow Mountains. The other level should most likely be a world of blazing fire; it is very likely that if we continue heading deeper down, borrowing the fire qi of the earth vein here, there might even be lava below.”

Ah Hu realised, “Oh, that’s right-Old Man Great Sorrow was

acclaimed that year for cultivating in both ice and fire.”

Yan Zhaoge said, “Move together with me. I’ll break the formation; you’ll cover me.”

Ah Hu gave a simple and honest laugh, “Yes, Young Master.”

Not wasting their time on needless words, the two immediately began.

And at the same time, there was currently a person silently observing Yan Zhaoge and Ah Hu.

It was a handsome youth, his expression deep, his gaze piercing, his clothes similar to Yan Shan’s, with an appearance of a direct disciple of the Heavenly Thunder Hall.

If Yan Zhaoge and Yan Shan were here now, they would immediately discern this youth’s identity.

The Thunder Rumbling Young Master, Lin Zhou!

Currently, where Lin Zhou was, half blazing fire, half cold ice, a great amount of spiritual qi was congregated. It was evidently where the core of the spirit formation guarding Old Man Great Sorrow’s old residence was.

Looking through the illusory world of a mirror hovering within

the air, he observed Yan Zhaoge.

“Broad Creed Young Master, Yan Zhaoge...” Lin Zhou murmured to himself, “Let me see-are you the same kind of person as I?”

# HSSB 141: Beat To The Draw!

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The spirit formation left behind in Old Man Great Sorrow's old residence once possessed great power.

However, even though the spirit formation had been concealed and quiet for all this time, with Old Man Great Sorrow already having been dead for so long, it had gradually lost some of its spiritual qi.

With the spiritual qi being lost, affected by the passing of time, the spirit formation became incomplete, its power far from its previous peak.

Even still, one would need to be at least a Martial Grandmaster if they wanted to break through the formation through pure force alone.

The cold fog was pervasive, corroding the bones. While seemingly minor, as time passed, it would unceasingly corrode one's body with them unawares.

Even a Martial Grandmaster expert, having stayed within the ice fog for too long, would also gradually succumb.

When the aura-qi used to withstand the cold was no more and one had still not managed to walk out of that ice fog bewildering formation, they would be frozen directly to death within the cold fog, becoming a part of that cold ice.

Moreover, when withstanding the harsh coldness, one would still have to face the attacks of the repeatedly reviving Ice Crystal Guards, with more always standing up to take the place of those which had fallen, draining their energy even faster.

None of these, however, were too difficult for Yan Zhaoge.

Constantly calculating the changes in the flow of the spiritual qi here, Yan Zhaoge was able to gradually grasp the key to breaking the formation, getting quicker as he progressed.

While the area before him was still suffused with fog, Yan Zhaoge's spiritual sense was becoming more and more acute as he gradually became able to clearly identify the direction he was heading.

Very quickly, before Yan Zhaoge and Ah Hu appeared a platform, formed completely of cold ice with numerous spirit patterns circulating about it.

Standing on the platform, Yan Zhaoge bent down and reached out his palm, pressing it on the surface of the layer of ice.

A cold feeling emanated; the layer of ice was hard and sturdy.

Even with Yan Zhaoge's current cultivation base, the feeling that it would be extremely difficult to destroy still welled up within his heart.

The ice layer influenced Yan Zhaoge's aura-qi as he could feel that within the cold ice also existed a strange circulatory flow of qi, forming its own system. Wanting to infuse his aura-qi within, Yan Zhaoge found that it was harder than expected, as he experienced the rejection of the spiritual qi within the ice layer.

Smiling, neither hurried nor temperamental, Yan Zhaoge first ensured the stable circulation of his own aura-qi before he once again slowly attempted to feel for the laws of equilibrium of the spiritual qi flowing beneath the layer of ice.

Ah Hu reached out with both hands, directly grabbing the heads of two Ice Crystal Guards, before smashing them towards each other!

Colliding, the heads of the two Ice Crystal Guards instantly shattered.

Without turning around, Ah Hu asked, "Young Master?"

Yan Zhaoge said, "It's fine; this is a part of the spirit formation, an existence that seems like a 'door' while also a 'tunnel'."

"The spiritual qi within the ice layer has formed a stable circulation equilibrium, and I have to find a way to integrate my aura-qi within this equilibrium, merging them together. That way, we would be able to get past the ice layer and descend to the next level.

Saying thusly, Yan Zhaoge shook the aura-qi within his body, the ice layer beneath his palms suddenly lighting up with a radiance as, the next moment, his figure vanished.

Ah Hu shattered an Ice Crystal Guard to pieces with a backhand before he copied Yan Zhaoge's actions, his figure also vanishing as the ice layer of the platform flickered with a light.

Getting through the ice layer, Yan Zhaoge and Ah Hu arrived in a massive ice chamber.

The cold fog had vanished; this ice chamber was completely empty except from its centre, where there laid a massive coffin formed of ice crystals.

Ah Hu looked curiously at the coffin, "This is Old Man Great Sorrow's tomb?"

Yan Zhaoge shook his head, "Fake tomb; it's also a part of the hidden mechanisms and spirit formation. The coffin itself should hold a dangerous hidden mechanism."

Shutting his eyes, Yan Zhaoge carefully felt for a moment before he leapt upwards, his body flipping upside down as he landed on the ceiling of the ice chamber.

As though he was standing on the ice chamber's ceiling, positioned upside down, Yan Zhaoge walked several steps left and

right, treading out a strange rhythm.

After a while, he suddenly stopped, now being precisely above where the coffin of ice crystals was.

On the ceiling of the ice chamber, beneath Yan Zhaoge's feet, a radiance shone once more on the ice layer.

Ah Hu grinned as he too jumped onto the ceiling of the ice chamber, before the two of them disappeared from within the room.

Once more through the hidden mechanisms of the spirit formation, the scene before Yan Zhaoge's eyes abruptly changed, from a snowy white world of cold ice, suddenly coming to a crimson red world of blazing flames!

A vast river of flames appeared before the two, holding an unbearable atmosphere which would almost induce suffocation.

Beneath the East Strangling Snow Mountains that were covered by white ice, was shockingly a huge zone of lava.

Gazing far through the all-encompassing flames, Yan Zhaoge vaguely saw that at the centre of the river of lava, there was a gigantic rock rising tall like a solitary isle in the middle of nowhere.

As the blazing hot lava flowed, terrifying sparks of fire splattered



ceaselessly on to that gigantic rock.

Leaping across the river of lava, Yan Zhaoge and Ah Hu arrived on the gigantic rock at its centre that resembled a solitary isle.

At the centre of the rock there was, shockingly, a stone coffin. Over the stone coffin hovered words written in flame, “Alas! Alas!”

This was Old Man Great Sorrow’s true burial ground.

While the situation was as he had predicted, Yan Zhaoge couldn’t get his spirits up, while Ah Hu also looked surprised, “I can’t feel the presence of the Sacred Artifact fragment ah.”

He shook his huge head, “Young Master, could it be that Old Man Great Sorrow placed the Sacred Artifact elsewhere, and it had never been here all along?”

Yan Zhaoge didn’t answer, first coming before the stone coffin and bowing. Coming to his senses, Ah Hu also did the same.

Next, Yan Zhaoge closed his eyes, carefully feeling their surroundings for a moment before now he reopened them, “The Sacred Artifact fragment was indeed once here; however, we’ve been beat to the draw for it.”

Ah Hu looked a little unhappy, “Young Master, we haven’t spent much time here. If that Lin Zhou beat us to the draw and took away that Sacred Artifact fragment, with not even his shadow still

remaining here upon our arrival, isn't that speed of his a little too fast?"

"I still thought that he'd still be trapped within that ice fog bewildering formation, while we had already overtaken him."

"Although I've heard that Lin Zhou's cultivation has been improving by leaps and bounds recently, throwing Yan Shan whom he had previously always been level with behind, he still can't have become a Martial Grandmaster so quickly, right?"

"Even if he is now a Martial Grandmaster, unless he is very strong, it would also not have been possible for him to crack that ice fog bewildering formation so quickly."

"While Old Man Great Sorrow is dead, the spirit formation that he left behind is not that easy to crack," Ah Hu hesitated slightly for a moment, "This was even faster than your speed, Young Master..."

Ah Hu scratched the back of his head, "It is like he knew where to walk as soon as he came in, not having to decipher and crack the bewildering formation on the spot; or perhaps there is a shortcut here, and he directly used it to enter."

This was really one of the rare times that Yan Zhaoge had fallen a step behind someone ever since having crossed over to this world.

Stroking his temple, Yan Zhaoge surveyed the surrounding world

of flames, “Is it that in terms of ability, there is always an expert above an expert, a sky above a sky; or is it to say that, he really came in here with a complete grasp of what he would be facing inside?”

His gaze finally stopped at Old Man Great Sorrow’s stone coffin, where those words formed of flame were preserved and solidified in mid-air, eternal.

The two ‘Alas’ words, having experienced the passing of many ages, seemed to be able to let one pass through time, feeling as well the regret that Old Man Great Sorrow had felt all those years ago before his death, unresigned to his fate.

As Yan Zhaoge was pondering, the world of flame which the two of them were in suddenly shuddered intensely.

The river of lava surrounding the giant rock suddenly roiled, the rocks above them fragmenting and plummeting downwards non-stop!

This underground zone of lava seemed about to transform into a sea of flames, the heavens collapsing and the earth concaving!

At the core of the spirit formation, where ice and fire intermingled, the Thunder Rumbling Young Master Lin Zhou looked calmly at the pair currently trapped within the violent world of lava.

“Breaking the formation step by step, this is not something to which I can compare,” Lin Zhou’s gaze was a little strange, “But, since you don’t know the location of the secret passage, that shows that you are not the same type of person as me.”

“Although I don’t know how there came to be such a huge change to your destined path, causing so many things to change, you have indeed churned the waters all turbid, rendering me unable to be certain of my originally clear memories, not daring to believe in what I had previously been confident of.”

“If you completely vanish within this underground world of lava, perhaps everything of the ‘past’ can return to its original path?”

Lin Zhou murmured, “This way, the number of chips within my hands will also be a little more. Anyway, you are also a thorn in my Heavenly Thunder Hall’s flesh.”

“Since it is so, then it’s best farewell forever, Broad Creed Young Master, Yan Zhaoge.”

# HSSB 142: With Preparation Comes Assurance

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Lin Zhou spread out his palm before him. Within it lay a purple orb the size of an egg, shining with a dazzling radiance.

The purple orb levitated into the air, revolving around Lin Zhou, a shocking aura emanating from within.

This was precisely the manifestation of Old Man Great Sorrow's Sacred Artifact fragment that he'd previously collected.

Lin Zhou kept the Sacred Artifact fragment that was in the form of a purple orb, now taking a final look at the illusory scene.

Within it, the figures of Yan Zhaoge and Ah Hu could no longer be seen. There was only an all-encompassing world of flames, lava spurting out everywhere.

The core of the spirit formation where Lin Zhou was currently positioned also gradually began showing signs of collapse at this point.

On the side with the flames, the blazing fire grew more and more intense, the icy coldness on his other side attempting to sustain the equilibrium with all its might.

A hint of a smile was revealed at the corners of Lin Zhou's mouth

as, stomping downwards, his foot landed heavily on the core spirit patterns of the spirit formation beneath him.

The spirit patterns shattered, cracks spreading outwards in all directions as the entire spirit pattern became unstable, the space where the icy coldness was also beginning to collapse.

With the formation base collapsing, the effects played out on Old Man Great Sorrow's entire residence. Not only did the underground lava world where his real coffin was located experience heaven-turning, earth-shaking changes, the palace of ice above also started collapsing!

In the outermost region which was enveloped by the cold fog bewildering formation, the cold fog seemed to roil like lake water, temperamental and violent.

Within the fake tomb, that ice coffin suddenly flickered with a dazzling, bright light as the hidden mechanisms installed within activated, a destructive force beginning to spread outwards in all directions.

As the fierce flames raged within the underground lava world and the drastic changes that had suddenly began unfolding in the ice palace upstairs, they began merging and moving in sync.

The spirit formation that Old Man Great Sorrow had left behind began entirely collapsing and circulating in reverse, the originally smooth channel of power that had flowed within turning wild and crazed, erupting with a shocking force.

The ice and fire intermingled, resembling hell.

Lin Zhou also didn't dare to remain there any further. He retreated and left the spirit formation, making use of its last vestiges of stable power before it collapsed to open a tunnel, allowing himself to retreat back to the surface.

Currently, within the underground lava world, the gigantic rock on which Yan Zhaoge and Ah Hu currently stood within the river of lava was already beginning to show signs of collapse.

Blazing fire spewed and flaming rocks flew, with it seeming like the sky was going to collapse and the earth shatter.

Ah Hu was rendered wide-eyed and speechless, "Without coming into contact with the coffin, only having taken away the Sacred Artifact fragment, there shouldn't be this type of change occurring, right?"

Yan Zhaoge let out a long breath, "If the flow of the spirit formation were reversed at its core, that would be possible."

"Such a calamitous power-even many Martial Grandmasters would be unable to withstand it!" Ah Hu had a pained expression on his face.

Yan Zhaoge shook his head, "The ancients speak true: With preparation comes assurance."

Saying thus, Yan Zhaoge raised his left hand. On his left wrist was tied a thin rope, from which in turn dangled a rhombic-shaped crystal, crimson as fire, resembling a small shuttle.

Yan Zhaoge took it off, infusing his aura-qi within. The small crystal instantly skyrocketed in size, ending up around two feet long and around the size and thickness of a wrist.

It was precisely Yan Zhaoge's homemade Underground Splitting Shuttle!

Yan Zhaoge tapped gently on the Underground Splitting Shuttle with his fingers, "Under such circumstances, two perfectly undamaged low-grade spiritual artifacts would not be of any help whatsoever. However, this thing's different."

"In undertaking dangerous treasure-seeking expeditions, this is a necessary tool."

The two foot long Underground Splitting Shuttle increased in size once more, instantly transforming into a crystalline shuttle the size of a small boat.

Ah Hu looked on stunned as Yan Zhaoge grabbed him, the two entering the Underground Splitting Shuttle together.

The next moment, the Underground Splitting Shuttle transformed into a fiery red streak of light, plunging directly into



the river of lava on its own accord.

Within the Underground Splitting Shuttle, only now did Ah Hu manage to get his lower jaw that had nearly dropped to the ground back in place, as he stroked it upon witnessing the scene before him, “Young Master, this is...the real use of the Underground Splitting Shuttle?”

Yan Zhaoge looked as though it was only normal, “Underground Splitting Shuttle-it is just as its name implies. What else would you think it would be for?”

Ah Hu scratched the back of his head, “I thought that it was just a tool which could create a path or scout ahead, I had never thought that it would be able to take passengers.”

“Saying that it is for creating a path or scouting ahead is actually also not wrong,” Yan Zhaoge lifted his head as, separated from them by faint crystalline layer, the surging, blazing lava rampaged, seeming as though it could damage the Underground Splitting Shuttle at any time.

Yan Zhaoge smacked his lips, “Such an environment is still a little dangerous. Given enough time, the Underground Splitting Shuttle would also begin to crack and break apart.”

Shocked, Ah Hu was just about to ask what to do when, through the crystalline layer, the surroundings around them suddenly changed, the light of fire dimming as all was pitch black.

Gazing back, the crimson blazing fire as well as lava were still visible not far behind them.

Apparently, the Underground Splitting Shuttle had penetrated deeply into the rock layer, leaving that world of fiercely blazing flames and escaping from all that blazing hot lava.

Yan Zhaoge said, “Luckily, it was originally not meant purely for defensive purposes, but for breaking out from encirclement and escaping.”

“However, with this, the Underground Splitting Shuttle will inevitably suffer a huge blow to its vitality. Even with the Internal Crystal Furnace to restore it, if we wish for its efficacy to be as good as it currently is, we would have to wait some time.”

As he said thus, Yan Zhaoge looked towards the front as though in a bit of a trance.

Ah Hu finally let out a breath of relief, finally able to relax his greatly tensed heart.

Having escaped safely, he suddenly thought of something else, as he ground his teeth and said, “Young Master, this Lin Zhou has some methods ah!”

Yan Zhaoge shrugged, “Fighting for Sacred Artifact fragments, we all rely on our own various methods.”

“Generally speaking, having gained the Sacred Artifact fragment, it would be fine to just leave. Not having met face-to-face or any casualties or enmity having sprung up, there would be no need to render a competitor dead.”

“However, my situation is a little special, even disregarding the fact that the Sacred Sun Clan and the Heavenly Thunder Hall are allies.”

“Infinite Boundless Mountain leaked out a little about the source of the Thunder Element Revival Art, and knowing that it was me who gave Infinite Boundless Mountain the idea to snatch their Thunderbolt Soul Jade, the Heavenly Thunder Hall would naturally wish to see me dead.”

“In recent days, our Heaven-Water-Mountain tripartite alliance and their Thunder-Fire alliance have basically already had a falling out for good. As a direct disciple of the Heavenly Thunder Hall, upon killing me and returning, not only would he not be punished, he would also have performed a huge merit.”

Yan Zhaoge lowered his voice, an obscure light flashing within, “Perhaps, he has an even more personal reason, hoping to erase my existence?”

Ah Hu grimaced, “But how could he have been so fast? We didn’t catch a glimpse of him from start to end, but not much time actually passed between when the spirit formation activated and when we entered it.”

Yan Zhaoge smiled carelessly, “Perhaps there are people above people, heavens above heavens?”

He extended his hands, pressing them onto the protective wall of the Underground Splitting Shuttle, infusing his own aura-qi within.

The direction in which the Underground Splitting Shuttle was headed changed slightly.

Ah Hu looked over curiously, “Young Master?”

Yan Zhaoge closed his eyes, raising his spiritual awareness to its peak, “In specifically choosing the East Strangling Snow Mountain to set up house in secret, Old Man Great Sorrow might not have done so without other reasons.”

“Do you still remember the words of flame on the stone coffin; the ones that did not dissipate despite the ravages of time?”

Ah Hu answered, “It seemed to be ‘alas’, holding the feelings of extreme regret.”

Yan Zhaoge asked, “What do you think Old Man Great Sorrow was regretting before his death?”

“He was regretting that he had obtained the Sacred Artifact fragment, yet still had to go into hiding, piling up with dust alongside his treasure?” Ah Hu scratched his head, saying

somewhat hesitantly.

Closing his eyes, Yan Zhaoge lifted his hand and swiftly swiped within the Underground Splitting Shuttle, the resulting patterns that appeared actually similar to that of Old Man Great Sorrow's spirit formation.

“What you say is a possibility, but there still exists another possibility,” Yan Zhaoge said slowly, “He was regretting his aspiration that he was unable to fulfill, his plan that had yet to succeed; that instead, his full longevity set to pass, could only live on in the form of regret.”

As these patterns of his were born, the Underground Splitting Shuttle began to experience an obvious change in direction as it moved forward unceasingly.

After a moment, the world before Yan Zhaoge's and Ah Hu's eyes suddenly lit up, as the dark underground world before them, suddenly exploded with light!

# HSSB 143: A Cooked Duck Can Also Fly

As the Underground Splitting Shuttle progressed, its pointed end suddenly encountered thin air, facing much less resistive force as it seemed to have pierced through to somewhere.

In what had originally been a pitch black underground world, a large quantity of purple light suddenly appeared, dazzling and eye-catching.

**"ZZZZZZZZZZZZZZZZZZZZZ!"**

Residing within the Underground Splitting Shuttle, Yan Zhaoge and Ah Hu could hear the incessant buzzing of electricity flowing.

The two blinked momentarily. Opening their eyes once more, they saw that in the midst of the underground layer of rock actually existed a massive cave.

A little purple light of thunder hovered in mid-air within the empty underground cave. With it as their centre, bolts of purple lightning were dancing about within the surrounding space incessantly.

On the walls of the cave surfaced numerous indistinct runes, their spiritual qi silent and peaceful.

The runes intermingled, red and white, resembling flames and ice combining.

The two spiritual qis of harsh winter and blazing heat congregated, guarding the purple light of thunder in their midst, while also preventing the electrical energy within from leaking outwards.

At the same time, cold and hot maintained an equilibrium, not a single bit of coldness or heat dissipating to the outside world.

The brightest purple light of thunder in the middle was shrouded in fog, that resembled a clump of violent thunderclouds.

Within those thunderclouds, a purple orb that was fully the size of a human fist was visible at times whilst obscured at others.

Looking at that orb, Yan Zhaoge snapped his fingers, “It is indeed so.”

Ah Hu stared wide-eyed, “According to the legends, the Sacred Artifact fragment that Old Man Great Sorrow obtained transformed into a purple orb shrouded by lightning, but it was only around the size of an egg. This one is quite a lot bigger than that ah.”

“Is this the manifestation of another Sacred Artifact fragment?”

Yan Zhaoge said, “That’s right. It was probably that, as a result of the autonomous spirituality of this Sacred Artifact fragment being too strong, Old Man Great Sorrow was hard pressed to take it for

himself and wield it despite having found it that year.”

“Thus, he set up this spirit formation, wanting to relying on grinding, slowly refining this Sacred Artifact fragment over time.”

Yan Zhaoge surveyed their surroundings, looking at those numerous spirit patterns of fire and ice intermingling, “Sadly, his longevity reached an end before he was able to completely do so.”

Ah Hu asked whilst stuttering a little, “Young...Young Master, you calculated all of this from the remnant words on Old Man Great Sorrow’s coffin?”

Now, he understood why Yan Zhaoge had replicated Old Man Great Sorrow’s spirit formation back in the Underground Splitting Shuttle earlier.

It had been as a guide, making use of the traces left behind by Old Man Great Sorrow to guide the Underground Splitting Shuttle to arrive here.

Yan Zhaoge shrugged, “Since we were riding the Underground Splitting Shuttle and entering deep underground to avoid the pursuit of the blazing fire and lava, we might as well just try it out.”

“Those remnant words of flame left behind on the coffin stayed untouched throughout the ravages of time-from this, it can be seen how intense Old Man Great Sorrow’s regret was that year, almost



nearing the point of obsession.”

“To the point that his essence, energy and spirit were condensed so greatly right before he died,” Looking at that purple orb within those thunderclouds, Yan Zhaoge sighed, “We can also be considered as having benefited from this senior’s grace.”

Whether it had been that Sacred Artifact fragment that Lin Zhou had beaten them to or this one right before their eyes, both of them had been slowly refined over time by Old Man Great Sorrow.

Otherwise, let alone Martial Scholars, even a Martial Grandmaster like Old Man Great Sorrow would have been hard pressed to relaxedly grasp and wield it as his own.

Ah Hu grinned, “Young Master, although I haven’t seen the other Sacred Artifact fragment, with reference to the rumours and looking at this fragment right here once more, they should originate from the same Spiritual Artifact.”

Looking at that thundercloud, Yan Zhaoge’s voice was faintly discernible, “That’s right, it’s the same.”

“It’s named the Eye of the Thunder Emperor, and also Thunder Emperor’s Pupil.”

Exiting the Underground Splitting Shuttle, Yan Zhaoge took flight, stepping on the air and approaching that purple orb.

Just as he appeared, crackling noises began to resonate within the surrounding space, before numerous lightning snakes materialised within the air, simultaneously launching an assault!

Neither panicked nor harried, Yan Zhaoge swiped with his fingers within the air, tracing out numerous spirit patterns.

His aura-qi formed spirit patterns, which remained within the air, not dissipating for a long time.

The surrounding spiritual qi instantly pulsed, leading the numerous spirit patterns of fire and ice that intermingled on the surrounding stone walls to suddenly glow brightly.

A great amount of radiance emanated, intercrossing in mid-air.

Touched by this radiance, the numerous lightning bolts that had originally been chopping towards Yan Zhaoge instantly calmed down once more, taking the form of scattered bits of electricity as they dissipated within the air.

Walking on the air, Yan Zhaoge arrived at the boundary of the thunderclouds.

After observing carefully and feeling the flow of spiritual qi within for a moment, Yan Zhaoge directly extended his hands to touch the thunderclouds.

The intermingling spirit patterns of ice and fire on the

surrounding stone walls shone as numerous streaks of red and also white light landed on Yan Zhaoge's body.

At the same time, a huge amount of purplish-blue electricity also sped out from within the thunderclouds, moving about unceasingly on the surface of Yan Zhaoge's body.

Seeing how Yan Zhaoge had been enveloped by lightning, the Ah Hu within the Underground Splitting Shuttle was extremely nervous.

The next moment, the thunderclouds abruptly swelled, nearly swallowing Yan Zhaoge whole before suddenly retreating once more.

The numerous lightning bolts were all absorbed within the purple orb, which, with a 'weng' sound, now transformed into a dazzling bolt of lightning, shooting into the skies!

The spirit patterns on the surrounding walls dimmed simultaneously, no longer able to suppress the orb that was the manifestation of a fragment of the Eye of the Thunder Emperor.

In the form of a bolt of lightning, the orb directly pierced through the layer of rock, escaping far away.

Completely unharmed, Yan Zhaoge instead smiled as he leapt back within the Undergrounds Splitting Shuttle, "We chase!"

The Underground Splitting Shuttle set off once more, swiftly breaking apart the rock layer as they pursued in the direction in which the lightning bolt had vanished.

And at the same time, the Lin Zhou who had just exited Old Man Great Sorrow's tomb, with a somewhat mocking smile on his face, was currently looking over the group of black-clothed martial practitioners of Yan Zhaoge's whom he had left guarding the outside.

Then, without their knowing, neither panicked nor harried, Lin Zhou left the group of mountains where the tomb was located.

Having successfully obtained the treasure as planned as well as had some unexpected gains, Lin Zhou was really in quite a good mood.

But he had not gone far when, his face suddenly changed!

The baggage which he used to store treasures vibrated intensely. The next moment, a purple bolt of lightning directly ripped apart that baggage, shooting away!

It was, shockingly, that fragment of the Eye of the Thunder Emperor which he had obtained from Old Man Great Sorrow's tomb!

Letting out rumbling thunder noises, the smooth purple orb the size of an egg, was about to escape into the distance!

Sucking in a deep breath, Lin Zhou lifted his hands and threw out a massive dark red net.

The net grew as it flew through the air, instantly expanding to the point where it looked to obscure the heavens and cover the earth, causing the entire sky to be painted a dark shade of red.

The escaping fragment of the Eye of the Thunder Emperor slammed headlong into the massive dark red net, and was caught.

Watching the trembling red net, Lin Zhou's gaze flickered unceasingly, "This phenomenon, if it isn't from the summoning of the Sacred Artifact's previous owner, it must be that there is another, even stronger Sacred Artifact fragment of the same kind in the vicinity, suddenly experiencing a change to its state, thus attempting to draw my fragment over!"

The Sacred Artifact having already broken into fragments, its owner being long dead, the first possibility could be eliminated.

That left only a single possibility, which was that there was still a second, even stronger Sacred Artifact fragment in the vicinity!

Fiery hope welled up within Lin Zhou's heart, yet a faint ominous feeling was also present.

Not waiting for him to breathe out a sigh of relief, the Sacred Artifact fragment, exploding with the dazzling glow of lightning,

actually forcibly dragged the red net along with itself as it shot off into the distance.

A duck that had already been cooked, that had already entered the mouth, actually regained its ability to fly again-Lin Zhou nearly spat out a mouthful of blood.

# HSSB 144: The Two Sacred Artifact Fragments Becoming One

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Lin Zhou looked moodily at the bolt of lightning formed of the Sacred Artifact fragment as, enveloped by the red net, it still forcibly shot off into the distance.

Relying on his own special advantage, it had really been a long time since he had suffered a setback like this.

This scene caused many unpleasant memories to surface within Lin Zhou's mind.

Very quickly, he regained his calm, hurriedly going off in pursuit of the escaping Sacred Artifact fragment.

Held back by the red net, the Sacred Artifact fragment was slowed to the point where Lin Zhou could still keep track of it.

While hurrying, he pondered, "I never knew that there was actually a second fragment of the Eye of the Thunder Emperor here. Just what..."

"Right! The words left behind by Old Man Great Sorrow on his coffin with his essence and energy actually had such a meaning!" Lin Zhou abruptly realised.

"He found a second fragment of the Eye of the Thunder Emperor,

but needed time to refine and tame it. What he regretted was not being able to live on to that point!”

Lin Zhou sighed, “Sadly, no one was able to notice this, only thinking that he regretted having a Sacred Artifact fragment yet having to live out his days in hiding, feeling uncomfortable all the way till his moment of death.”

Looking at that escaping bolt of lightning, Lin Zhou’s gaze was somewhat distant and deep, “This matter can also be considered as having taught me a lesson. I only know ‘the information that I know’, rather than all the information there is to know.”

“In the future, I will have to observe and ponder upon any and all possible leads more carefully, rather than think only on the information that I already know, thereby gradually growing numb from reliance.”

“However, that second Sacred Artifact fragment must have been concealed to the point of extreme obscurity, to have avoided detection all the way.”

“Even with Old Man Great Sorrow’s tomb completely exposed, it still wasn’t disturbed at all.”

“Then, what was it now that disturbed this Sacred Artifact fragment? Was it a coincidence from my obtaining of the first Sacred Artifact fragment?” Lin Zhou’s gaze turned cold, “Or, was it someone else?”



At this moment, a figure suddenly flashed through Lin Zhou's mind.

A figure that felt somewhat foreign to him.

“The destruction of the tomb's spirit formation still didn't manage to claim his life? Even a Martial Grandmaster might not have been able to escape, so how did he do it? Martial Scholars can only wield low-grade spirit artifacts, and low-grade spirit artifacts would not have been able to protect him from such a tribulation.”

Lin Zhou knit his eyebrows tightly, “As I expected, causing matters to change and far exceed predictions, churning the waters of the pond all turbid...”

The fragment of the Eye of the Thunder Emperor which had actually already been his now became indeterminate once more.

Thinking about this, Lin Zhou felt stifled, “Really, obstructive to the extreme.”

He let out a long breath, the lightning around his entire body roiling.

The Heavenly Thunder Hall's martial arts emphasised speed, its movement techniques were valued rather highly amongst the martial legacies of the Six Great Sacred Grounds.

At this moment Lin Zhou executed his movement technique, his

entire person resembling a bolt of lightning as he sped off in the direction in which the Sacred Artifact fragment had escaped.

And in the distance, already having left the deep underground region of the East Strangling Snow Mountains, a crimson red glow was speedily penetrating and breaking through the rock layer.

Yan Zhaoge and Ah Hu sat within the Underground Splitting Shuttle, controlling it to travel more quickly.

Before them, a tunnel had already been broken through the rock layer by the escaping Eye of the Thunder Emperor, causing the Underground Splitting Shuttle to be able to move with greater ease.

As the Underground Splitting Shuttle travelled upwards, the rock layer eventually loosened, turning into soil.

Then, a bright light abruptly appeared before their eyes, as they had arrived aboveground.

Squinting and looking, Yan Zhaoge saw the fragment of the Eye of the Thunder Emperor that he had chased here hovering within the air, flickering with roiling lightning.

From the East Strangling Snow Mountains emanated the sound of thunder rumbling. Gazing into the distance, another bolt of lightning could be seen streaking through the air as it shot over!

Yan Zhaoge raised his brows slightly, “It’s that first Sacred Artifact fragment that was within Old Man Great Sorrow’s tomb.”

“The second fragment being bigger and stronger, breaking out into the world, it automatically drew the first fragment over to congregate with it.”

Ah Hu grinned happily, “That Lin Zhou also only just obtained that Spirit Artifact fragment, he’s not had the time to nourish and refine it. Not being a Martial Grandmaster, he cannot possibly lock down that Sacred Artifact fragment ah.”

Putting his hand to his forehead, Yan Zhaoge gazed at the lightning bolt that was shooting over, as he observed that there was actually also a red net wrapped around it.

“This thing, looks a little like a Blood Cocoon Net?”

Yan Zhaoge murmured, “No wonder that Sacred Artifact fragment is moving so slowly.”

As the two Sacred Artifact fragments met in mid-air, the sound of rumbling thunder within the sky grew more and more deafening as they shocked the ears.

The Sacred Artifact that Yan Zhaoge and Ah Hu had chased over, originally hovering within the air, with a ‘weng’ sound now moved once more, transforming into a purple bolt of lightning and shooting into the gigantic red net.

As the two Sacred Artifact fragments collided, causing furious lightning, shockingly, they began to merge!

Within the gigantic red net, two Sacred Artifact fragments in the form of purple orbs, one big, one small, came together as one, forming an orb which was slightly bigger than a human fist.

This orb was enveloped by lots of purplish-green lightning; numerous destructive forces were birthed, grew, matured, decayed and were then extinguished within; a continuous cycle which repeated itself up to tens of thousands of times in a single instant!

It was like the course of the world's creation and destruction, a feeling of the infinite sea flowing, that feeling of being momentary whilst also eternal instantly filling the heavens and the earth.

Ah Hu curiously appraised the orb of thunder, "It is rumoured that this Sacred Artifact existed before the Great Calamity, only shattering as a result of having experienced its tribulation."

Yan Zhaoge didn't say anything, falling into a slight trance as he looked at the fragment of the Eye of the Thunder Emperor before him.

He knew clearly that Ah Hu's words were not just mere rumours. The Eye of the Thunder Emperor was indeed a Sacred Artifact that had existed before the time of the Great Calamity.

Yan Zhaoge had also heard of it that year. Amongst Sacred Artifacts, it was one of the most supreme ones.

Yan Zhaoge even knew of its origin. It was formed of a pupil of an ancient expert, the Thunder Emperor, who had been on the level of the Flame Devil Emperor in the past.

Sadly, following that Great Calamity, all of that had become a thing of the past.

The Sacred Artifact fragment before him took on a form of its own, similar in shape to the past Eye of the Thunder Emperor. This was from the Sacred Artifact's own spirituality.

However, the Eye of the Thunder Emperor had not merely shattered into two fragments-in fact, it was many more than that.

Yan Zhaoge recovered from his trance, "According to our information reports, that Lin Zhou is already a mid Xiantian Martial Scholar. Because of the Blood Cocoon Net, the Sacred Artifact fragment has been escaping at a somewhat slower speed."

"With such a speed, not facing any obstruction, he should rightly be able to catch up to it."

Yan Zhaoge gazed far away in the direction of the East Strangling Snow Mountains. Indeed, on the flat plains of the snowy mountains, a human figure sped over in this direction as he resembled a flash of lightning.

The other party had evidently also noticed Yan Zhaoge and Ah Hu, as he abruptly slowed.

The electricity around him dissipated somewhat, revealing the figure of a handsome youth, face sunken like water, gaze resembling lightning.

Seeing the Underground Splitting Shuttle that Yan Zhaoge and Ah Hu were in, he let out a sigh of relief, “While I don’t know what exactly this is, it should only be a unique treasure that can travel underground, not possessing an exceptionally strong power. This two people have not yet reached the Martial Grandmaster realm.”

He looked at Yan Zhaoge, his mind momentarily wavering as the person before him was evidently not any different from usual in terms of outward appearance and actions, even in terms of disposition and personality.

If not for Lin Zhou’s own special experiences, he would have been completely unable to see any abnormalities.

But now, he just couldn’t connect this Yan Zhaoge before him completely with the one in his memories.

Yan Zhaoge was similarly appraising Lin Zhou.

In the memories of his body’s original owner, he had seen the Thunder Rumbling Young Master Lin Zhou three years ago in the

Heavenly Connection Meet then.

However, Yan Zhaoge felt that the changes in the other party were too great.

It was far from something that a period of three years could bring about.

# HSSB 145: Broad Creed Young Master VS Thunder Rumbling Young Master!

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The memories of his body's original owner aside, this was still the first time Yan Zhaoge was seeing this Lin Zhou before him in person.

However, as compared to that high-spirited youth of those memories, meeting him now, Lin Zhou had a much calmer and quieter disposition.

Although he still looked high-spirited on the outside, within that sharp gaze of his, in those pupils, was evidently concealed the vicissitudes of life, even to the point of somberness.

Lin Zhou similarly looked at Yan Zhaoge. In terms of outward appearance, the Yan Zhaoge before him was no different at all from the one in his memories.

His air similarly sharp and forceful, his abilities similarly displayed strongly, to the point of even being a little high profile and domineering.

But thinking back to the numerous events that had happened over the course of this past year and change, Lin Zhou just couldn't connect this Yan Zhaoge before him with the one in his memories.

So many things which were originally not supposed to happen had happened; too many changes out of his predictions had



occurred.

Although these events had occurred far away in the Heaven and Mountain Domains, making information hard to gather, the information that Lin Zhou had managed to obtain showed that Yan Zhaoge's shadow was present in all of those changes which had thrown what he knew into chaos.

Lin Zhou didn't believe that all of these had been coincidences.

Looking at Lin Zhou, Yan Zhaoge smiled lightly, "Senior Brother Lin of the Heavenly Thunder Hall, long time no see. Giving me such a huge gift as soon as you see me ah."

Looking at the fragment of the Eye of the Thunder Emperor entangled within his net, Lin Zhou smiled mildly, "It should be me who's thanking you for giving me such a huge gift."

"When was I talking about this Spirit Artifact fragment?" Yan Zhaoge chortled, "I was talking about in Old Man Great Sorrow's tomb and you with that generous hand of yours, collapsing the entire spirit formation and tomb and nearly burying me alive."

Yan Zhaoge stared at Lin Zhou, "However, I'm rather curious. You passing through the restrictions guarding the tomb so speedily, thus taking away the Sacred Artifact fragment aside, you even managed to locate the core of the spirit formation."

Neither hurriedly or slowly, Lin Zhou replied leisurely, "While

Old Man Great Sorrow was a Martial Grandmaster and proficient in formations, he has, after all, been dead for many years.”

“With the spirit formation having deteriorated over the years, with me just happening to be proficient in formations as well, there was not much difficulty in it.”

He was all smiles as he looked at Yan Zhaoge, “What, did you find it very difficult?”

Yan Zhaoge clapped lightly, “Excellent; I will have many chances to view your attainments in formations in the future.”

“I might not have the leisure for that,” Lin Zhou said mildly, “As for finding the core of the spirit formation and collapsing the entire tomb that you speak of, that had nothing to do with me.”

“I am uncertain how it happened; perhaps someone else entered the spirit formation as well.”

The corners of Yan Zhaoge’s lips curled lightly upwards.

Cracking the spirit formation could not be considered as something much, but having done so in such a short period of time and even finding its core, of which he gained the ability to control at will, as compared to Lin Zhou’s earlier performances, was really much too shocking, and was too noticeably large a difference from the him in the past.

Lin Zhou also tried to avoid attracting unwanted attention as much as possible; while it was not at the point of keeping himself stifled, he still kept much more of a low profile than the Zhao Hao who was unbridled and without fear.

“Speak no lies before the true; why must you conceal your actions so.”

Yan Zhaoge similarly said neither hurriedly nor slowly, “That you Heavenly Thunder Hall disciples want to kill me is also not a secret; we can completely face each other with all honesty ah.”

“For example,” Yan Zhaoge smiled a totally natural smile, “I’m also feeling a little like seeing you dead now.”

Lin Zhou’s gaze was icy cold as he glanced at the fragment of the Eye of the Thunder Emperor which, enveloped by the net, was currently hovering silently by the side in mid-air.

He said, “There will surely be chances for us to face off again in the future. Now, I’m going to first take what is originally mine.”

With a wave of his hands, that blood-red net dragged the fragment of the Eye of the Thunder Emperor, flying over towards him.

Earlier, it was because the two fragments had wanted to congregate that this Blood Cocoon Net had been unable to stop them.

Now, the two having congregated and even merged, they regained their original peaceful state once more. As Lin Zhou called on his Blood Cocoon Net, the newly merged fragment began being pulled along to him over with it.

This Blood Cocoon Net was one of the unique advantages he possessed, a unique treasure which he had secretly unearthed from an obscure secret realm.

This greatest function of this net-shaped treasure was that it could lay down a strong barrier, which Martial Scholars would be extremely hard pressed to break through.

Even if they wielded low-grade spirit artifacts in doing so, it would still be hard for them to break through the barrier. Within a short period of time, Martial Grandmasters would also not be able to resolve it so easily.

Yan Zhaoze looked at this scene nonchalantly, as he said in a slow, ordered manner, “I should remind you that that fragment of the Eye of the Thunder Emperor, does not belong to you.”

Saying thus, opening up his palm, a flat, transparent crystal container appeared within, flickering with a blood-red glow.

As Yan Zhaoze opened the container, streaks of blood-red light instantly rushed out from within!

Under the guidance of Yan Zhaoge's aura-qi, those streaks of blood-red light lunged towards Lin Zhou's Blood Cocoon Net, which instantly trembled!

The exterior of the net rose with streams of light, forming a blood-red barrier of light as it attempted to hold off the encroaching enemy.

However, after being touched by those streaks of blood-red light, even the Blood Cocoon Net which could withstand the full-powered attack of a Heavenly Connection Martial Scholar, seemed weak beyond compare!

Assaulted by those similarly-coloured streaks of light, that blood-red barrier seemed to have been corroded, as a large hole was noiselessly created within.

That ripped opening now even began expanding unceasingly at an extremely high speed.

"What is that thing?" Lin Zhou's gaze hardened.

Yan Zhaoge's expression was very casual as he played with the now completely empty transparent container with his hands.

This was precisely the Blood Devil Plate which he had forged using the Blood Refining Orb and the Flowing Cloud Mirror as the main ingredients.

This plate specialized in breaking through all kinds of barriers!

Ah Hu grinned widely and happily as he strode towards the large hole in the Blood Cocoon Net, his target the Sacred Artifact fragment.

A cold light flickered in the depths of Lin Zhou's eyes as, looking at Yan Zhaoge, he suddenly said, "In your heart, I wonder if it is your personal gains and losses or the overall benefit of Broad Creed Mountain that is more important?"

"Eh?" Yan Zhaoge raised his brows slightly.

Lin Zhou said mildly, "I heard that your Broad Creed Mountain has a new disciple, known as Feng Yunsheng.

"As you say, speak no lies before the true. She was actually a past Maiden of Extreme Yin of the Sacred Sun Clan who lost her Extreme Yin Physique, right?"

"I've heard that she and some others are cultivating together at the Yin Yang Cloud Spring of the Mountain Domain's Cloud Portent Mountain. You have done well in avoiding detection, but..."

Lin Zhou smiled lightly, "However, I just happen to have researched a little into Maidens of Extreme Yin as well. The method of yin and yang coexisting and a land of solitary yin that also contains solitary yang-these have the possibility of helping to

restore that Feng Yunsheng's Extreme Yin Physique, am I right?"

Hearing his words, Yan Zhaoge's eyes momentarily narrowed slightly into slits.

Totally self-composed, Lin Zhou continued, "What do you think the Sacred Sun Clan will think upon learning of this piece of news? More importantly, what would Infinite Boundless Mountain think?"

"Although you are now in a collaborative relationship, Infinite Boundless Mountain is not subordinate to your Broad Creed Mountain. They have wanted the Extreme Yin Crown a lot all along as well."

Ah Hu's footsteps towards the fragment of the Eye of the Thunder Emperor halted as he turned and looked at Lin Zhou with an unfriendly expression on his face, "You want to threaten my Young Master?"

Lin Zhou smiled, "I know that you, big guy, are not simple. However, looking at speed, wanting to chase down and kill me of the Heavenly Thunder Hall would also not be all that easy."

He looked at Yan Zhaoge, "So, your Broad Creed Mountain's Maiden of Extreme Yin who was only obtained after so much painstaking effort, or this Sacred Artifact fragment-which one will you choose?"

“Do not worry about me wanting to take all the benefits for myself; taking the object and still sending the news over to Infinite Boundless Mountain-I’m not a greedy person, and will only take one benefit. Although our two clans are currently antagonistic towards each other, I myself am always happy to wipe off enmity and start a friendship with those who are able. It’s just-are you willing to forsake this Sacred Artifact fragment?”



# HSSB 146: Specifically Waiting For You To Deliver Yourself To Me

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Ah Hu was smiling coldly by the side, rubbing his fists, raring to go, obviously wanting to let Lin Zhou know the meaning of killing people to silence their tongues.

Having originally nearly been harmed by Lin Zhou in Old Man Great Sorrow's tomb, Ah Hu's killing intent had already solidified.

Yan Zhaoge's expression, on the other hand, was a little strange.

He looked Lin Zhou all over for a long time, before finally blurting out, "The way you are now-it just doesn't seem right ah."

Yan Zhaoge's words instead left Lin Zhou and Ah Hu rather stumped.

"My meaning is," Yan Zhaoge sorted out his thoughts a little, then, looking a little as though he wanted to laugh but also cry, explained, "This kind of threat, seems like it should be me in the wrong; it seems like something that an antagonist would do, doesn't it?"

Lin Zhou laughed involuntarily, "You can't be meaning to say that I'm base and shameless, right?"

"Your family background is similar to mine, while we both have

a similar cultivation. Both of us also have numerous artifacts, and in terms of influence, it is unclear who would be able to best the other.”

“But this big fellow by your side-even though he isn’t showing his spiritual light, I know his cultivation is at least in the late Xiantian Martial Scholar realm, or possibly even touching the Heavenly Connection realm.”

Having said this much, Lin Zhou shook his head, “Having this kind of person as your personal servant, even I sort of envy you.”

“Even though I have great belief in myself, this kind of situation where I am fighting one on two, not to mention that one of my opponents is a Heavenly Connection Martial Scholar, is not something I’d like to waste my effort on.”

“Since I have other bargaining chips in my hand, why wouldn’t I use them?”

Lin Zhou looked at Yan Zhaoge, “Of course, if we were to have a one on one battle for the Sacred Artifact fragment without any interference from that big fellow, I’d be happy to exchange some pointers with you.”

“However, I am in the mid Xiantian stage while you are only in the early Xiantian stage. If I were to propose this, wouldn’t I be even more base and shameless?”

Lin Zhou continued calmly, “What’s more, our two factions are hostile to each other and this Sacred Artifact fragment is clearly unordinary.”

“Let’s just say you agreed to a duel; I would still need to worry that you would renege on your promise. Having some bargaining chips— isn’t this normal?”

Yan Zhaoge laughed in spite of himself and shook his head, “Don’t misunderstand me. This good fortune just came too suddenly is all, and I wasn’t quite prepared for it.”

Looking at Lin Zhou, he chuckled again, “This was a little bit out of my expectations. The change from what I remember is too large.”

Lin Zhou spoke, “I only have gratitude towards those I value. As for others, whether I use righteous methods or shady methods, what does it matter as long as I accomplish my goal?”

“The Sacred Sun Clan’s Tang Yonghao is surprisingly moral and just, but that will end up being his downfall sooner or later.”

Hearing the latter half of his sentence, Yan Zhaoge’s gaze showed some consideration as he pondered it, but quickly resumed its normal state.

Looking at Lin Zhou, Yan Zhaoge racked his brains, “I really need to correct your previous mistakes.”

“Right now, you aren’t in a position to give orders.”

With Yan Zhaoge’s words, Ah Hu let out a shout as he rapidly shot forwards.

Despite his large figure, Ah Hu suddenly became light like a ghostly shadow. In an instant, Ah Hu had lunged directly before Lin Zhou was.

“It seems like you have chosen the Sacred Artifact fragment,” Not changing in expression, Lin Zhou retreated, quick as a flash of lightning.

The swiftness of the Heavenly Thunder Hall’s movement techniques was displayed to the point of perfection.

However, Ah Hu gave a fierce roar. After lunging with the Ghost Tiger Divine Claw, he followed up with the Howling Wind Leaping Technique of the Tiger Roar Demonic Fist.

Lin Zhou looked like he was about to evade, but Ah Hu’s body seemed to leap a second time, resembling an imposing gale of wind as he stepped into the air, appearing before Lin Zhou once again.

At this time, Ah Hu’s spiritual light shot straight into the horizon. Rather than appearing illusory, it was a true pillar of light that seemed to be connected to the heavens.

Under the pressure of a Heavenly Connection Martial Scholar, the surrounding space locked up and the air itself was compressed till it resembled stone.

Facing this situation, Lin Zhou's eyes instead exploded with a light.

Lightning flashed behind his back as he manifested a pair of wings entirely formed of thunder.

With this added technique, his speed was raised by yet another level as he evaded Ah Hu's direct attacks.

Lin Zhou looked over at the faraway Yan Zhaoge, then at the Blood Cocoon Net and the Thunder Emperor's Pupil, then at the Ah Hu who was chasing him before letting out a cold laugh.

"Very good, everything is going according to the original plan."

"You're not willing to part with the Sacred Artifact fragment? Well, I am."

Lin Zhou's gaze sharpened as he coldly looked over Yan Zhaoge.

The slowly regenerating Blood Cocoon Net suddenly exploded into blood colored strands that burrowed into the Sacred Artifact fragment.

Under the stimulation of the Blood Cocoon Net, the Thunder Emperor's Pupil began to react violently, letting out berserk thunder everywhere.

The roar of thunderbolts resounded through the heavens, and an incomparably terrifying aura exploded out of the Thunder Emperor's Pupil that seemed about to sweep through the heavens and the earth.

The Ah Hu who had just about caught up with Lin Zhou suddenly turned around as his expression changed abruptly, "From the very beginning, his target wasn't the Sacred Artifact fragment. He was aiming for Young Master all along!"

Whether it was the news about Feng Yunsheng's Extreme Yin Physique, talking about dueling Yan Zhaoge for the artifact, or baiting Ah Hu into attacking, it had all been a psychological trap.

From the moment he had seen Yan Zhaoge in this place, Lin Zhou's goal had been to kill him all along.

To that end, he was even willing to give the Sacred Artifact fragment up.

Making a prompt decision, Ah Hu immediately turned around and charged towards the area with the Thunder Emperor's Pupil and Yan Zhaoge.

Lin Zhou calmly looked at the unfolding situation, "This

servant of yours; even though his cultivation is not weak, his weak point is glaringly obvious, making him much too easy to deal with.”

“You always place Yan Zhaoge’s safety as your utmost priority. Between killing an enemy and protecting Yan Zhaoge, you will always choose the latter.”

“It’s a pity that it is already too late. You turning around will only mean that you’ll accompany him in death.”

Ah Hu increased his speed as he hurried back.

The retreating Lin Zhou also stopped, then headed back as well.

“Even though the Sacred Artifact fragment is good, it is only one kind of destiny. If your Yan Zhaoge dies, and everything returns to normal, even more fortuitous encounters are patiently waiting for me.”

“You, Yan Zhaoge, are too much of a hindrance.”

Even if the Sacred Artifact fragment wasn’t able to directly kill Yan Zhaoge and Ah Hu, they would definitely be like an arrow at the end of its flight.

Lin Zhou would not let go of such an opportunity.

Yan Zhaoge attentively watched Lin Zhou, as the corners of his mouth curled up into a mirthless smile, “Blood Cocoon Net, good stuff. It’s rarely seen.”

Lin Zhou’s expression didn’t change at all, but suddenly felt a cold shiver, “He knows the Blood Cocoon Net’s origin as well as all its functions.”

Yan Zhaoge let out a strike towards the net and the Thunder Emperor’s Pupil.

“I was specifically waiting for this move of yours. I just knew that you would deliver yourself up.”

The demonic red light of the Blood Devil Plate that had previously been corroding the Blood Cocoon Net suddenly turned dark and gloomy, jet-black like ink.

As soon as the black light made an appearance, the Blood Cocoon Net was instantly stopped in its tracks.

The Thunder Emperor’s Pupil continued to emit lightning, but the storm was no longer intensifying.

As Ah Hu hurried back, he clapped his palms together to produce numerous black whirlwinds that enveloped the area. Using his full cultivation as a Heaven Connection Martial Scholar, he forcefully suppressed the explosive force from the Sacred Artifact fragment.



Closely chasing after him quick as flashing lightning, as Lin Zhou saw this, he immediately wrinkled his brows.

His Wind Thunder Wings allowed him great maneuverability, allowing him to advance and retreat as he would. Realizing that things weren't going according to plan, he prepared to escape.

“Too late.” Yan Zhaoge let out a long laugh, then lifted his hands upwards.

Two bright lights, one green, one purple, streaked through the sky like a rainbow, piercing through the clouds.

At such a close distance, regardless of his speed, Lin Zhou would also be hard pressed to evade the attack. The most he could do was twist his body in an evasive motion. The green and purple lights missed his body, but shattered the two wings of thunder behind his back.

Yan Zhaoge's body crouched and leapt as like a howling gale and flashing lightning, he shot murderously towards Lin Zhou.

# HSSB 147: A Fight Between Dragons And Tigers

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The two brilliant lights, one green, one purple, were the two low-grade spirit artifacts, the Jade Dragon Sword and the Purple Gold Thunder Sword.

As a Martial Scholar, Yan Zhaoge was not able to control two spirit artifacts at once.

However, he chose an even more resolute method.

As he controlled his Jade Dragon Sword, he directly released the Purple Gold Thunder Sword.

Breaking off his connection with the spirit artifacts on his own, making use of an eruption of power at the final instant, the two swords flew in unison, shooting straight towards Lin Zhou.

“Yan Shan’s Purple Gold Thunder Sword!”

At such a close distance, Lin Zhou would find it difficult whether he chose to parry or dodge, not even having the time to call on his own spirit artifact.

He could only evade as much as possible, to avoid getting hit in the vitals at that most crucial moment.

However, the two unique treasures that spread out from his shoulders, the pair of Wind Thunder Wings, were respectively pierced through by the two spirit artifacts.

Yan Zhaoge moved, executing the Aura Wind Heaven Warping Qi, the Wind Calamity movement technique of Broad Creed Mountain, as well as the Howling Wind Leaping Technique of the Tiger Roar Demonic Fist simultaneously.

The three techniques coming together as one, Yan Zhaoge's figure was like a gale of wind and a flash of lightning as he instantly arrived before Lin Zhou.

Even with Lin Zhou's mid Xiantian Martial Scholar cultivation base and his swift, violent Heavenly Thunder Hall direct lineage movement techniques, Yan Zhaoge still arrived beside him in an instant.

Despite being a little sombre, Lin Zhou didn't lack the hot-bloodedness of a martial practitioner.

Seeing Ah Hu being held up by the fragment of the Eye of the Heavenly Emperor, he roared, his voice resembling the shocking rumbling of thunder upon flat ground.

Lin Zhou's arms abruptly exploded with electricity as a greenish-blue sabre appeared within his hand, also another low-grade spirit artifact.

Brandishing that sabre, he actually also did like Yan Zhaoge had earlier, directly releasing his spirit artifact.

A violent sabre-light directly jolted the Jade Dragon Sword out of Yan Zhaoge's hands.

The Jade Dragon Sword shook, emanating the roar of a dragon as it exploded with sword-light as though as it had a life of its own. It began clashing with Lin Zhou's Flying Thunder Sabre.

As Lin Zhou released his sabre, his other hand formed a palm in the shape of a sabre. Raising it into the air, he seemed to perform the motion of raising a sabre.

Accompanied by this motion of his, the surrounding area resounded with the piercing sound of flowing electricity.

Externalising his aura-qi, numerous thunderbolts came together in mid-air as a gigantic sabre of lightning close to a hundred feet in length was domineeringly formed in mid-air.

The violent purplish-blue light of thunder directly illuminated Yan Zhaoge's face opposite him purple.

This was the Heavenly Thunder Hall's direct lineage martial art, the Wild Thunder Lightning Blade.

Its speed might not be comparable to a martial practitioner of the same realm executing the Purple Lightning Shocking Rainbow

Sword, but its momentum was much more unyielding and domineering.

Unlike previously on Cloud Portent Mountain, when Ji Hanru had let down his guard when facing off with Yan Zhaoge due to his higher cultivation level, as Lin Zhou moved, he immediately burst forth with his full power.

As he chopped downwards, countless thunderbolts flashed as they seemed to form a new, illusory world.

The illusory world formed of aura-qi was packed densely with clouds, innumerable terrifying snakes of lightning traversing through them, descending from the sky, causing the entire world to seem like a purgatory of thunderbolts.

Gaining aura-qi with spirituality, integrating it with their martial arts, forming an illusory heaven and earth. Such was precisely the trademark of mid Xiantian Martial Scholars.

Yan Zhaoge's expression didn't change as the pores of his entire body shuddered in unison.

Blazing hot aura-qi in the form of numerous fire dragons as well as icy cold aura-qi in the form of numerous ice dragons intermingled, rising upwards simultaneously.

Yan Zhaoge shot out with his left and right hands simultaneously, one executing the Ocean Stabilising Spirit Fist, the

other executing the Heavenly Snake King Fist.

One active, one passive, one unyielding, one soft, ingenious to the extreme as they communicated the changes between yin and yang.

The turtle and the snake combined their might; the Divine Xuanwu descended.

The two aura-qis of blazing heat and icy coldness merged perfectly, their power strong as they had never been before.

The power that suddenly erupted domineeringly broke through the illusory heaven and earth formed of Lin Zhou's sabre-intent and aura-qi!

Lin Zhou's gaze was cold and heavy. After that fierce move of his, his style suddenly changed.

A dazzling sword-light lit up, not as violent as the previous sabre-light, but even faster than that had been.

Purple Lightning Shocking Rainbow Sword!

As the sword left its sheath, its speed was at the utmost peak.

The Purple Lightning Shocking Rainbow Sword executed by the mid Xiantian Martial Scholar Lin Zhou was even stronger than Yan

Shan's had been.

The whole world knew that of the Heavenly Thunder Hall's 'Lightning Flashing Thunder Rumbling'. Lightning Flashing was proficient in the sword, while Thunder Rumbling was proficient in the sabre.

However, Yan Zhaoge could confirm now that Lin Zhou truly suppressed Yan Shan in all areas.

Breaking away from everyone's usual impression of him, this sudden sword of Lin Zhou's that came out of nowhere resembled the shocking rumbling of thunder upon flat ground, causing others to be hard pressed to guard against it.

Despite their cultivations being similar, its threat was still far, far more than that of Yan Shan who was famed for the sword.

The speed of this sword was such that Yan Zhaoge was virtually even unable to grasp its trajectory of arrival.

What was worse that as he struck out with this move, what Lin Zhou had within his hands was a short sword close to two feet long, spiritual light shooting out in all directions, shaking one's soul!

Shockingly, it was yet another low-grade spirit artifact!

Even if it was someone with the background of Lin Zhou and Yan

Zhaoge, or even the Xiao Shen of before, to them who were Martial Scholars, possessing two spirit artifacts was already something that could be said to be out of the ordinary.

Still, Yan Zhaoge had long been keeping wary of Lin Zhou suddenly using his trump card.

Above Yan Zhaoge's head, a dazzling golden light rose, resembling the dawn sun rising from the east.

Like a dazzling sun on a hot day, the Radiant Sun Wheel met Lin Zhou's Cloud Dust Sword head-on.

"Xiao Shen's Radiant Sun Wheel has indeed changed too many things," His gaze cold, as his Purple Lightning Shocking Rainbow Sword connected, Lin Zhou followed up with a punch.

"ZZZZZZ, ZZZZZZ"

For this attack of Lin Zhou's, his whole arm as well as fist were instantly covered by an incomparably dense net of thunderbolts, flickering with an exquisite light, resembling gods and ghosts.

Yet another Heavenly Thunder Hall direct lineage martial art, the Green Lightning Justice Fist!

The Radiant Sun Wheel and Lin Zhou's Cloud Dust Sword entangled with and repelled each other further, as Lin Zhou's fist now arrived directly before Yan Zhaoge like explosive thunder.



Rumblerumble!

As the sound of explosive thunder resounded, Yan Zhaoge felt like the heavens and earth before him were about to collapse as a gigantic fist enveloped by greenish-purple lightning hit towards him.

Yan Zhaoge's expression was calm as a bright light shot out from within his eyes.

Towards Lin Zhou's iron fist, Yan Zhaoge punched out with a fist of his own.

But in the midst of its path, Yan Zhaoge's arm suddenly shook.

Like a divine dragon sweeping out with its tail, his arm shook.

Drawing back.

Flicking outwards.

Evidently, he's managed to integrate the sword-intent of his own Coiling Dragon Sleeve into his fist-intent.

Coiling Dragon Sleeve, Divine Dragon Sweeps Tail!

As his arm shook, Yan Zhaoge spun his body, his feet abruptly twisting like a massive compass.

The violent distorting force caused the space beneath Yan Zhaoge's feet to begin emanating a burnt smell.

Spinning like this, Yan Zhaoge punched onto Lin Zhou's wrist, causing his Green Thunder Justice Fist to change in direction.

Shocked, Lin Zhou wanted to switch his stance, but Yan Zhaoge was faster than him.

As the rotating Yan Zhaoge's right fist knocked away Lin Zhou's Green Thunder Justice Fist, he made use of the force from their collision as his body now spun in the opposite direction at an inconceivable speed.

His left fist struck out, as it seemed like there was another massive dragon smashing its tail domineeringly towards Lin Zhou's temple.

**Twin Dragons Sweep Tails!**

His eyes opened wide, Lin Zhou roared loudly, all the aura-qi of his entire body surging as his skeleton exploded outwards with resounding cracking sounds.

His body actually inconceivably abruptly grew by more than a foot in height!

At the same time, he retreated at his greatest speed.

However, the force that Yan Zhaoge had erupted with was so unbelievably shocking that even though Lin Zhou's reaction speed could already be considered extremely fast, he still didn't manage to completely avoid this second Divine Dragon Sweeps Tail.

Although he managed to avoid his temple being hit, Yan Zhaoge's fist still brushed past his face.

Lin Zhou could only see stars before his eyes, being knocked slightly dizzy as half of his face was pained to the point of numbness, his teeth feeling as though they had almost all been knocked out and sent flying.

Yan Zhaoge was even stronger than he had predicted, but Lin Zhou was angered, driven to the point of viciousness as well.

"Hmmm," Yan Zhaoge's brows twitched as he saw Lin Zhou ignoring his suffering from that punch and directly kicking over, wanting to give tit for tat.

# HSSB 148: True Dragon Leaves Abyss

## Breaking Heavenly Thunder!

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Coldness flickered within Yan Zhaoge's eyes as the sound of thunderbolts exploding resounded from where the two came into contact.

This fist of his seemed to be punching into a huge mountain, while having been hit by the force of the exploding electricity, he could feel numbness radiating off it.

The flow of his qi and blood instantly became disturbed as his entire arm felt as though it was not his.

This was similar to his right hand. Although his Divine Dragon Sweeps Tail earlier had deflected Lin Zhou's Green Thunder Justice Fist, his right hand that had come into contact with Lin Zhou's arm had too been rendered numb from the lightning aura-qi on Lin Zhou's fist exploding.

The Heavenly Thunder Hall was proficient in attack and not defence. As soon as they fell at a disadvantage, that disadvantage would only grow larger and larger.

The Lin Zhou who had lost the initiative did not dare to retreat any further as he directly kicked out in counterattack, literally wanting to pull back things by letting both sides be injured.

“It is not a martial art of the Heavenly Thunder Hall; it seems to

be a variant of the Flying Dragon Chasing Star Kick of before the Great Calamity.”

This thought flashed through Yan Zhaoge’s mind like lightning.

With a low snort, Yan Zhaoge similarly didn’t retreat, instead advancing a step, raising his knee like a shield.

The muscles on his entire body tensed and coiled as beneath his skin, innumerable tendons entangled, pushing against his skin, causing his originally resilient skin to grow even stronger.

Of the Six Spirit Demonic Fists, this was the Spirit Rhino Demonic Fist!

The concept of this fist emulated the prehistoric rhino, that ancient demonic beast from times long past, famed under the heavens for its supreme defensive power.

Raising his knee, Yan Zhaoge didn’t retreat in the slightest, directly taking on this Dragon Soaring Expelling Moon kicking technique of Lin Zhou’s!

At the same time, he inhaled and exhaled, soothing the numbness on his hands as his flow of blood and qi became smooth once more.

The aura-qi of Yan Zhaoge’s entire body surged, not giving Lin Zhou any chance at all as Yan Zhaoge switched from fist to palm, the surface of his palm a purplish red.

A Tushita Palm bore down domineeringly on Lin Zhou!

His palms interlocked, Lin Zhou's second wave of counterattack had originally already been launched. However, he was helpless as he discovered that Yan Zhaoge was even faster at switching stances than him.

If the two sides launched fierce attacks on each other like this, it would be him who would first be struck by Yan Zhaoge.

Having tested out the defence of Yan Zhaoge's Spirit Rhino Demonic Fist with his kick, Lin Zhou had already clearly understood one thing.

Although his cultivation base was higher by a level, if they traded injury for injury, it would be him who would suffer the greater loss.

Lin Zhou knit his brows tightly, having no choice but to retract his fist as he made a stance with his arm to parry Yan Zhaoge's Tushita Palm.

This time, Yan Zhaoge had already completely seized the advantage.

Not holding back with momentum on his side, Yan Zhaoge's following attacks resembled the unceasing, never-ending roar of waves, each wave higher than the last as they bore down on Lin

Zhou, obscuring the heavens and covering the earth.

Lin Zhou was also not rendered dispirited or rash as he displayed a resilience seldom seen in Heavenly Thunder Hall martial practitioners, pushing his movement techniques to their limit, dispelling Yan Zhaoge's attacks as he resembled a flashing silhouette of lightning.

The two took to the air, their figures flickering incessantly in mid-air as they also frequently descended back to the ground, causing a series of cracks to appear on the great earth.

The spirit artifacts of both sides entangled, but the glow of artifacts also radiated from them every once in a while.

Spiritual light shot in all directions, both sides engaging with attacks, dissipating those attacks, trading blows.

The aura-qi of Yan Zhaoge's entire body boiled as he let out a sound resembling a dragon roaring and a tiger howling.

While Lin Zhou's aura-qi had the trademark toughness and violence of the Heavenly Thunder Hall, it also displayed a heaviness and forcefulness that far surpassed Heavenly Thunder Hall martial practitioners of the same cultivation level.

His spirituality-filled aura-qi posed a huge threat as it formed an illusory heaven and earth to envelop Yan Zhaoge, to the point where Yan Zhaoge was also unable to continue expanding on his

advantage.

Deep into the battle, Yan Zhaoge condensed his aura-qi into a sword, executing a superbly perfect Big Dipper Sword which seemed to descend from beyond the heavens, targeted at Lin Zhou's forehead.

Lin Zhou's cold gaze suddenly turned blazing hot.

His body abruptly spun, his tough, violent sabre techniques suddenly becoming as cold and soft as water.

Within the all-encompassing world of thunderbolts, a stream of water suddenly appeared.

That stream of water condensed into a line, cutting through the very air itself, seemingly completely indestructible, yet intelligently possessing many variations, causing others to be hard pressed to predict its trajectory.

Yan Zhaoge's pupils abruptly contracted, "Jade Sea City's One Line Edge!"

The heavens and sea in a single line; who would dare to face its edge?

A direct lineage martial art of the Water Domain's Jade Sea City, One Line Edge.



It was actually currently being executed by this Heavenly Thunder Hall direct disciple, Lin Zhou.

It was not an imitation which just seemed to possess a similar form, as contained within was the true divine essence of that supreme martial art.

Despite having predicted that Lin Zhou would definitely have a trump card, as this One Line Edge was executed, it was really out of Yan Zhaoge's expectations.

This came far, far more unexpected to him than that martial art that Lin Zhou had executed that originated from before the Great Calamity and had long been lost to the Eight Extremities World.

Yan Zhaoge changed his stance of the Big Dipper Sword, resembling its seven stars working together to freeze a heavenly river as they forcibly withstood that strange, unpredictable line of water.

Making use of this chance, Lin Zhou finally got an opportunity to switch from defence to attack.

His entire body's aura-qi exploded out abruptly.

His left and right hands shot out simultaneously, his aura-qi taking the form of a sabre and a sword, one hand wielding a sword, the other gripping a sabre.

The sound of thunder rumbling resounded unceasingly between the heavens and the earth as in the illusory heavens and earth formed of Lin Zhou's aura-qi, other than a sky full of lightning, there was completely nothing else.

The Heavenly Thunder Hall's direct lineage Lightning Mantra Seventy Two Swords as well as Thunder Mantra Thirty Six Sabres were executed simultaneously!

Seeing this, the Ah Hu who was keeping the fragment of the Eye of the Thunder Emperor stable by the side instantly had his expression change, "How did he achieve Thunder-Lightning Union?!"

The Heavenly Thunder Hall's supreme martial art, sword-sabre combination, Thunder-Lightning Union.

Ever since the Heavenly Thunder Hall had been founded, there had not been anyone who could execute it whilst only in the Martial Scholar realm.

Lin Zhou was a pioneer in this field.

The illusory heavens and earth that was filled with lightning exploded.

Lin Zhou's gaze was cold to the point of holding no temperature whatsoever, "The way it is now, Yan Zhaoge, you are actually soon

to be a dead man.”

“This world doesn’t require your existence; walk the fated path that you were meant to walk then.”

A sword-light like lightning and a sabre-light like thunderbolts filled the surrounding thousands of metres of sky in all directions.

The two forces collided, causing their energy which had originally already been violent to erupt completely in a single instant.

Seeing this, Yan Zhaoge’s gaze fell calm and silent as he sucked in a deep breath.

His fists simultaneously took up the stance of the Ocean Stabilising Spirit Fist.

As the clear qi within his dantian circulated, the mass of chaotic qi abruptly shuddered.

The aura-qi that coiled within his body’s orifices like dragons suddenly all changed in unison.

The aura-qi that was blazing hot like fire, in but an instant, was completely converted to icy cold aura-qi, combining with his original icy cold aura-qi of before.

It was as though a cold fog had rose up in the surroundings of Yan Zhaoge's body.

The icy cold aura-qi which was boundless as the sea pushed forth his Ocean Stabilising Spirit Fist. As Yan Zhaoge punched out, his entire person seemed to have turned into an icy, bottomless ocean.

Incomparably quiet, incomparably cold, to the point of deathly stillness to which there could be no compare.

Everything returned to the abyssal depths of the deep sea, as though one had stepped into a land of eternal slumber.

As that violent lightning as well as thunderbolts descended, it was like they were like mud having entered the sea, as they temporarily could not do anything to Yan Zhaoge.

Even when some of those sword-shadows and sabre-light broke through the defences of Yan Zhaoge's Ocean Stabilising Spirit Fist, they were then forcibly withstood by Yan Zhaoge's body of iron as trained up by his Spirit Rhino Demonic Fist.

Going all out in a single burst, then ailing, then failing.

Lin Zhou's Thunder-Lightning Union was incomparably fierce and violent, but having descended quickly, it also left quickly.

At this moment, Yan Zhaoge's stance abruptly changed, moving from the Ocean Stabilising Spirit Fist to the Heavenly Snake King

Fist.

Changing from being extremely passive to extremely active in but an instant, yet performed completely smoothly as he willed.

It was as though the dragon that had been hidden within the abyss emerged, like a true dragon soaring into the skies!

As the chaotic qi mass within his dantian shuddered once more, Yan Zhaoge's icy cold aura-qi turned blazing hot in an instant as well.

As the violent force erupted forth, it domineeringly broke through the sabre-sword combination of Lin Zhou's that had already lost much of its keenness.

Yan Zhaoge stepped forward, drawing on his aura-qi that was like fire as he simultaneously pushed outwards, striking out towards Lin Zhou with twin Tushita palms.

Lin Zhou exerted as much force as he could with his feet, dodging backwards as he threw up his arm to guard before his chest.

“Cracklecrackle!”

As two muffled sounds resounded, Lin Zhou's lower left arm had its bones directly snapped into three segments by Yan Zhaoge's twin palms.

# HSSB 149: Gaining The Sacred Artifact fragment

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Yan Zhaoge struck out with both his palms, causing Lin Zhou's left forearm to distort unnaturally, bending at some weird angles.

Lin Zhou emitted a tragic groan, then, not daring to continue fighting Yan Zhaoge head-on, made use of the force of the collision to fly backwards.

However, he had already been completely routed by this. Even retreating, he was still enveloped and locked on by Yan Zhaoge's momentum.

An intense light flickered within the depths of Lin Zhou's gaze as his chest expanded and contracted, before he abruptly spat out a rain of blood towards the sky.

That rain of blood transformed into fog within the air, enveloping Lin Zhou's entire body.

The jade pendant in the middle of Lin Zhou's belt suddenly lit up, turning from jade-green into blood-red.

The pendant broke apart and a red glow lit up, sweeping Lin Zhou along as it instantly transformed into a streak of light, escaping far away towards the distant horizon!

Its speed was even faster than Lin Zhou when he was flapping his Wind Thunder Wings at full force.

This sudden extreme acceleration was something that even Martial Grandmasters would not have time to guard against, and would be hard pressed to keep him from leaving.

Looking at the red light which was far away in an instant, Yan Zhaoge lifted his brows slightly, “Oh, Blood Transforming Streaking Light Jade ah? Already having some achievements, and possessing a pretty deep background; if I want to kill you, as compared to Ye Jing and Zhao Hao, I would have to make some preparations beforehand in order to succeed.”

Suppressing the abnormalities in the Sacred Artifact fragment over at the side, Ah Hu asked somewhat worriedly, “Young Master, with him having escaped, Miss Feng over at Cloud Portent Mountain’s Yin Yang Cloud Spring...”

“It’s fine,” Yan Zhaoge laughed lightly, “I cheated him on purpose just now.”

“Junior apprentice-sister Feng has actually already reached the final stage of things. Even if she has to leave the Yin Yang Cloud Spring, she would also not be much affected.”

“As long as we do not tarry here, immediately sending a message back, it would be fine. Having understood the situation, senior apprentice-aunt Fu would know how to deal with it.”

Yan Zhaoge slightly narrowed his eyes into slits for a moment, “As for me, I am rather more interested in some things that the person himself showed on him.”

“Speaking frankly, even him being able to execute Thunder-Lightning Union while in the Martial Scholar realm was something I more or less had some mental preparations for.”

“However, him actually knowing Jade Sea City’s One Line Edge was really something that was out of my predictions.

Whatever the case, Thunder-Lightning Union was still the Heavenly Thunder Hall’s own martial art.

The Flying Dragon Chasing Star Kick’s variant could also be from a fortuitous encounter of Lin Zhou’s; it could still be explained in such a way.

It was similar to how Yan Zhaoge was not afraid of people questioning why he knew martial arts like the Six Spirits Demonic Fist.

Following the Great Calamity, while the passing down of martial arts to the next generation was forcibly discontinued, many remnant legacies were also left behind, providing many fortuitous encounters for the new generations of martial practitioners just beginning to regain their footsteps.

However, the One Line Edge was different. It was the direct



lineage martial art of the current Sacred Ground of the Water Domain, Jade Sea City.

Also, it was created by Jade Sea City's own martial practitioners. Its links with the pre-Great Calamity era were very faint, being one of the self-created gems of the current martial world.

The One Line Edge that Lin Zhou had executed was exactly the same as that of Jade Sea City's direct lineage.

If he were to get an expert of Jade Sea City proficient in this martial art to execute it, it would also look just like that.

This caused Yan Zhaoge to be extremely interested, "This fellow where did he learn the One Line Edge?"

Ah Hu grinned broadly, "He still wants to throw information on Miss Feng to Infinite Boundless Mountain and the Sacred Sun Clan. Young Master, if you throw this news over to Jade Sea City, Jade Sea City will immediately go and find trouble with him!"

"This time, the conflict between Jade Sea City and the Heavenly Thunder Hall will only be growing more intense."

"He cannot deny it, or refuse to admit it. Without you, Young Master, having to do it, I could go and perform a Blood Soul Recollection Ceremony with him."

Yan Zhaoge said, "Let's set that aside for now. The fluctuations

of power from a Sacred Artifact fragment are still very conspicuous. While Lin Zhou came on his own to look for it, adding on the earlier Yan Shan, who knows how many more Heavenly Thunder Hall martial practitioners won't be drawn over by the aura of the artifact?"

"Let's at least first keep the fragment of the Eye of the Thunder Emperor."

Saying thus, Yan Zhaoge came before it, clenching his fist, punching outwards.

His fist didn't punch onto the Sacred Artifact fragment, as he was actually using his own fist-intent to shake it and merge with it.

In this process, Yan Zhaoge's mind also connected with the fragment of the Eye of the Thunder Emperor.

Before him, appeared a world full of thunderbolts.

It was far from something the illusory heavens and earth formed of Lin Zhou's aura-qi could compare to; it was much more realistic, as well and far more terrifying.

As soon as Yan Zhaoge let down his guard, his soul and mind could be instantly shattered on the spot, his entire person turning into an empty husk like a walking corpse.

However, the concept contained within was also incomparably

profound. While it was incomplete due to the Sacred Artifact having shattered, looking at it, Yan Zhaoge comprehended many things.

This was the most primordial power of thunderbolts, released within an instant, a power which dictated life and death!

It was as though, accompanied by a rumble of thunder, chaos would descend, opening the heavens and splitting the earth.

Yan Zhaoge sucked in a deep breath, “An Instant’s Thunder...”

An Instant’s Thunder, incinerating everything in a single instant, all of its agglomerated power completely and released in that one instant.

Regarding an instant, the flicking of a finger was comprised of sixty instances.

Eternity and an instant-the longest and the shortest, the two extreme ends of the spectrum of time. Having understood eternity and an instant, one would also have grasped the profound secrets of time.

The concept with the Eye of the Thunder Emperor was dictating life and death with the power of thunderbolts, dictating the life and death of all living beings, as the heavens and the earth changed, demonstrating the incomparable profoundness of time.

Yan Zhaoge abruptly slammed his palms together. The fragment of the Eye of the Thunder Emperor before him, as it shuddered, retracted its light of thunder.

The purple orb which was slightly bigger than a fist gradually shrunk, then transformed into the bluish-purple light of thunder.

As Yan Zhaoge opened his eyes, observing the area before him, the bluish-purple light before him, slowly merged within Yan Zhaoge's right eye!

“Hey!” Letting out a muffled groan, Yan Zhaoge shut his eyes, unconsciously grabbing at his right eye with his hands.

His right eyeball throbbed with an uncomfortable feeling. Even with his eyes closed, purple light was still flashing incessantly before his eyes.

Yan Zhaoge felt his head throbbing, as it was like he might faint at any moment.

A qi like the flowing of electricity traversed within his body, causing it to feel numb.

The acupoints of Yan Zhaoge's entire body pulsed, unceasingly inhaling and exhaling this pure, refined lightning qi, as his dantian's qi ocean also circulated at an extremely high rate, breaking it down and absorbing it.

After a while, Yan Zhaoge opened his right eye, a violent purple light flashing past that shook one's soul.

Silently guarding over him by the side, as he saw this, Ah Hu said, "Young Master, while you nourishing the Sacred Artifact fragment with your own body is very beneficial for the Sacred Artifact fragment as well as your own cultivation, the risks within are also very great."

Still feeling a little uncomfortable in his right eye, Yan Zhaoge slightly shut it once more as he nodded, "Rest easy, I know my limits."

"This land is not safe to remain in for long; let us go."

The two hurriedly left, Yan Zhaoge also collecting the few spirit artifacts scattered over by the side.

Other than the Sacred Artifact fragment, Yan Zhaoge had also obtained one of Lin Zhou's low-grade spirit artifacts, the Flying Thunder Sabre, this time.

"Cough, the Radiant Sun Wheel, the Purple Gold Thunder Sword, and now the Flying Thunder Sabre-I have collected quite a few trademark spirit artifacts of my opponents ah," Yan Zhaoge smacked his lips, before looking in the direction of the Thunder Domain, "However, what I am more interested in is-how much do you exactly understand regarding Maidens of Extreme Yin?"

“Is it your personal knowledge, or did you get wind of it somewhere else?”

# HSSB 150: Heavenly Connection Meet

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The general situation over on Feng Yunsheng's side having been nearly concluded, the news on her being leaked was also no longer important.

Even if the Sacred Sun Clan found out about it, it was still not a problem. Anyway, the relationship between the two clans was already as bad as it could get.

As for how the other Sacred Grounds reacted, other than Infinite Boundless Mountain feeling a little vexed, it actually wouldn't be all that intense.

At the end of the day, Broad Creed Mountain who had always been relegated to sitting by the sidelines in Extreme Yin Bouts finally having a Maiden of Extreme Yin of their own actually only meant that they had gained the qualifications to participate in the Extreme Yin Bout.

As for who the Extreme Yin Crown would eventually fall to, it still depended on the results of the competition between the individual Maidens of Extreme Yin.

Thus, at the end of the day, the person who caused the other Sacred Grounds the most apprehension was still the Sacred Sun Clan's Meng Wan.

The Feng Yunsheng who had only just regained her path, having already wasted a lot of time, under normal circumstances, should

not pose much of a threat.

Speaking impolitely, if she had participated in the third Extreme Yin Bout half a year ago, she would most probably have emerged at the bottom.

It was even to the point that participating in the fourth Extreme Yin Bout half a year later, she would most likely still just be an accompaniment.

This had nothing to do with Feng Yunsheng's talent; rather, it was due to the fact that she was just too far behind her competitors, with Meng Wan and the others also being not that easy to catch up to.

However, this was only under normal circumstances.

Thus, regarding Lin Zhou having guessed about Feng Yunsheng possibly regaining her extreme Yin Physique and possibly throwing this news to the other Sacred Grounds, Yan Zhaoge wasn't really concerned about that.

In comparison, Yan Zhaoge was more concerned about how Lin Zhou had come to know of this.

Because this brought up one possibility, the possibility that Lin Zhou had also thought of using the method of yin and yang coexisting to strengthen and groom a Maiden of Extreme Yin.



If such was really the case, the Thunder Domain's Maiden of Extreme Yin was also set to rise up domineeringly.

With this matter concerning the Extreme Yin Crown, even while they were allies, Lin Zhou and the Heavenly Thunder Hall would also not good-naturedly tell it to the Sacred Sun Clan.

After all, Meng Wan was currently already the strongest Maiden of Extreme Yin.

The problem instead lay with how Lin Zhou had thought up such a method, if he had done so.

Whether it was through analysing the remnant information of before the Great Calamity or he had just happened to think it up from his own ingenuity, if it was only he who knew it, Yan Zhaoge would actually still not be all that worried.

However, if Lin Zhou had obtained this method elsewhere, this meant that the Sacred Sun Clan might possibly be able to obtain it too.

If the Meng Wan who was originally already in the lead improved a step further, even Yan Zhaoge would feel a headache from having to deal with that.

With the Extreme Yin Crown now in Meng Wan's hands, her cultivation was already being greatly bolstered.

Yan Zhaoge stroked his lower chin, saying to Ah Hu, “In gathering information, pay more attention to the Maidens of Extreme Yin of the Sacred Sun Clan and the Heavenly Thunder Hall for now.”

Ah Hu gave a simple and honest laugh, “Yes, Young Master.”

Meeting up with Yan Zhaoge’s followers who were still located within the East Strangling Snow Mountains, Yan Zhaoge and Ah Hu immediately departed.

Very quickly, Infinite Boundless Mountain received the news that Broad Creed Mountain’s disciple was relying on Cloud Portent Mountain’s Yin Yang Cloud Spring to restore her Extreme Yin Physique.

As the two sides were now allies, doing something like killing the other party’s Maiden of Extreme Yin was naturally something that would not be done.

They could only find an excuse to send Feng Yunsheng out of Cloud Portent Mountain, preventing her from using the spring.

If Broad Creed Mountain insisted on staying, Infinite Boundless Mountain might also not forcibly expel them. Instead, they would make use of this chance to repay their debt of gratitude from Yan Zhaoge having restored Cloud Portent Mountain’s Giant Spirit Magnetite vein. This was also similarly an acceptable result.

However, having received news from Yan Zhaoge, Fu Enshu had long since arranged for Feng Yunsheng to wrap things up.

At this point in time, facing those of Infinite Boundless Mountain, neither panicked nor harried, fully self-composed, Fu Enshu took her leave with Feng Yunsheng and Sikong Qing, cleanly and tidily returning to the Heaven Domain.

While this result looked to be rather fine, it caused those of Infinite Boundless Mountain to feel despondent, somewhat having the feeling of punching out but hitting nothing but air.

Having received the news as well, the Sacred Sun Clan decided not to do anything for now, with no visible abnormalities on their exterior.

However, the true, internal situation within would definitely not be peaceful.

As the news on Feng Yunsheng was broadcast to the world, news of the Heavenly Thunder Hall's direct disciple Lin Zhou being proficient in Jade Sea City's supreme martial art, One Line Edge, also spread everywhere under the heavens.

Jade Sea City was instantly in an uproar, while even the Heavenly Thunder Hall was also extremely surprised.

At the border of the Thunder and Water Domains, the two sides which had originally already been clashing incessantly seemed to

have the feeling of being triggered once again.

The matter of Cloud Portent Mountain having completely drawn to a close, Yan Zhaoge also didn't return there, instead changing direction and heading south.

The date for the next Heavenly Connection Meet was already drawing near, and he had prepared to participate in this time's Meet.

As the Meet for the Heaven's favoured children of the Eight Extremities World's younger generation where heroes congregated, the various Sacred Grounds all attached much importance to it.

Usually, the six Sacred Grounds would take turn to play host for the event.

According to that rotational order, this time's Heavenly Connection Meet should have been held in the lands of the Heavenly Thunder Hall.

It was only that with tensions mounting so high now, Broad Creed Mountain, Infinite Boundless Mountain and Jade Sea City were all assuredly unwilling to let their outstanding members of the younger generation head for the Thunder Domain, which would be like sending sheep to the mouth of a tiger.

Hence, the final method of compromise had set the location of

the Meet as the Lake Domain.

The Turbid Wave Pavilion had always remained neutral, not leaning towards any side. Whether it was the Sacred Sun Clan, the Heavenly Thunder Hall, or Broad Creed Mountain's tripartite alliance, all of them could rest easy with the Turbid Wave Pavilion as the hosts.

However, even so, the Turbid Wave Pavilion only assured the safety of the external environment.

It could be predicted that in this time's Heavenly Connection Meet, the smell of gunpowder and blood in the air would far surpass the usual atmosphere.

There would still be sparring, but some people, and not just a few, were probably heading there intending to directly kill or maim the disciples of their opposing clans in the process of their match.

While the Heavenly Connection Meet would be held in the Lake Domain, heading to the Lake Domain would make for an extremely long journey.

Whether it was Broad Creed Mountain or the other Sacred Grounds, other than the young disciples who would be participating in the Meet this time round, there would also be high-ranking experts of their clans leading their teams.

It was only that the person whom Broad Creed Mountain had dispatched this time was not Fu Enshu, but an even more important figure.

One of the Broad Creed Three Heroes, the First Seat of the Assignment Hall, the 'Hidden Dragon' Fang Zhun, personally led the participating members of Broad Creed Mountain to the Lake Domain.

Yan Zhaoge knew full well that this was his clan wanting to establish communication a step further with Turbid Wave Pavilion.

Although Turbid Wave Pavilion had always been neutral, only dealing with its own Lake Domain and not interfering with outside matters, with the current atmosphere within the Eight Extremities World growing more and more tense, to Broad Creed Mountain and the Sacred Sun Clan, as one of the six great Sacred Grounds, Turbid Wave Pavilion was not an existence that could be overlooked.

In terms of geography, the Lake Domain bordered both the Fire and the Water Domains.

Still looking his mild and refined self, as Fang Zhun saw Yan Zhaoge, he smiled, asking, "By that report of yours, the Heavenly Thunder Hall's pair of Lightning Flashing Thunder Rumbling were both defeated at your hands?"

Yan Zhaoge nodded, "Yan Shan aside, Lin Zhou far surpasses

how he was previously.”

“Proficient in both the sabre and the sword, even successfully cultivating Thunder-Lightning Union whilst only in the Martial Scholar realm, as well as being much stronger in terms of toughness than the typical Heavenly Thunder Hall martial practitioner.”

“It should have been some fortuitous encounter that caused his aura-qi to become so forceful, its density far surpassing that of his peers.”

“Of course, there is still Jade Sea City’s One Line Edge.”

Fang Zhun said leisurely, “Yet we don’t know how he learnt the One Line Edge.”

Yan Zhaoge smiled slightly. At Fang Zhun’s level, this was indeed the foremost matter that he had to be concerned about, because it involved the conflict between two Sacred Grounds, no longer being just a matter of a contention between two young disciples.

In comparison, even Lin Zhou’s successful cultivation of Thunder-Lightning Union, while extremely shocking to the ears, also had to be placed slightly behind in terms of importance.

Fang Zhun looked at Yan Zhaoge, “Not having returned to the Mountain, your deserved rewards from your earlier trip to Cloud Portent Mountain-I have brought them along with me.”

# HSSB 151: A Disciple Of The Younger Generation Different From The Norm

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Hearing Fang Zhun's words, Yan Zhaoge's eyes brightened slightly, "The new batch of Heavenly Broad Creed Pills has been concocted?"

Having had so many extraordinary accomplishments in this trip to the Mountain Domain, Broad Creed Mountain naturally wouldn't hold back in giving Yan Zhaoge his rewards.

Of these, discovering the talented Ying Longtu was already a rather major merit.

Broad Creed Mountain would always reward those of their clan who introduced in extraordinary talents, and in terms of inborn talent alone, Ying Longtu was unquestionably a genius amongst geniuses, a monster amongst monsters.

Having discovered how special he was and not letting the clan miss out on him, a pearl left obscured within the dust, Yan Zhaoge would naturally be rewarded by Broad Creed Mountain.

This reward was Broad Creed Mountain's current most superb pill, the Heavenly Broad Creed Pill.

Because this pill was just too rare, with no finished products still remaining earlier on, Yan Zhaoge had not been able to receive one whilst at Cloud Portent Mountain.



Now that the new batch of pills had been concocted, while other arrangements had naturally been made for them, the old Clan Chief Yuan Zhengfeng had still guaranteed Yan Zhaoge the foremost priority for one of these pills.

This time, having come to the Lake Domain to participate in the Heavenly Connection Meet, Fang Zhun had brought it along with him to give to Yan Zhaoge.

Receiving the pill-storing porcelain bottle in Fang Zhun's hands, Yan Zhaoge unstoppered it and sniffed, as a fragrance that seeped into one's heart was instantly emitted.

"I thank second apprentice-uncle," Yan Zhaoge smiled as he bowed towards Fang Zhun.

Fang Zhun shook his head, "This is just what you deserve. That kid, Ying Longtu, is indeed an extraordinary genius in the martial dao. Although his mind has yet to mature, we can already predict that his achievements in the future will be limitless, with my Broad Creed Mountain having gained yet another extraordinary hero."

"Still, as compared to what you gained from Ying Longtu, the other merits that you performed are even more reward-worthy."

This time, those who would be attending the Heavenly Connection Meet along with Yan Zhaoge included Sikong Qing. She was travelling alongside Fang Zhun, with Fang Zhun having

brought her from the Mountain. Here, she met Yan Zhaoge once more.

Feng Yunsheng having successfully regained her Extreme Yin Physique, she had accompanied Fu Enshu back to Broad Creed Mountain, going into secluded meditation to cultivate for the first time.

As she looked at Yan Zhaoge, Sikong Qing currently held some admiration within her gaze.

Being fully devoted to the martial dao, she didn't keep most other things on her heart, even seldom going on tempering missions. Even when she did so, it was only to work on her martial cultivation.

Therefore, in comparison to other matters, Yan Zhaoge's recent achievements in the martial dao were something that she would not forget at all.

It was only that on their stay in Cloud Portent Mountain this time, the Sikong Qing who had always kept from such distractions was also a little moved.

Whether it was making use of the Yin Yang Cloud Spring to help Feng Yunsheng regain her Extreme Yin Physique or resolving the problem of Cloud Portent Mountain's Giant Spirit Magnetite vein, both of them were extraordinary contributions, which would very likely play a deciding role in this world's balance of power.

Such contributions, by common logic, were not something that a mere Martial Scholar would be able to do, even for someone of Yan Zhaoge's background.

However, Yan Zhaoge had really done it, helping Feng Yunsheng to regain her Extreme Yin Physique, allowing Broad Creed Mountain to possess its own Maiden of Extreme Yin and thereby gaining the ability to contest for the Extreme Yin Crown.

Not only did he solve Infinite Boundless Mountain's Giant Spirit Magnetite vein's problem, he even caused the Mountain Domain's Sacred Ground, Infinite Boundless Mountain, to owe Broad Creed Mountain a huge debt of gratitude.

In doing so, he had even drawn Infinite Boundless Mountain to join them on their own initiative, completely falling out with the Sacred Sun Clan and the Heavenly Thunder Hall, going into war armourless and fighting with the Heavenly Thunder Hall for real.

And after that, it was no longer possible for Infinite Boundless Mountain to sit on the fence, unable to say anything bad about Broad Creed Mountain even though it was all obvious.

Indeed, as Fang Zhun had said, in comparison to obtaining Ying Longtu who only possessed shocking potential for the time being, the significance of these other two contributions was much greater.

Thinking of the rewards that the clan had bestowed upon Yan Zhaoge as a result, even Sikong Qing could feel the weight of it.

For having helped Feng Yunsheng to regain her Extreme Yin Physique, other than a chance to enter the fourth floor of the Martial Repository, Yan Zhaoge was also rewarded with the privilege to enter and exit its third floor at will.

Of all Broad Creed Mountain's direct disciples, he was the only one who held such a privilege.

At the same time, Martial Scholars who had obtained such a privilege had only appeared twice in the entire history of Broad Creed Mountain.

And of those two people, one was called Zhan Dongge, while the other was called Yan Di.

For resolving the problem of the Giant Spirit Magnetite vein and helping Broad Creed Mountain to get Infinite Boundless Mountain on their side, while the reward Yan Zhaoge gained was somewhat more material, it was actually even more shocking.

As soon as the reward took effect, as long as it was a resource or treasure that Broad Creed Mountain had possession of, other than a select few precious ones which were specially stored, Yan Zhaoge would be given foremost priority in taking them for his own use.

This reward was absolutely shocking to the ears. Even the many bigwig Elders of the clan did not have such a privilege, or only had a certain level of authority in doing so.

This reward was still one that Yan Zhaoge's Grand Master, the old Clan Chief Yuan Zhengfeng, had personally decided on.

It was to the extent that those who were in the know joked that if not for his current cultivation as well as level of seniority, with this momentum, Yan Zhaoge could even compete with his own father for the position of Broad Creed Mountain's next Chief.

Yan Zhaoge was also extremely satisfied at this. This meant that in the future, without having to rely on his father and the Yan Family, he would also be able to obtain extremely abundant resources.

If it was only purely the matter of the Giant Spirit Magnetite vein, Yuan Zhengfeng would perhaps still have not made this decision so quickly.

This was actually also the piled-up accumulated result of many things, including the development of the Internal Crystal Furnace, the Golden Needle Liberating Pill Technique, the War of the Eastern Tang, as well as those recent matters of helping to restore Feng Yunsheng's Extreme Yin Technique as well as solving the problem of the Giant Spirit Magnetite vein.

In the eyes of Yuan Zhengfeng as well as the many higher-ups and decision makers of Broad Creed Mountain, Yan Zhaoge could already not be measured as a normal disciple of the younger generation.

Yan Zhaoge knew that there were even those who had suggested that in order to avoid any accidents happening, they should perhaps not allow him to participate in this time's Heavenly Connection Meet, in order to prevent being ambushed and killed by hostile enemy forces.

This was out of good intentions. However, Yan Zhaoge had his own thoughts, and would definitely pay attention to his own safety, while also increasing his strength.

The fragment of the Eye of the Thunder Emperor within his right eye unceasingly and endlessly provided him with an ocean's worth of pure, refined lightning qi, unceasingly refining Yan Zhaoge's body.

Fang Zhun glanced at Yan Zhaoge, "That fragment of the Eye of the Thunder Emperor is your own fortuitous encounter; if you are unwilling to exchange it with the clan, you can take care of it yourself. However, make sure to pay attention to your own safety."

Yan Zhaoge had already reported to the clan on this matter.

Even if he did not do so, Lin Zhou would also help to spread it such that the whole world knew of it, so Yan Zhaoge did not hide it from the clan. Of course, some extraneous details need not be mentioned.

Yan Zhaoge answered, "Second-apprentice uncle speaks rightly; I will take note of it."

Fang Zhun continued, “Eldest apprentice-brother brought that small metal plate over to the Northern Sea, and returned with some gains.”

Yan Zhaoge asked interestedly, “Does it really have a connection with the Earth Domain?”

“After carefully screening it, there is indeed some, but the specifics of this still have to be analysed clearly,” Fang Zhun said simply, “Of the legacy of the past Glacial Dragon Martial Saint, there is a portion, though they are not the most core things from the legends, and there was no trace of a Sacred Artifact either.”

“Of what we have obtained now, perhaps there are still some followup clues. This is a fortuitous opportunity that belongs to you; when your cultivation has improved in the future, you can find some time to go handle it on your own.”

Yan Zhaoge nodded, “I have troubled eldest apprentice-uncle and second apprentice-uncle.”

Fang Zhun waved his hands, “It’s fine.”

Saying thus, he took out a map and handed it over to Yan Zhaoge, along with an ice-blue piece of jade, round with a hole in its centre.

Receiving the map, as Yan Zhaoge infused his aura-qi within, it instantly began emitting a blue glow, also emanating ripples of coldness.

Within that ice-blue piece of jade was stored a large, abundant amount of pure, refined qi.

It was slightly inferior to that of the Glacial Dragon Bone Soul of before in terms of quantity, but in terms of quality, seemed even more superior.



## HSSB 152: Meeting Zhao Hao Once More

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Keeping the map and jade, Yan Zhaoge asked Fang Zhun, “Second apprentice-uncle, senior apprentice-brother Xu is not with you?”

Due to various reasons, Broad Creed Mountain’s direct disciples attending this time’s Heavenly Connection Meet numbered only three.

From what Yan Zhaoge knew, of the others, Lu Wen had gone into secluded cultivation immediately after previously having lost to him in the Big Dipper Sword. Even now, he had still not left seclusion.

Other than himself and Sikong Qing, the other person who was participating in this time’s Heavenly Connection Meet was Shi Tie’s disciple, the ‘Heavenly Roc’ Xu Fei.

Fang Zhun said, “Xu Fei has already been away from a period of time, and is currently in the Lake Domain. He has already received the news, and will directly hurry to the location of the Heavenly Connection Meet.

Yan Zhaoge nodded, moving off with Fang Zhun and Sikong Qing, Ah Hu following alongside them.

From where they were, heading to the Lake Domain they would have to cut through the Earth Domain.

Luckily, from what had happened previously, while the Earth Domain was still all dead land, it had calmed down somewhat.

With Fang Zhun's cultivation, not entering its depths and just passing by, it would still be fine.

Led by Fang Zhun, Yan Zhaoge, Sikong Qing and Ah Hu crossed the Earth Domain through the air. Looking at the roiling black fog below them and feeling that deathly silence, at the vast expanse of land that was hell on earth, the three fell silent, having the same feeling resonate within their hearts.

Having personally entered such an environment derived from the Earth Domain, the Sealing Dragon Abyss, before, Yan Zhaoge was not a stranger to it.

However, it was still his first time looking down on all of it from high like this, causing many emotions to well up within his heart.

“Looking at it, it indeed has something to do with the Nine Underworld's Evil Devils. Here is indeed just like in the East Sea, where a rift tunnel that leads to other worlds exists,” Yan Zhaoge pondered, “However, over at the East Sea leads to the Flame Devil World, while here leads to the Nine Underworlds.”

Yan Zhaoge knit his brows as a hazy light flickered within his gaze, “The Nine Underworlds ah...”

As they headed south, a group of people suddenly appeared ahead of them.

The other party was also hurrying on a journey. Detecting Fang Zhun's presence, they cautiously turned. Having recognised him, they instantly relaxed, halting and waiting for their party to catch up.

Looking over, Yan Zhaoge saw that the leading man was a green-robed Elder with a wild and intractable expression on his face.

Yan Zhaoge had also seen him before. It was precisely that longtime Elder of Jade Sea City who had arrived in the Eastern Tang during the War of the Eastern Tang that year.

Beside the wild and intractable Elder were a few young disciples, all of them spirited and full of energy.

Taking a look, Yan Zhaoge recognised them as the elites of Jade Sea City's younger generation, some of whom he had even met in the Heavenly Connection Meet three years ago.

In participating in the Heavenly Connection Meet in the Lake Domain this time, Jade Sea City had evidently dispatched this green-robed Elder to lead the party.

Seeing him, Fang Zhun smiled, "Elder Chen, you are also heading to the Lake Domain. How come you are also moving through the Earth Domain?"

The continent of the Eight Extremities World was split into Eight Domains, the position of the Eight Domains generally as such.

Mountain, Thunder.

Wind, Heaven, Earth, Water.

Fire, Lake.

In going from the Water Domain to the Lake Domain, Jade Sea City could have taken the land route, or could also have also taken the sea route from the east. They did not have to pass through the Earth Domain like Broad Creed Mountain.

“Previously, I had just happened to be leading them for tempering in Hell,” That Jade Sea City’s Elder Chen replied, “With time being so tight, we just decided not to return to Jade Sea City. Directly heading south from the Earth Domain as I protect a few juniors is something this old man still can do.

Fang Zhun smiled, “Elder Chen is being too humble; of course this wouldn’t prove difficult for you.”

Looking at Yan Zhaoge, Elder Chen’s gaze was filled with astonishment as well as admiration, “Actually already a Xiantian Martial Scholar!”

“When glancing at you from afar that time in the Eastern Tang, I had not thought that your Central Heaven Region Yan Family had produced yet another true dragon, not just possessing astonishing talent in the martial dao, but also able to stir up this world’s balance of power.”

Yan Zhaoge bowed towards Elder Chen, “Senior over-praises me.”

“Still, are you certain that that Heavenly Thunder Hall’s hLin Zhou really knows my Jade Sea City’s One Line Edge?” Elder Chen asked directly, “Are you certain that it’s the direct lineage?”

Yan Zhaoge nodded, “I am certain. If Lin Zhou doesn’t admit it, ask him if he dares to perform the Blood Soul Recollection Ceremony; I am willing to accompany him in doing so at any time.”

“Replaying the scene of that time, with the discerning eyes of your clan’s experts, they would be able to confirm it on the spot.”

Elder Chen’s face was somewhat dark and vicious, “Huh, that fellow is hiding and not making an appearance, making it seem completely like he has a guilty conscience.”

Yan Zhaoge smiled, “Because he can’t deny it. If you wanted to prove it, it would be too easy.”

With a face full of densely packed dark clouds, Elder Chen gazed

north, precisely in the direction of the Thunder Domain, “This matter cannot be considered over; it must be checked sooner or later.”

Fang Zhun said, “Since we have met, and are travelling the same way, if Elder Chen doesn’t mind, let us journey together.”

Elder Chen nodded, “Of course.”

The leading bigwigs of both sides deciding to travel together, their young disciples also met.

A big youth with rough features smiled at Yan Zhaoge as he remarked, “Junior Brother Yan has really caused much surprise and admiration over this past one over year.”

Yan Zhaoge was also not reserved as he smiled, “Low-key, low-key.”

Pointing at him, that youth laughed, “If this is also considered low-key, than what do you look like when you’re not being low-key?”

Yan Zhaoge smiled but did not answer, as he introduced the youth to Sikong Qing, “This is Senior Brother Ye of Jade Sea City, whose name is Ye Zhongzhou and people call the Black Dragon. He is twenty-eight this year. I’ve heard that he broke past a bottleneck some time ago, stepping into the mid Xiantian Martial Scholar stage, with his fist intent already able to form an illusory heaven

and earth.”

“He is great friends with our clan’s senior apprentice-brother Xu, a relationship that was developed as drinking buddies.”

Of Broad Creed Mountain’s direct disciples, while Yan Zhaoge was not on good terms with Lu Wen, his relationship with Xu Fei was rather good, by extension also being familiar with Ye Zhongzhou, “Right, he has a rare beast known as the Black Water Mysterious Dragon of rather good quality. It’s just a pity that its owner is too lazy, always not caring to feed it properly.”

“Senior Brother Ye’s nickname also stems from this rare beast of his.”

Ye Zhongzhou pretended to stare at Yan Zhaoge with an angry and resentful look on his face, “I only have this little bit of background, and all of it was completely sold off by you.”

Yan Zhaoge similarly joked with a rascally look on his face, “Saying it to your face is being upright and honest; if you think that I said anything wrong, you can just correct me on the spot.”

Ye Zhongzhou shook his head in exasperation, “This guy...”

Sikong Qing bowed towards Ye Zhongzhou, and Ye Zhongzhou also introduced his junior apprentice-brothers and sisters of Jade Sea City to the two of them.

Together, led by Fang Zhun and Elder Chen, the party quickly passed the Earth Domain, arriving at the Lake Domain.

With such heavyweights like Fang Zhun and Elder Chun arriving, Turbid Wave Pavilion naturally brought one of their bigwigs out to meet them.

Coincidentally, just having arrived there, Infinite Boundless Mountain's martial practitioners arrived just a step after as well.

His gaze sweeping over, Yan Zhaoge saw that of the Infinite Boundless Mountain disciples there, one of them was clearly Zhao Hao.

Looking at Yan Zhaoge, Zhao Hao's gaze abruptly hardened, becoming cold as ice.

But what caught Yan Zhaoge's attention more was a somewhat older Infinite Boundless Mountain disciple next to Zhao Hao who looked to be about thirty years of age.

The gaze with which the other party looked over was filled with aggression, even a bit of savagery as he resembled a fierce, bloody beast.



# HSSB 153: A Dangerous Figure

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Although Zhao Hao had not made a move, listening carefully to his breathing, Yan Zhaoge could tell that he had already completely finished the washing and refining of all of his internal organs with his aura-qi.

Accumulated to its limits, his aura-qi had very possibly already formed a ball of qi within his body. In other words, the current Zhao Hao should at least be at the peak of the mid inner aura Martial Scholar realm, perhaps even having already stepped into the late inner aura Martial Scholar realm.

From the time Yan Zhaoge had seen him last half a year ago at Cloud Portent Mountain, his cultivation had soared by leaps and bounds once more.

Nearly having blown up his clan's own Giant Spirit Magnetite vein back in Cloud Portent Mountain, Zhao Hao's following days in Infinite Boundless Mountain should have originally been very difficult.

Now, however, he was clearly already a direct disciple of Infinite Boundless Mountain, even having surpassed the similarly-aged Hou Xiang to be brought by Infinite Boundless Mountain to participate in this Heavenly Connection Meet.

From this, it could be seen that he had still managed to make Infinite Boundless Mountain attach much importance to him.

After all, his knowledge of medicine and alchemy aside, Zhao Hao's cultivation base was already extremely outstanding for his current age, much less the fact that his cultivation speed was still so shocking.

Although he had nearly made a terribly big mistake in a major matter earlier, as a disciple of the younger generation, his martial talent was something that any Sacred Ground would also have to treat seriously.

Zhao Hao gazed at the spiritual light that shot up from above Yan Zhaoge's head, "Really already in the Xiantian stage..."

Comparing it to what he knew about Yan Zhaoge's previous cultivation level as well as his speed of progress in recent years, Zhao Hao also felt slightly shocked.

Yan Zhaoge, was not just a head over him in the matter of the Golden Needle Liberating Pill Technique and the restoration of the Giant Spirit Magnetite vein.

In terms of martial talent, he was similarly outstanding, causing even him who had seen and experienced much to have to inwardly let out a shocked sigh of admiration.

However, while he felt slightly shocked, Zhao Hao was not actually nervous.

He retracted his gaze which had been directed towards Yan

Zhaoge, “In martial cultivation, the higher one goes, the slower rate of improvement. As we rise higher, I will catch up with you very quickly.”

Zhao Hao smiled coldly within his heart, “At the same cultivation level, beating you would be as easy as beating a dead dog.”

As for Zhao Hao, Yan Zhaoge didn’t really pay him much heed, his gaze instead sweeping towards the other Infinite Boundless Mountain disciples.

The direct disciples of Infinite Boundless Mountain who had come to attend the Heavenly Connection Meet this time numbered four. Other than Zhao Hao, Ji Hanru was also there.

According to Yan Zhaoge’s knowledge, following his defeat by him on Cloud Portent Mountain, Ji Hanru had nursed his vengeance and gone into secluded cultivation. Originally at the peak of the early Xiantian stage, just before coming to the Meet, he had successfully broken through the bottleneck which he had been stuck at for a long time, stepping into the mid Xiantian Martial Scholar stage, somewhat giving the feeling of stepping up valiantly after having faced humiliation.

The other young disciple was close to Yan Zhaoge’s age, older than Zhao Hao whilst younger than Ji Hanru.

With intelligent looks and a friendly expression on his face, he smiled as he nodded towards Yan Zhaoge and the others.

Yan Zhaoge thought for a while before his matched the person's appearance with the information within his brain.

This youth was named Xiao Yu, and was also a direct disciple of Infinite Boundless Mountain. His cultivation talent was extremely high, to the extent that it was even rumoured that whether it was in terms of comprehension or talent, he was the current number one of Infinite Boundless Mountain's younger generation.

It was only that this person was not all that passionate about cultivating, spending three days fishing and then two days drying the net.

However, his martial talent was outstanding to the point that even while not being much focused on cultivation, he was still an elite of the younger generation.

The other party expressing friendliness, Yan Zhaoge also smiled as he nodded back in greeting.

That Xiao Yu appeared to be very happy as he swivelled his head to say to the Ji Hanru beside him, "See, senior apprentice-brother Ji, it's actually very easy, isn't it? There are no problems that cannot be solved through communication. First getting the atmosphere right, it would then be even easier."

The corners of Ji Hanru's mouth twitched, as he turned his head and did not speak.

Yan Zhaoge was rendered speechless, but his attention also didn't stay on Xiao Yu and Ji Hanru for too long.

Beside Xiao Yu and others, that oldest Infinite Boundless Mountain disciple looked like he was smiling whilst also not, as he looked over with an unfriendly gaze.

Seeing that Infinite Boundless Mountain disciple, Yan Zhaoge raised his brows slightly.

Feeling somewhat unlucky, the Ye Zhongzhou by the side gave a low snort, "Infinite Boundless Mountain let that madman Liu Shengfeng out this time?"

Liu Shengfeng, a direct disciple of Infinite Boundless Mountain, of a similar age to Xu Fei and Tang Yonghao.

It was only that as compared to the other disciples of Infinite Boundless Mountain, Liu Shengfeng was notorious outside for being ruthless with his attacks as well as his cruel, violent temperament as he enjoyed playing with his opponents, especially enjoying bullying the weak with his superior strength as he often liked to move to kill or injure martial practitioners whose cultivation were inferior to his without any reason whatsoever.

Therefore, in recent years, Infinite Boundless Mountain had restricted Liu Shengfeng from going out alone most of the time.

However, his talent was indeed outstanding, being the

undisputed strongest amongst those of the same age as him in Infinite Boundless Mountain, especially proficient at fighting people in actual combat.

Mostly, Infinite Boundless Mountain loved yet hated him at the same time, feeling him to be a real headache.

Liu Shengfeng's gaze moved between Yan Zhaoge and Ye Zhongzhou. Baring his teeth, he was just about to stride over.

The face of the Ji Hanru beside him changed slightly, as he hurriedly said to Ye Zhongzhou, "Jade Sea City's Senior Brother Ye, is it? I have long heard of your famous name; I hope you will guide me along generously."

Saying thus, he directly punched towards Ye Zhongzhou.

Liu Shengfeng glanced coldly at Ji Hanru, his gaze moving in a somewhat unfriendly manner between Yan Zhaoge and Ye Zhongzhou once more before it finally came to rest on the former.

Xiao Yu chuckled towards the sky as he hurried out, "Senior Brother Yan, Yan Zhaoge? I am Xiao Yu, and this is the first time we're meeting. I have some inquiries regarding that Thunder Element Revival Art-please care to enlighten me."

Liu Shengfeng's gaze revealed an expression that made it seem like he was smiling whilst also not as, his hands behind his back, he finally halted.

However, Yan Zhaoge noticed that the glow within his eyes was emanating a more and more threatening feel.

Acquainted with Ji Hanru as well, Ye Zhongzhou was similarly able to feel that his attacks, while fierce in momentum, actually contained no ill intentions whatsoever.

“You can also be considered as having put in much effort,” Shaking his head rather helplessly, Ye Zhongzhou sent a sound transmission with his aura-qi over to Ji Hanru as he moved to receive Ji Hanru’s attack.

Ji Hanru’s face was the picture of seriousness, “I have just stepped into the mid Xiantian Martial Scholar realm; may Senior Brother Ye give me some pointers.”

The two clashed without any real heat behind it, but with the direct lineage of the two Sacred Grounds, Infinite Boundless Mountain and Jade Sea City, facing off against each other, it still made for an exceptionally amazing show.

Fang Zhun and Elder Chen had arrived at their destination and met with the bigwigs of Turbid Wave Pavilion and Infinite Boundless Mountain. Regarding the contest of their disciples, as long as it was not exceptionally problematic, they would all not needlessly interfere with their affairs.

The Heavenly Connection Meet was originally where all the heroes under the heavens congregated, with the clashing of

geniuses taking place.

As Yan Zhaoge conversed with Xiao Yu, answering his questions one after another, his expression suddenly changed as he looked in another direction.

Ah Hu and Liu Shengfeng also similarly looked in that direction.

A youth neared at a high speed, first nodding towards Yan Zhaoge, Liu Shengfeng and the others, before he came to where Ye Zhongzhou and Ji Hanru were currently clashing.

Interlocking his hands, this person's arms drew a circle in mid-air, causing rings of aura-qi that resembled waves to surge which instantly enveloped both Ye Zhongzhou and Ji Hanru.

The illusory heaven and earth formed of aura-qi that appeared within the air resembled a muddy swamp.

Ye Zhongzhou and Ji Hanru instantly felt as though they had sunk into a swamp.

As the two were originally also not in anything like a deathmatch, they immediately stopped.

The newcomer was actually also only a mid Xiantian Martial Scholar. However, with precise vision and intricate control, he had cut in at just the right time, instantly separating the two fighters.



Looking at that youth, Yan Zhaoge identified, “Ruan Ping?”

Having separated Ye Zhongzhou and Ji Hanru, that Ruan Ping said, “Having come all the way to my Turbid Wave Pavilion, everyone here is a guest. Please allow my clan to display our hospitality as the hosts. The Heavenly Connection Meet will officially begin very soon-where is the need to rush?”

# HSSB 154: Aftereffect

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Ruan Ping looked to be about twenty-seven or twenty-eight years of age, spirited and handsome with an extraordinary bearing about him.

He was precisely one of the Lake Domain Sacred Ground's, Turbid Wave Pavilion, direct disciples, proficient in the secret martial arts of the Lake Domain, and possessing extraordinary strength.

However, what caused Yan Zhaoge to take more heed was the fact that from what he knew, this person seemed to have intentions towards the Sacred Sun Clan's Meng Wan, being somewhat enamoured with her.

Despite the fact that their age difference was close to ten years, this didn't affect Ruan Ping's passionate feelings at all.

It was only that over this past half year, with the general situation within the Eight Extremities World having suddenly changed greatly, the relationship between the Sacred Grounds had become much more tense.

Turbid Wave Pavilion which always stayed neutral had to be more sensitive in all of its actions.

While he was a young disciple, as a direct disciple of Turbid Wave Pavilion, if Ruan Ping did as he had before, it would appear extremely conspicuous.

Whether it was from having received special instructions from the Elders or having curbed himself, in recent days, Ruan Ping's feelings towards Meng Wan seemed to have gradually calmed down.

His gaze sweeping over Liu Shengfeng, Yan Zhaoge and the others, Ruan Ping nodded slightly, "Please, everyone follow me."

Laughing, Liu Shengfeng retracted his wolf-like gaze which had till now always been appraising Yan Zhaoge and Ye Zhongzhou.

His age close to Ruan Ping's, Ye Zhongzhou and him were long since acquainted, as he immediately said, "Ruan Ping, it is rare that we have taken a trip here. You have to take us to see your long renowned Clear Concealed Lake ah."

The Clear Concealed Lake, located to the northwest of the Lake Domain, was where this time's Heavenly Connection Meet would be held.

This place was abound with lakes within the surrounding five hundred kilometres and covered in clouds all year round. However, the fluctuations in clouds on the lake's surface made for an incomparably beautiful scene.

As the clouds swirled and rested, they seemed to contain the boundless laws of the heavens and the earth, and was able to birth many extraordinary scenes, which led to this world's martial practitioners being greatly inclined to visit it.

Turbid Wave Pavilion often saw its martial practitioners come here to comprehend the dao and cultivate.

As the organiser and host of this time's Heavenly Connection Meet, Turbid Wave Pavilion had also arranged this as its location.

Ruan Ping smiled, "This is only natural. You can all move about on your own; however, on the surface of this lake are formations set up by my clan's Elders with the help of the geography here."

"If you move about freely, you will have to take care not to set off the restrictions of the formation."

Under Ruan Ping's lead, Yan Zhaoge and Sikong Qing, along with those of Jade Sea City and Infinite Boundless Mountain, entered the domain of the Clear Concealed Lake.

Treading onto the surface of the lake, Yan Zhaoge surveyed his surroundings, his mind instantly feeling refreshed and happy.

As the clouds drifted, it seemed to incessantly change as it repeatedly came into contact with the lake water.

The boundary between the heavens and the earth seemed to become blurry. As Yan Zhaoge glanced over, the lake water seemed to hover within the sky, while the clouds seemed to transform into a lake.

“Could it be that Turbid Wave Pavilion’s Flowing Water Illusory Clouds is derived from this?”

Yan Zhaoge looked at the scene before him somewhat interestedly as the Sikong Qing beside him also did the same.

Ye Zhongzhou and the others who accompanied them smiled as they looked at Sikong Qing.

From beside Ye Zhongzhou, a girl of about twenty years of age sighed softly, “What devotion to the martial dao.”

This girl was named Li Jingwan, a Heaven’s favoured child of Jade Sea City alongside Ye Zhongzhou, her age similar to Yan Zhaoge and Xiao Yu.

Her features were beautiful like a picture. While she was not as elegantly beautiful as Sikong Qing, she was still a rare beauty.

In comparison to the loud, booming Ye Zhongzhou, Li Jingwan appeared very gentle. She looked curiously towards Sikong Qing.

All the way here, Sikong Qing had appeared extremely quiet, not uttering a word other than when she had greeted them.

If there was anything, she would just follow Yan Zhaoge along, but whether it was Ye Zhongzhou or Li Jingwan, both of them could see that Sikong Qing was not someone with no thoughts of her own, instead just seemingly wanting to avoid having to deal

with troublesome matters.

This girl seemed to have poured all of her effort into cultivation, not intending on or even disdaining allocating her time in other areas.

Although she still at least understood the ways of the world, she was not someone who liked interacting with others-her mind was simply not in the same dimension.

Ye Zhongzhou laughed, “Possessing outstanding talent and devoted to the extreme-the heavens will not mistreat her.”

Li Jingwan said, “That’s right; already having reached the peak of the late inner aura Martial Scholar realm despite being so young. I heard that when facing Infinite Boundless Mountain’s Hou Xiang around half a year ago in the Mountain Domain, she was still a mid inner aura Martial Scholar. Such a rate of progress is truly shocking.”

The place here was broad, the islands on the lake numerous like stars in the sky. As they walked on the lake’s surface, they arrived at its central region very quickly.

Of the biggest few islands of the Clear Concealed Lake, the main island here, Clear Concealed Island, was where this Heavenly Connection Meet would be held.

Having arrived on Clear Concealed Island, some disciples of

Turbid Wave Pavilion acted as ushers, arranging and leading them to their various lodgings.

The architecture style of this place was filled with the air of the Lake Domain as small intricate buildings of bamboo had been erected one after another in an ordered manner.

Having settled down, Yan Zhaoge left his bamboo house, heading out onto the lake once more.

On the lake, passing through the clouds, Yan Zhaoge gradually closed his eyes, strolling leisurely on the lake's surface.

Standing behind Yan Zhaoge, Ah Hu did not interrupt him.

His attention was mostly fixed on their surroundings, preventing anyone from coming to interrupt Yan Zhaoge as well as looking out for any dangers that might suddenly descend.

At this moment, he had not the leisure to comprehend the profundities of the Clear Concealed Lake.

It was only when tomorrow's Heavenly Connection Meet officially begun with Yan Zhaoge a participant that Ah Hu would come out to roam alone.

Although his eyes were tightly closed, Yan Zhaoge's spiritual awareness was still raised to its maximum, all the pores of his body pulsing lightly, inhaling and exhaling the spiritual qi of the

surrounding heavens and earth as he was also feeling the spiritual qi pulse of this Clear Concealed Lake and the unique, remarkable areas of this precious land.

After walking for a while, Yan Zhaoge halted, standing silently where he was and not moving. He extended his arms, making slow, drawing motions within the clouds.

A while later, Yan Zhaoge resumed his footsteps, continuing to walk on water as he proceeded for a set distance, before then halting again.

Walking and halting like this, with those motions of his arms ceaseless.

The clouds surrounding Yan Zhaoge was made to stick by his side, gradually coming to form an increasingly large mass of qi which moved alongside him.

“Viewing the changes of the Clear Concealed Lake has indeed caused me to have some other thoughts on the martial dao.”

Yan Zhaoge pondered, “Stepping into the Xiantian stage with spirituality forming in one’s aura-qi; having reached the mid Xiantian stage, the aura-qi can form an illusory heaven and earth, birthing the changes between true and false a step further, seeking the secrets of the heavens and earth.”

“Within this, perhaps there are some things that I can use.”



As he pondered, Yan Zhaoge was suddenly taken aback slightly, “Hmmm?”

Following alongside him, Ah Hu asked, “Young Master, what is it?”

Slightly narrowing his eyes, Yan Zhaoge surveyed his surroundings, “This formation, seems to have changed ah.”

Ah Hu was baffled as an uncomprehending expression appeared on his face.

Yan Zhaoge didn't continue saying anything. Like alchemy and artifact forging, formations were a comparatively independent field of study on its own. While being closely related to the martial dao, attainment in formations was not completely dependent on a martial practitioner's cultivation base.

And the spirit formation that enveloped the Clear Concealed Lake before them had only changed very slightly, such that it was not very obvious.

While Ah Hu had already reached the Heavenly Connection stage, never having studied about formations before, him not being able to detect this change was not surprising at all.

To Yan Zhaoge, formations were also his weak point. However, that was only in comparison to his abilities in other areas.

In comparison to other Martial Scholars, Yan Zhaoge's attainment in formations was similarly outstanding.

Moreover, in recent days, Yan Zhaoge had just happened to be intentionally making up for this and raising his proficiency in formations, thus being extremely sensitive in matters relating to them.

At this moment, he very quickly detected this anomaly.

Yan Zhaoge stroked his lower chin, "Cough, is this an aftereffect of Infinite Boundless Mountain previously spreading news as they thought to overpraise me to death?"

# HSSB 155: Testing Yan Zhaoge's Mettle

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In terms of their overall benefit, the restoration of the Giant Spirit Magnetite had been extremely rewarding for Infinite Boundless Mountain.

But because they had completely fallen out with the Heavenly Thunder Hall, losing their previous beneficial stance of being able to advance or retreat as they liked, having to enter battle personally and unarmoured, to Infinite Boundless Mountain, they had undoubtedly been harmed in terms of their initiative in the overall situation.

What was even more frustrating was that they didn't have any other choice.

Although those of Infinite Boundless Mountain had made a very rational decision and joined the side of Broad Creed Mountain and Jade Sea City in standing against the Sacred Sun Clan and the Heavenly Thunder Hall, in the eyes of Broad Creed Mountain, Yan Zhaoge who had spurred this on had performed a huge merit, while Infinite Boundless Mountain had rather complicated views on this.

While they held no proof whatsoever, some of Infinite Boundless Mountain deeply believed that Yan Zhaoge had premeditatedly dug a hole for them that they just had to jump into.

Therefore, ever since half a year ago, some rumours regarding Yan Zhaoge had spread from the Mountain Domain, praising him

as being rare within the heavens, hard to seek on the earth.

Let alone the current younger generation and Yan Zhaoge's peers, looking at that momentum of his, it seemed like even his father Yan Di had not suppressed those of his generation so greatly that year.

In attending the Heavenly Connection Meet this time, Yan Zhaoge had long been mentally prepared for this, knowing that many people would be attempting to test his mettle.

Infinite Boundless Mountain's Liu Shengfeng would be the number one candidate for this.

It must have been difficult for Infinite Boundless Mountain to have suppressed this ferocious beast to not come looking for him during his stay at Cloud Portent Mountain.

What was noteworthy for Yan Zhaoge was that with his fame increasingly growing over this past year, the younger generation experts of the Eight Extremities World had gradually begun overlooking his age as well as cultivation base.

Because Yan Zhaoge's actual achievements in battle were just too glorious.

Easily killing Xiao Shen at the same cultivation level, defeating Chao Yuanlong at the same cultivation level, and defeating the Xiantian stage Ji Hanru whilst in the late outer aura Martial

Scholar realm.

The results of his battles with Lin Zhou and Yan Shan had also begun to spread.

In terms of age as well as time spent cultivating, many of these opponents still surpassed Yan Zhaoge by not just a little.

And all of those aforementioned were elites of the Eight Extremities World's younger generation amongst those of the same age, geniuses recognised by the entire world.

Randomly picking out one of them, even if they were to compete with most other martial practitioners of the six great Sacred Grounds of the same cultivation level, they would possibly also be able to suppress their opponents, perhaps even surpass levels and defeat the strong as the weak.

But these geniuses, had all met defeat at Yan Zhaoge's hands!

Of the Eight Extremities World's current younger generation, these splendid battle achievements of Yan Zhaoge's were all numbered amongst the top few.

Because of Ji Hanru and Xiao Yu, Liu Shengfeng had not been able to successfully make a move earlier, but Yan Zhaoge had never thought that attending the Heavenly Connection Meet, his first opponent come to test his mettle would be someone of Turbid Wave Pavilion.

After all, faced with the current strong gales and raging waves of the Eight Extremities World's general situation, Turbid Wave Pavilion still stood very stably as a neutral party.

His hands behind his back, Yan Zhaoge surveyed his surroundings, feeling carefully.

He was now no longer comprehending the principles of the heavens and the earth, rather feeling for the circulation as well as spiritual qi flow of this formation.

“En, from the looks of it, they only want to deflate my momentum as well as spirit, more being a sort of test for me,” After carefully pondering for a moment, the corners of Yan Zhaoge's mouth lifted slightly upwards.

The formation before him was naturally nothing more than some simple bewildering mist.

If this formation set down by the Elders of Turbid Wave Pavilion really faced an enemy invasion, it would display a strong power to repel the incoming enemy.

This formation actually only had a slight change to it, not possessing any offensive power whatsoever.

Trapped within, Yan Zhaoge would at most only lose his way, being unable to walk out of the Clear Concealed Lake, as well as

return to Clear Concealed Island at its centre.

Of course, it was precisely because this change in the formation was so slight that a Heavenly Connection Martial Scholar like Ah Hu had not been able to quickly detect it.

Also, if the change in the formation had been too great, it would have immediately alerted all the Martial Grandmaster experts of Turbid Wave Pavilion here, as well as Fang Zhun and the others.

“A formation set up based on the geography here, with its base still this Clear Concealed Lake’s lawless dao of the changes in clouds and water...”

Yan Zhaoge smiled nonchalantly, striding out once more, just that as he progressed this time, the rhythm of his steps had become extremely strange, with him sometimes even walking backwards.

As he walked, the aura-qi around Yan Zhaoge’s entire body surged, treading till the lake water beneath his feet rippled unceasingly.

Accompanied by his breathing, the surrounding cloud qi congregated around him unceasingly, with the feeling arising of winds rising and clouds surging.

With Yan Zhaoge at its centre, a hurricane arose on the surface of the lake, moving alongside Yan Zhaoge, causing chaos in the lake water as well as the surrounding clouds wherever he went.

The hurricane's momentum expanded ceaselessly, beginning to spread outwards to the surroundings.

Following closely by Yan Zhaoge's side, Ah Hu opened his mouth wide, and after watching for a moment, began grinning widely as he chuckled, "Wanting to compete with my Young Master?"

On Clear Concealed Island, within the hall of a bamboo house was a massive mirror the height of a person.

The wavelike surface of the mirror depicted the scene of the lake's surface.

Ruan Ping was currently standing before the mirror, watching the scene displayed on it expressionlessly. He was graceful as usual with an extraordinary bearing about him, just that he was no longer as mild as he had seemed before as a piercing sharpness could be seen within his gaze.

It was now that he finally revealed some of the pride and ambition of a young person.

Looking at the Yan Zhaoge within the mirror, pondering slightly for a time, Ruan Ping extended his hands, wanting to touch the mirror. But just before he touched it, his hands suddenly paused.

Then, someone pushed the door and entered. They were two girls, both in the green garb of Turbid Wave Pavilion's direct



disciples like him.

The two girls both wore bamboo hats with veils draping down that concealed their features.

The taller girl at the front took off her bamboo hat, revealing warm, hearty features. While her looks were only somewhat better than average, they had a style of their own.

Seeing her, Ruan Ping retracted his hand, dipping his head slightly, “Senior apprentice-sister Xie.”

Coming before the mirror, glancing at the scenes within, the female disciple of Turbid Wave Pavilion surnamed Xie instantly knit her brows, “Junior apprentice-brother Ruan, where is the need for this?”

“These past days, I’ve heard his name till even my ears are beginning to fill with calluses,” Ruan Ping smiled, “So I just want to test him a little, to see if under that famed name the warrior exists true.”

“In the rumours, he is extremely all-rounded. Thus, I want to test out his attainment in formations.”

“This is actually very good; not having to really fight, we can also exchange blows.”

“I also don’t intend to make things difficult for him; if he really is

trapped within the formation, after a period of time, I will personally enter to escort him back to Clear Concealed Island.”

That senior apprentice-sister Xie gazed deeply at Ruan Ping for a moment, “Our clan’s Elders have already unanimously agreed not to interfere in the fight between Broad Creed Mountain and the Sacred Sun Clan, so why do you just have to make things difficult for Junior Brother Yan so?”

“It shouldn’t be because of Meng Wan, right?”

Ruan Ping smiled, “I agree that I am unable to forget the Sacred Sun Clan’s Junior Sister Meng, but even more so, I will also not forget that I am a disciple of Turbid Wave Pavilion. Even if I still have the intention of chasing her, I would also hope to receive her over here, rather than me actually going over there myself.”

“It is more like you protecting Yan Zhaoge like this, senior apprentice-sister Xie; it shouldn’t be because of that Senior Brother Xu of Broad Creed Mountain, right?”

That female disciple surnamed Xie replied mildly, “I will strictly abide by the decisions of our clan’s Elders, clearly separating and distinguishing such from my own private matters. Furthermore, Senior Brother Xu is extremely confident in Junior Brother Yan, and does not need me to take care of him.”

She looked at Ruan Ping, “In telling you, I am reminding you that there is still time for you to stop now. Otherwise, the one who loses out will only be you.”

# HSSB 156: Under That Famed Name The Warrior Exists True

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Hearing the words of that girl surnamed Xie, Ruan Ping raised his brows, swivelling his head to look at the surface of the mirror.

Within the mirror, on the surface of the lake, as Yan Zhaoge strode winds rose and clouds surged.

As he walked, his gaze swept the area, before suddenly coming to rest on a single spot.

Within the bamboo house, Ruan Ping's heart skipped a beat as the Yan Zhaoge on the mirror's surface was clearly looking straight into his eyes.

Separated by the formation, by layers and layers of scenery, the two seemed to have crossed over that boundless distance.

Gazing over, Yan Zhaoge smiled slightly.

Ruan Ping instantly knit his brows. Separated by the formation, Yan Zhaoge actually still couldn't see him, but this scene meant that Yan Zhaoge could still clearly detect that someone was watching him through the formation.

Looking at the mirror once more, Yan Zhaoge's rhythm was strange as he suddenly advanced at times and suddenly retreated at

others. The Ruan Ping who was extremely familiar with formations could instantly tell that Yan Zhaoge had the ability to leave the formation on his own, returning to Clear Concealed Island.

As he walked, he caused the winds and clouds to roil; he was actually coming back to influence the formation himself.

With Yan Zhaoge's current cultivation base, without entering the formation's core and not touching the treasures that had been used to set it up as well as its foundational spirit patterns, if he wanted to directly shake such a massive formation, he still quite lacked the strength to do so.

However, continuing with this, the changes in the formation would only grow larger and larger, very quickly alerting the experts of Turbid Wave Pavilion.

Fang Zhun and the others were all there. With Turbid Wave Pavilion staying strictly neutral and not wanting to start an enmity with Broad Creed Mountain, this matter of him making things difficult for people with their formation thrown before his clan's Elders, Ruan Ping would be hard pressed to avoid a scolding.

Moreover, he was now completely unable to do anything to Yan Zhaoge.

If he wanted to continue raising the power of the formation to form a killing formation, the Xie Youchan beside him would already first not agree to it.

Xie Youchan said calmly, “If you wanted to test Junior Brother Yan’s attainment in formations, it can already be considered that you have achieved what you set out to do.”

Falling silent for a moment, Ruan Ping laughed, “Indeed extraordinary; under that famed name the warrior exists true.”

Saying thus, he extended his hand and exerted some force to wipe the mirror.

The scenes on the mirror instantly vanished.

On Clear Concealed Lake, Yan Zhaoge suddenly smiled slightly, being able to feel that the earlier anomaly in the formation had already vanished.

Yan Zhaoge laughed lightly, slowing his steps as the clouds and wind at his side that were stirred by his aura-qi also gradually calmed down.

Following behind him, Ah Hu gave a simple and honest laugh, “Young Master, the other party has lost?”

Yan Zhaoge shrugged, “It can’t be considered a loss; Turbid Wave Pavilion and our clan originally also have no enmity between us. It is not like everyone is like him, having nothing better to do, bored till the point of seeking out trouble.”

Very quickly, the mists before him parted as one tall, one short, two girls garbed in green and wearing bamboo hats walked on the water, arriving before Yan Zhaoge and Ah Hu.

The tall girl removed her bamboo hat from which hung a veil, revealing a slightly ordinary face that still possessed a style of its own. It was precisely Xie Youchan.

“What a high attainment in formations Junior Brother Yan has,” Xie Youchan said, smiling, “Just now, my hands itched and I played a little joke on you. Here, I apologise; please do not take it to heart.”

Looking at Xie Youchan, Yan Zhaoge blinked, then laughed, “Senior Sister Xie’s words are too heavy. It’s only a small matter—how can I blame you for it? If Senior Brother Xu knew about it, it would be tragic for me.”

“However, next time, you should at least warn me beforehand ah; just now, I was not prepared for it at all.”

Yan Zhaoge did not just recognise the girl before him, he was even rather familiar with her.

Xie Youchan, one off the elite direct disciples of Turbid Wave Pavilion’s younger generation, with a cultivation of a late Xiantian Martial Scholar. She was stronger than Ruan Ping, being only a half-step away from the Heavenly Connection realm.

Thirty this year, in the eyes of mere mortals, Xie Youchan could already be considered an old maid. However, with her talent and potential, looking at her potential future cultivation attainments, counting by longevity, thirty years could really not be counted as much.

The female martial practitioners of the Eight Extremities who remained unwed their entire life were also not few.

Yan Zhaoge could also be considered to be familiar with her. However, like Ye Zhongzhou, this familiarity stemmed from a relationship with Yan Zhaoge's fellow disciple, the 'Heavenly Roc' Xu Fei.

Xie Youchan broke out laughing, "Junior Brother Yan jokes. The last time I met with Senior Brother Xu, he was praising you the entire day for having grown face for Broad Creed Mountain."

"Oh...an entire day..." Yan Zhaoge chortled, "There's something wrong oh..."

Xie Youchan pointed towards him a little, "You ah..."

She swivelled her head to look towards the short girl beside her, "This is my junior apprentice-sister Zhang Yao, whom you've never met before. Get to know her a bit; if Little Yao'er is outside next time and you see her, please take care of her a little."

That short girl had also already long removed her bamboo hat

from which hung a veil, revealing a cute, pink round face. She looked to be around the same age as Sikong Qing.

Zhang Yao had always been appraising Yan Zhaoge curiously, as she now hurriedly bowed, “Turbid Wave Pavilion’s Zhang Yao, greets Senior Brother Yan.”

Yan Zhaoge smiled, returning the greeting, “Junior Sister Zhang, it is nice to meet you.”

Xie Youchan said, “Okay, Junior Brother Yan, do you still want to comprehend the dao on the lake?”

Yan Zhaoge answered, “I already made some gains earlier. What remains is to sort them out; for that, there is no longer a need to stay here.”

“I’ve heard that in the vicinity of this Clear Concealed Lake, other than the few main islands of its central region, there is still some other beautiful scenery. I’d like to see it. At the same time, there are also some treasures unique to this area; if your clan doesn’t mind, I would like to collect some.”

Xie Youchan said, “That’s naturally fine. Since it is so, we will take you to tour the area.”

Yan Zhaoge smiled, “In that case, I will be troubling Senior Sister Xie and Junior Sister Zhang.”



The four proceeded, Yan Zhaoge as though entering a treasure vault on Clear Concealed Lake as he made rather plentiful gains. It was just that many of these gains were things that only he himself was completely clear on.

In other people's eyes, they didn't appear any much out of the ordinary at all.

As they walked, a strange bird suddenly flew past, piercing through several layers of mist and clouds before it accurately found Yan Zhaoge, Xie Youchan and the others.

Looking over, Yan Zhaoge saw that that bird resembled a large goose, yet was much smaller in size, its entire body red as fire as it appeared exceptionally conspicuous within the dense clouds.

“Is this the Fire Goose that is trained by your clan? Able to freely traverse amongst the clouds of Clear Concealed Lake, it can accurately find your clan's disciples, and is quite good for communication due to its extremely fast speed,” Yan Zhaoge smiled and praised, “I've long heard of it, finally seeing it for the first time today. It is indeed worthy of its fame.”

Xie Youchan said, “I have let Junior Brother Yan see its unworthiness.”

Extending her arm, that Fire Goose spiralled downwards and landed on it.

Xie Youchan removed a note tied onto the bird's claw, reading its contents as she now raised her brows slightly, "Oh, a Pixiu has actually appeared in the vicinity?"

When the Elders of Turbid Wave Pavilion had received this piece of news, the matter not being urgent, they didn't need stronger experts to expressly rush over from Clear Concealed Island.

Through the formation, they could basically confirm which disciples were nearby, before sending a message to get someone to handle it.

With Xie Youchan and Zhang Yao just happening to be nearby and the elders determining that Xie Youchan had the ability to deal with the matter, they had sent the Fire Goose over with a message.

"Saying that we would be guides for Junior Brother Yan, yet something just had to happen," Xie Youchan looked at Yan Zhaoge, "However, Pixius are rare; is Junior Brother Yan interested in going?"

Smiling, Yan Zhaoge nodded, "If Senior Sister Xie permits it, I also wish to witness for myself this famous rare beast which I've heard of, yet never seen before with my own eyes."

They moved off, very quickly arriving on a small nearby island.

As Yan Zhaoge and the others landed on the island, within its forest, someone had already arrived.

However, this person didn't show himself, instead silently watching them walk further onto the island.

He was also extremely surprised, but quickly retracted his gaze, lest Yan Zhaoge's group sense and detect him.

This person's eyes flickered with a dangerous light, a cold smile surfacing on the corners of his mouth. He was clearly Infinite Boundless Mountain's Liu Shengfeng.

# HSSB 157: Something About This Scene Isn't Quite Right

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As they walked, Zhang Yao secretly sent a sound transmission to Xie Youchan, “Right, senior apprentice-sister Xie. Just now, it was clearly something that senior apprentice-brother Ruan did; why did you claim responsibility for it?”

Xie Youchan answered, “Don’t look at how Junior Brother Yan looks like a humorous person before the both of us. Actually, he is a person who doesn’t tolerate dust in his eyes. If junior apprentice-brother Ruan provokes him, he will definitely get back at him.”

“Similarly, while junior apprentice-brother Ruan looks like an easygoing person, he is actually arrogant and victory-prioritising to the extreme. For him to lower his head towards Junior Brother Yan would be impossible; it would only lead to both sides clashing head-on in the end.”

“Our clan does not intend to get involved in the matter between Broad Creed Mountain and the Sacred Sun Clan. Although we fear neither of them, we should not take the initiative to provoke them either. Being able to resolve this small matter is for the best; otherwise, if the matter blew up, who knows how serious it might grow to in the end.”

Zhang Yao nodded, “It is just that senior apprentice-sister Xie has taken the blame for senior apprentice-brother Ruan.”

Xie Youchan smiled, “Junior Brother Yan is an understanding

person. Actually, the truth behind the matter cannot elude him; it's just that he is giving me some face, accepting my stance and letting things blow over, actually aware but acting oblivious and not continuing to pursue the matter."

"So that's how it is..." Zhang Yao had a moment of understanding. Slightly hesitating, she then said, "I just hope that senior apprentice-brother Ruan can appreciate your efforts..."

Xie Youchan let out a sigh, "I hope so too."

As the group approached the small island, Yan Zhaoge was engrossed in observing their surroundings.

Covered in a bamboo forest, this island's climate was similar to that of Clear Concealed Island, though it was slightly smaller in size. It was rather close to the edge of Clear Concealed Lake.

Regarding the creature known as the Pixiu, Yan Zhaoge had actually never personally seen one before.

Though there were depictions of the Pixiu, Yan Zhaoge had actually never seen one of them either. After all, the world was filled with multitudes of strange and wondrous beasts, and Yan Zhaoge could only claim to be familiar with some of them.

Yan Zhaoge had most definitely heard of the Pixiu's reputation, though.

“Body enormous like an elephant, likes to stay still, has a gentle temperament, is relatively lazy, but possessing enormous and inexhaustible innate strength. It can swallow metal, and is gifted with the ability to control black water and white fire.”

This time, the reports from Clear Concealed Lake noted that the Pixiu was still an adolescent. Even so, its strength was not something that an ordinary Martial Scholar would be able to contend with.

Despite the Pixiu’s gentle temperament, they had the nasty habit of being gluttonous eaters. Given its enormous size, it could eat a huge amount of food without any semblance of self-control.

If the matter wasn’t tended to, a Pixiu could render an area entirely barren as though a swarm of locusts had passed through.

On Clear Concealed Lake, everything from the spiritual qi flow to every single tree and patch of grass was closely related to the formation there.

Of course, a single Pixiu eating through a small island would not destroy the large formation, but the consequences of leaving it unattended would not be pretty.

As a result, the young disciples who discovered the Pixiu reported it back to those of Turbid Wave Pavilion placed in charge here. Upon receiving the news at Cloud Concealed Island, they contacted Xie Youchan to deal with the issue.

The disciple that delivered the news was momentarily stunned after seeing Xie Youchan with Yan Zhaoge and Ah Hu, but quickly explained the situation.

As a result, Yan Zhaoge, Xie Youchan, and the others were currently deep within the bamboo forest on the island.

Traveling through the forest, Yan Zhaoge found his vision constantly obscured by the dense sea of bamboo. Suddenly, he vaguely sensed a huge lifeform before them.

Yan Zhaoge and the others exchanged a look, “That should be the Pixiu...”

Before he had finished speaking, Yan Zhaoge, Ah Hu, and Xie Youchan all showed a slight change in their expression, “What trick is this big fella trying to pull?”

From deep within the bamboo forest, there suddenly was a huge fluctuation of spiritual qi. It was as if an enormous vortex had appeared which was drawing all of the spiritual qi on the island towards its centre.

Yan Zhaoge lifted his head and looked to see that the permanent cloud cover above them was slightly trembling. This happening on the island was affecting the entire formation at large.

Ah Hu scratched the back of his head, “This feeling-it seems like this Pixiu is about to make an advancement?”

Yan Zhaoge nodded, “There’s a good chance that this is the case.”

Xie Youchan stepped forwards, “Let’s go scout out what is going on. If the circumstances allow it, it would be best to not interrupt its advancement.”

The group cut through the bamboo sea, only to abruptly reach a large clearing. Without needing to ask, it was obvious that this bare piece of land had been created by the Pixiu’s appetite.

Yan Zhaoge strained his eyes to see what looked like a giant clump of light in the middle of the clearing.

That giant clump of light was formed of intermingling black and white. Looking closely, it was possible to see that the black was a jet-black flow of water while the white was a brilliant white flame. Together, the two elements mixed together as they spun around quickly and formed a large sphere around the Pixiu.

The two glows of black and white shone unceasingly. Clashing, the opposing forces of fire and water actually seemed abnormally compliant and harmonized.

As Yan Zhaoge witnessed this scene, he repeatedly nodded his head, “Mmm, not bad, not bad, yin and yang coexisting and mixing within the heavens and the earth, possessing the natural laws of this world. It is indeed extraordinary.”



“Though this world contains innumerable special beasts, this Pixiu can already be counted as a rare one that is hard to come by.”

The undulations of spiritual qi were gradually stabilising, but actually getting stronger and stronger. It seemed that the Pixiu was very close to completing its advancement.

That light ball of rapidly spinning black water and white fire was gradually thinning out, as the true form of the rare beast within was revealed.

However, Yan Zhaoge’s expression gradually became dazed.

“What’s that...Senior Sister Xie?” Yan Zhaoge stretched his somewhat stiff neck as he asked Xie Youchan by his side, “...This is the legendary Pixiu?”

Xie Youchan nodded her head matter-of-factly, “That’s right. This beast is very rare; it is only found in the border area between my Lake Domain and the Fire Domain, with none in your Heaven Domain. If you’ve never seen a picture of one before, it’s fine—there’s a live specimen in front of you right now.”

“Does Junior Brother Yan have the intention of trying to tame and rear this beast?” Xie Youchan asked, “This is also not out of the question...”

Yan Zhaoge was still a little dazed.

Even though its body was much larger than from his impression of those, already the size of a small elephant whilst only in its adolescence, no matter how he looked at it, the animal in front of him was clearly a panda that had been magnified by quite a bit.

Amongst their group of four, the one with the lowest cultivation was Zhang Yao. She carefully examined the gigantic beast in front of them, “Even though this one is still young, it still has such high strength. No wonder some villages in the mountains worship Pixiu as totems.”

“Totems?” Yan Zhaoge opened his mouth, while Ah Hu solemnly responded from beside him, “Young Master, this beast truly is very strong. If it were to use its full strength, it could probably rival an early Xiantian Martial Scholar, or even more.”

Yan Zhaoge looked as though he didn’t know whether to laugh or to cry for quite a while before he finally nodded, “Yes, I can also see that, just that...I’ve never thought that it would be like this.”

Looking at the giant panda in front of him, the Yan Zhaoge who had regained his wits also felt a slight fervor.

Towards giant pandas....er, Pixiu, he quite liked them even though there were some differences between this Pixiu and the giant pandas from his memory.

Raising this kind of big fellow would be rather nice for him. The only question was—how would he use it? This question made Yan Zhaoge scratch his head a little.

Keeping it as a pet would be kind of a waste while controlling it for battle also painted a rather strange picture within his mind...

As for using it as a steed....

The corners of Yan Zhaoge's mouth twitched as a scene appeared within his mind—

“I made the Internal Crystal Furnace reappear in this world!”

“Your steed is a panda.”

“I brought the Golden Needle Liberating Pill technique back into this world!”

“Your steed is a panda.”

“I restored Infinite Boundless Mountain's Giant Spirit Magnetite Vein!”

“Your steed is a panda.”

“All martial practitioners at the same cultivation level lower their heads before me in subservience, with none my match!”

“Your steed is a panda.”

“ ”  
...

# HSSB 158: Monetary Black Hole

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“Your steed is a panda...”

“Steed is a panda...”

“Is a panda...”

“Panda...”

As voices reverberated unceasingly in Yan Zhaoge’s head, he could not help but roll his eyes, “...Actually, it is also rather individualistic?”

“Definitely first class in attracting gazes, flashy to the extreme, not walking the normal route.”

“It’s just that-where does this refreshing yet also embarrassed mentality stem from?”

Rubbing his temple, Yan Zhaoge smiled bitterly as he looked at the giant panda before him, “Whatever, even if I just keep him as a pet, although his appetite is rather great, he is also pleasing to the eye. If I have him specifically in charge of selling fluff, that would also be quite good.”

“Aye, if I use him to chase chicks, I guess it would also be a really potent weapon?” The corners of Yan Zhaoge’s mouth curled

upwards as he thought somewhat rascally.

He swivelled his head to look at Xie Youchan beside him, “Senior Sister Xie, in all honesty, this beast indeed rather catches my eye. I don’t know if your clan would be willing?”

At the end of the day, the Clear Concealed Lake was Turbid Wave Pavilion’s territory. Meeting this giant panda this time had also only come about from following Xie Youchan.

Hearing his words, Xie Youchan laughed, “Other than rearing Fire Geese as well as a few other types of rare beasts for sending messages and travelling, we seldom rear any other rare beasts. If you didn’t say anything, I was also only going to send this Pixiu out of the vicinity of the Clear Concealed Lake, lest he influence the formation.”

“If junior apprentice-brother Yan wants him, you can naturally try to capture him, and if you want my assistance, you need only ask. However, I do not think that it will be hard for you and the brother beside you to succeed in doing so; you can just directly make a move.”

The other party not bringing up a trade, allowing him to capture the rare beast as he would like, Yan Zhaoge smiled at her words, “I must first thank Senior Sister Xie for her kindness; I will definitely repay it in the future.”

With Xie Youchan’s generosity, Yan Zhaoge naturally wouldn’t mistreat her. Calculating within his heart, he already had some

plans for to repay her.

However, such could still wait. For now, he should first capture this giant panda before him.

Yan Zhaoge waved his hands towards Ah Hu. Giving a simple and honest laugh, Ah Hu instantly grinded his fists and rubbed his palms, preparing to walk towards the middle of the clearing along with him.

“Eh?” But just at this time, Yan Zhaoge’s gaze suddenly hardened, as he vaguely felt the aura-qi of a martial practitioner surging in the distance.

His ears even seemed to resound with the indistinct sound of a bowstring twanging.

The other party’s target was not their own group. From another direction, an arrow suddenly shot towards the panda in the middle of the clearing!

Gazing over, Yan Zhaoge saw that where the arrow had shot from, a middle-aged man stood within the bamboo forest, staring at the giant panda with a greedy expression on his face.

“It is not someone of Turbid Wave Pavilion.”

“It is also a Xiantian Martial Scholar.”

“A martial practitioner of the Lake Domain, having acquired Turbid Wave Pavilion’s permission, entering this Clear Concealed Lake to look for a fortuitous encounter...”

“Not having discovered us, he instead set his sights on that big fella, greed welling within his heart.”

“He should only be at the early Xiantian stage, and, being afraid that his power alone would be insufficient in capturing this panda alive, took advantage of it levelling to launch a sneak attack.”

Many thoughts flashed through Yan Zhaoge’s mind in an instant, before he soared into the air.

With a flick of the right sleeve of his robe, a green light shot out from within, roaring like a dragon as it traversed a thousand feet in an instant.

His sword shooting through the air, released later but arriving earlier, it blocked that arrow in mid-air!

“Cough, Exploding Spirit Arrow. He was willing to invest quite a lot on this,” As Yan Zhaoge cut down the arrow with his sword, he immediately found that something was wrong.

The arrow the newcomer had shot was actually the specially made Exploding Spirit Arrow.



While being extraordinarily rare, it had an extremely strong power. Even if it was blocked by an opponent, it would also launch a second wave of attacks, to inflict harm on its intended target.

When unknowingly ambushed by this arrow, even Xiantian Martial Scholars would find it hard to withstand, very easily coming to grief on the spot!

Having been cut down by Yan Zhaoge, a strong light instantly penetrated from within the arrow.

While this arrow was strong, it would still be completely unable to do anything to Yan Zhaoge, just that that panda was currently in the final stages of levelling up, about to end its cultivation.

If it was interrupted now, the results could be very serious indeed.

Curling his lips, Yan Zhaoge shook his head as he brandished his sword.

His sword like a dragon, it drew a circle in mid-air.

Where the sword-light went, scars were left within the air, the golden ring radiating light as it was like there was a vortex at its centre, giving off an extreme suction force.

After that Exploding Spirit Arrow exploded, the numerous streaks of golden light it released was mostly drawn within that

ring of light formed of Yan Zhaoge's sword-light.

It was only that with this, the spiritual qi of the heavens and the earth which had originally already been in upheaval due to that panda, being drawn by Yan Zhaoge's sword-light, instantly became even more unstable.

A large amount of spiritual qi was similarly absorbed by the light ring formed of sword-light.

The clouds and wind in the sky surged, the formation being activated as it circulated on its own.

The clouds roiled before their eyes, the space seemingly moving and distorting unceasingly as many things were instantly dispersed.

The formation was quickly controlled as the chaotic clouds quickly calmed.

The changing scenery before Yan Zhaoge's eyes returned to normal as before him was still the forest of before, just that when the wind had blown past, the tall bamboos had been reaped like wheat, falling to the ground in large numbers.

"Cough, what need was there for that," As Yan Zhaoge kept his sword somewhat unhappily, he suddenly felt that something was a little wrong.

Swivelling his head over, he saw a giant, fat, round, furry head appear before him, upon which was a pair of gigantic black eye rings, its eyes blinking and blinking.

Yan Zhaoge was rendered speechless, “Hey, you were sent to the same place as me.”

A giant panda the size of a small elephant shuffled up before Yan Zhaoge somewhat affectionately while also clumsily.

Yan Zhaoge broke into a smile, “Ah, this giant fella.”

He extended his hand, gently stroking the fur of the giant panda where black and white met.

The giant panda extended its tongue, gently licking Yan Zhaoge’s palm.

Yan Zhaoge smiled, “I am like that person, also wanting to catch you, just that I have the confidence that even if you have levelled up, I can still capture you alive.”

The giant panda blinked, licking its lips with its tongue, a very human light appearing within his eyes.

“Oh, its spirituality is not low ah,” Yan Zhaoge discovered that he could vaguely understand the meaning behind this giant panda’s gazes.

It was just that having understood it, he was left not knowing whether to laugh or to cry.

This lazy gaze basically seemed to be asking: if I go with you, will I have enough to eat...

Yan Zhaoge looked at it finding it somewhat infuriating whilst also funny, “You are not afraid that I’m capturing you to kill you and feast on your flesh?”

That giant panda came near to Yan Zhaoge in a naïve manner, rubbing his head on Yan Zhaoge rather unreservedly.

Yan Zhaoge sighed, “You had also best be a little more relaxed. If you eat too much, I can only drag you to perform on the street for money.”

The giant panda cried out lightly, resembling a human drawing back his lips and laughing.

Looking upwards, Yan Zhaoge pondered, “Let me think; this panda...erm, this Pixiu-where does its food come from?”

Although it loved to eat, especially loving to eat various kinds of bamboo, that was merely to quell its belly’s hunger or because it was greedy.

According to what Yan Zhaoge knew, if a Pixiu wanted to raise its strength, it had to eat various fine metals and precious ores.

They especially loved eating precious metallic ores rich in both yin and yang.

And such things were generally rather rare, as well as expensive.

Comparing it with this giant fella's appetite, it was absolutely a monetary black hole.

# HSSB 159: Brutal

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While Broad Creed Mountain was great and its businesses many, with rearing such a giant fella still possible, and Yan Zhaoge had now also obtained the authority to have foremost priority to the clan's resources, with him very happy and willing to be a rich dude just generously scattering money about, after pondering for a time, Yan Zhaoge thought of an ingredient which, after being refined through a special method, could act as this panda's food.

And this ingredient had a high production rate with a low cost, its effects also being better than the usual ores and fine metals. It was the perfect example of high-quality goods with a low cost.

As for its name, Yan Zhaoge had rather nastily prepared two choices.

One, was [Pan-Pan](#).

Name of a Panda in China

The other, was [Fat Tiger](#).

Gouda Takeshi in Doraemon, directly translated from Chinese

As for what would come next, Yan Zhaoge's thoughts were: the next pet, he would call [Small Man](#), the next next, [Big Male](#).

Suneo in Doraemon, directly translated from Chinese

Nobita in Doraemon, directly translated from Chinese

These were all Yan Zhaoge's silly thoughts, not that any outsiders would have to or be able to understand them.

"Cough. Of these two, which should I use? This really hurts my brains ah," Yan Zhaoge was all smiles as he looked at the giant panda before him.

The extremely intelligent Pixiu's massive frame shook slightly, as it instinctively detected that something was up.

Laughing, Yan Zhaoge patted its huge head before he raised his head to gaze into the distance.

Still situated on that small island with a limited size, if he wanted to find someone, it would not be difficult.

Not having strode out, his gaze sweeping the area, Yan Zhaoge saw a green-clothed figure coming over towards him from the distance.

The newcomer was that young female disciple of Turbid Wave Pavilion, Zhang Yao.

On seeing Yan Zhaoge and the though huge, still docile and cute giant panda beside him, the round-faced girl instantly relaxed.

"Senior Brother Yan has already tamed this Pixiu?" Zhang Yao approached curiously.

Chubby and cute, that giant panda lazily rolled over on the ground, causing Zhang Yao to have a very favourable impression of it.

Seeing this, Yan Zhaoge grinned, “Well, still being young, she naturally has no resistance against such fluffy goods at all.”

Zhang Yao asked carefully, “Senior Brother Yan, can I stroke it?”

Swivelling his head to look over at the giant fella beside him and seeing how he looked totally fine, not being opposed to it, Yan Zhaoge nodded, “You may.”

Zhang Yao immediately whooped and approached.

As she hurriedly got close with that giant panda, Yan Zhaoge asked, “That bowman wasn’t from your clan, right?”

Jolted awake by his words, Zhang Yao answered, “We have let Senior Brother Yan see an ugly side. That person is not of our clan; he should be a martial practitioner of the Lake Domain’s Chu Region where this Clear Concealed Lake is located.”

“Although I’ve never seen him before, someone who can enter the Clear Concealed Lake’s formation should be from a first or second-tier power close to our clan, or a solitary martial practitioner.”



“He should only have wanted to capture this Pixiu, not having discovered us, also not bearing any hostility towards us.”

Although she was young and still at the inner aura stage, this round-faced girl was a true direct disciple of Turbid Wave Pavilion.

Although her cultivation could not match up to Xie Youchan and Ruan Ping, she still held the same position as well as received the same benefits as them.

Yan Zhaoge could tell that Zhang Yao’s past experiences could also be considered on the shallower side.

However, being able to become a direct disciple of a Sacred Ground, her martial talent as well as strength were definitely indisputable.

Although he had not seen Zhang Yao make a move, having been travelling together, Yan Zhaoge could tell from her body-lightening techniques as well as breathing that as long as she did not lack actual combat experience, she should probably not be any inferior to that Infinite Boundless Mountain disciple Hou Xiang whom he had seen back at Cloud Portent Mountain.

Having heard Zhang Yao’s out, Yan Zhaoge smiled as he shook his head, “En, I know.”

“Moreover, even if he knew we were here, it would actually also be fine; this...erm, this Pixiu, is something that can be considered

an ownerless object as long as your Turbid Wave Pavilion doesn't yourself come for it."

"An ownerless object-to be gained by whoever has the skill to do so. However, if he targeted me in an attack, I would also not show mercy towards him."

Zhang Yao smiled, "He would not be able to win against Senior Brother Yan."

Yan Zhaoge said, "Let's go look for the others. This island is not big; I estimate that if we just yell a little, Senior Sister Xie and Ah Hu would be able to hear it."

Having gradually grown familiar, Zhang Yao no longer stayed so formal with Yan Zhaoge as she smiled upon hearing his words, "If I yelled, I'm afraid my voice still wouldn't be loud enough."

Yan Zhaoge smiled, "I also never intended for you to yell ah."

Saying thus, he raised his heads towards the skies and let out a long roar, resembling a dragon roaring to the nine heavens.

Merely standing by the side and listening, Zhang Yao also felt her heart shaking as her entire body's aura-qi became unstable.

"Senior Brother Yan's cultivation is so high," Zhang Yao secretly rolled up her tongue in surprise. Although she was rather inexperienced, the number of experts she had seen was not low at

all.

As one of the six great Sacred Grounds alongside Broad Creed Mountain, how could Turbid Wave Pavilion lack Xiantian Martial Scholars?

But visiting her memories, Zhang Yao found that of all the early Xiantian Martial Scholars she had seen before, there actually seemed to be no one who could compare to the Yan Zhaoge before her.

Although they had not actually truly clashed, thinking about it carefully, Zhang Yao felt that even the mid Xiantian Martial Scholar Ruan Ping might not be able to defeat Yan Zhaoge.

Thinking of how Ruan Ping had tried to test Yan Zhaoge earlier, Zhang Yao could not help but shake her head, “Luckily, senior apprentice-brother Ruan didn’t truly move against him...”

As Yan Zhaoge halted his roar, Zhang Yao asked, “After hearing it, senior apprentice-sister Xie and that big brother should hurry over to congregate; shall we just stay right where we are?”

Yan Zhaoge did not answer, instead looking in another direction.

Zhang Yao asked curiously, “Senior Brother Yan, what is it?”

Yan Zhaoge smiled, “There are still others on the island.”

During that long roar, Yan Zhaoge had clearly felt the aura-qi fluctuations of a martial practitioner in the distance.

Afterwards, the other party had begun coming in this direction, with no intention of concealing his or her movements whatsoever.

As that person approached, feeling and distinguishing carefully, Yan Zhaoge discovered from that person's path in the martial dao that it was not Ah Hu, while also not Xie Youchan.

Afterwards, even Zhang Yao could feel that other person's existence as heavy footsteps resounded by their ears.

With every stride that person took, the very earth itself seemed to shudder slightly, as though a towering mountain was moving.

“An Infinite Boundless Mountain martial practitioner; a late Xiantian Martial Scholar,” Yan Zhaoge already had an idea of it within his heart as the next moment, from the distant bamboo forest, a tall figure emerged.

The newcomer was around thirty years of age, a bloodthirsty glow vaguely flashing within his eyes. It was precisely Infinite Boundless Mountain's direct disciple, Liu Shengfeng.

As Yan Zhaoge gazed over, he saw that within Liu Shengfeng's hand was actually grasped a person's leg as he dragged that person along as he walked.

The person being dragged by Liu Shengfeng was clearly that middle-aged martial practitioner who had attacked the Pixiu with an Exploding Spirit Arrow just now.

One of his legs grabbed by Liu Shengfeng, this middle-aged martial practitioner's other leg had shockingly been broken at the knee as blood was gushing out of it profusely, leaving behind a long trail of blood which soaked the fallen bamboo leaves on the ground.

Liu Shengfeng's other hand grasped that middle-aged practitioner's bow.

He released his hold on the middle-aged martial practitioner's leg; other than his broken limb, the middle-aged martial practitioner was also heavily injured in many other areas, looking as though all the bones on his body had been broken.

Looking to be close to death, that middle-aged martial practitioner now finally managed to leave danger. But wanting to struggle, his living nightmare, Liu Shengfeng, knelt down.

Raising his head, Liu Shengfeng smiled towards Yan Zhaoge and Zhang Yao, before strangling the middle-aged martial practitioner's neck with his own bowstring.

# HSSB 160: Open Your Eyes A Little Wider

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The bowstring instantly drew a line of blood on that middle-aged martial practitioner's neck.

Compared to the pain, as it cut across his body, the feeling of impending death caused him more despair.

Liu Shengfeng kept the force in his hands but did not exert it as he raised his head to smile at Yan Zhaoge and Zhang Yao. However one looked at it, it was a smile that contained a frenzied bloodthirst.

Zhang Yao's face changed slightly, "Infinite Boundless Mountain's Senior Brother Liu, may I know how this senior has offended you?"

That middle-aged martial practitioner already clearly posed no threat at all to Liu Shengfeng, yet Liu Shengfeng still wanted to kill him.

At the end of the day, this was Turbid Wave Pavilion's territory, and unlike other places, the entire Clear Concealed Lake was a blessed ground of Turbid Wave Pavilion.

That middle-aged martial practitioner had only been able to enter with Turbid Wave Pavilion's permission. Now, not only had he been heavily injured to the point of near death, he might even be tortured to death. Naturally, Zhang Yao couldn't let this go by.

Although their cultivation bases were far apart, the Zhang Yao who had received Turbid Wave Pavilion's teachings since young did not lose her footing and stumble in her words.

However, Liu Shengfeng's first words already stunned her, "He didn't offend me; I just didn't like the sight of him, thus I decided to find some sport in him."

Hearing his words, Yan Zhaoze slightly narrowed his eyes into slits, reappraising Liu Shengfeng.

Zhang Yao regained her wits, "Senior Brother Liu, this..."

Liu Shengfeng smiled, "What? Is it very strange? This Junior Sister of Turbid Wave Pavilion doesn't seem to have realised yet that bullying others is the root of all happiness."

Zhang Yao frowned, "How is that..."

Liu Shengfeng smiled, "Since you have recognised me, you should also have heard some rumours about me, right? Here, I have a need to speak up for myself."

"That is, the rumours were not exaggerated. Perfectly on the contrary, the rumours were actually much too conservative."

Liu Shengfeng said slowly and leisurely, "Rather than defeating

opponents at the same cultivation level as me or surpassing levels to defeat those who are stronger, I actually prefer killing those who are weaker than me.”

“Because it saves time, effort, and energy, and I can still slowly enjoy the pleasure and feeling of killing the other party.”

“When exchanging moves with an opponent of the same level, being able to defeat or kill the other party would already be very good. If I wanted to capture them alive and then slowly work on them, I might even be playing with my own life, having to go all out and not being able to experience much of that pleasuresome feeling.”

Glancing at Zhang Yao, Liu Shengfeng then lowered his head, his gaze falling on that middle-aged martial practitioner whose neck was entangled by a bowstring, “Didn’t you ask me just now how he offended me?”

“He indeed made a mistake, and that mistake was being weaker than me.”

Zhang Yao opened her eyes wide as she stared at Liu Shengfeng, who looked totally nonchalant, “People always think that it is not right for the strong to bully the weak, but in truth, who doesn’t do it?”

“Just like you, Junior Sister. If you were alone with this person, he would have to treat you with respect, because you are of Turbid Wave Pavilion; your background is much stronger than his.”



“Therefore, even though he is an early Xiantian Martial Scholar and you are only a mid inner aura Martial Scholar, faced with you, he will always be a head shorter, unwilling to offend you if possible.”

Liu Shengfeng bared his teeth in a smile, “I come from Infinite Boundless Mountain, you come from Turbid Wave Pavilion, while this Yan Zhaoge, Junior Brother Yan, comes from Broad Creed Mountain.”

“With the lofty position of the six great Sacred Grounds, whatever good things there are come to us first, and whatever previous treasures also belong to us. At the very most, we would only start to contest for them amongst ourselves, but we definitely wouldn’t allow those first or second rate powers to have anything to do with it.”

“Take the Extreme Yin Crown for example. If a solitary Maiden of Extreme Yin suddenly appeared and took the victory in the Extreme Yin Bout, would she be able to take away the Extreme Yin Crown all on her own?”

Liu Shengfeng said mildly, “How is this not bullying the weak as the strong? If those first and second rate powers are dissatisfied with us, saying that we Sacred Ground-level powers are too tyrannical as they curse us inwardly within their hearts, it is also only because they wish to be like us, yet are temporarily unable to reach that same level.”

As Liu Shengfeng released the bowstring in his hands, that middle-aged martial practitioners slipped by death's door. Also having lost all his energy, the him who had originally already been heavily injured was no longer able to maintain his consciousness as he just directly fainted.

“If he were stronger than me, he naturally wouldn't end up in such a state. Even if fearing Infinite Boundless Mountain behind me, he didn't dare to kill or harm me, at the very least, he still wouldn't be captured alive and beaten to death by me,” Standing, Liu Shengfeng reached out his foot and lightly kicked that unconscious middle-aged martial practitioner.

He smiled, “Because he is weaker than me, because the clan he comes from is weaker than my Infinite Boundless Mountain, whatever I do to him, he can only take it.”

Zhang Yao wanted to say something, but Yan Zhaoge raised his hand to stop her.

“Although I do not agree with a portion of your viewpoint, I can still understand the gist of your thoughts,” Yan Zhaoge looked at Liu Shengfeng, “No wonder Infinite Boundless Mountain often keeps you caged up.”

The smile on Liu Shengfeng's face vanished as he said indifferently, “The clan is good in many ways, but bad in that it is not refreshing at all, possessing too many restrictions.”

Raising his head slightly, he seemed a little out of sorts, “With

too many rules and regulations, with too much hiding and concealment; mine is the life that everyone strives for, yet just do not want to admit.”

“Not letting people let their arms and feet loose, it is stifling to the extreme.”

Liu Shengfeng’s gaze refocused on Yan Zhaoge as he bared his teeth and smiled, “Just like the two pieces of trash Ji Hanru and Xiao Yu from earlier, who just had to interfere in things. Luckily though, those hindrances are not here now.”

Yan Zhaoge’s expression was calm as he said, “There’s a problem.”

Looking straight at Yan Zhaoge, Liu Shengfeng’s eyes were filled with a dangerous light, “What problem?”

Yan Zhaoge asked, “When you meet someone who is stronger than you who wants to take care of you, what do you do?”

Liu Shengfeng chortled, “Someone like you, you mean?”

“From that long roar of yours just now, I can tell that you are not weak. No wonder you were able to defeat the early Xiantian Ji Hanru previously while only in the late outer aura stage.”

“However, that you are stronger than me-you are still far from it.”

Liu Shengfeng tossed the bow in his hand aside, exercising his muscles as he walked towards Yan Zhaoge and Zhang Yao.

“Meeting someone stronger than me, I naturally wouldn’t move to incite them. If that other party wanted to find me, I would just hide as far away as I could, simple as that.”

Not caring in the slightest, Liu Shengfeng said, “Moving towards fortune and avoiding calamity, moving towards benefit and avoiding harm-these are inborn within human nature, with no exceptions at all. To you, to me, and to this Junior Sister of Turbid Wave Pavilion, it is all the same.”

“It is only that I have a small additional hobby as compared to others, liking to take the initiative to be the ‘calamity’ and ‘harm’ of the weak.

Hearing his words, Yan Zhaoge broke out laughing, “Isn’t it just bullying the soft and fearing the tough?”

Hearing his words, Liu Shengfeng instead smiled as he nodded as though it was only natural, “It is the same for everyone. However brave they appear, however they move forward to meet danger, however righteous they sound, they are actually all the same within their bones.”

“To be able to avoid encountering the strong, who would not be happy? To be able to step over someone weaker than yourself without suffering any losses, well, stepping is just stepping-so

what?”

Looking at Liu Shengfeng who was getting closer with each step, Yan Zhaoge shook his head slightly, “I am not interested in discussing philosophy with you; I only wish to remind you on one matter.”

The corners of Yan Zhaoge’s mouth also suddenly revealed a dangerous smile.

“You can believe in what you believe in all you want, but as you move around outside with all that in mind, you’d best make sure to open your eyes a little wider.”

# HSSB 161: Clashing Head-On!

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Seeing Liu Shengfeng let that middle-aged martial practitioner go, Zhang Yao first let out a sigh of relief.

However, seeing him about to square off with Yan Zhaoge now, Zhang Yao's heart suddenly tensed up once more.

While Liu Shengfeng spoke of bullying the weak as the strong and bullying the soft and fearing the tough like it was only natural, Zhang Yao knew that this person did not lack combat experience against opponents of the same cultivation level.

On the contrary, Liu Shengfeng was actually extremely rich in combat experience. Amongst those of Infinite Boundless Mountain's younger generation, he could virtually be considered as unparalleled in that aspect.

“Senior Brother Yan...” Zhang Yao looked towards Yan Zhaoge.

Although Yan Zhaoge's past combat results appeared even more glorious than Liu Shengfeng's, this was, after all, a battle of an early Xiantian Martial Scholar against a late Xiantian Martial Scholar.

Yan Zhaoge waved his hands carelessly, “Junior Sister Zhang, you retreat a little, lest you are drawn in.”

Zhang Yao had a worried expression on her face. Still, knowing

that this was a battle between two Xiantian Martial Scholars, it was not something she could interfere in; she could only retreat.

The giant panda which had always been by Yan Zhaoge's side now fixed its gaze on Liu Shengfeng.

Its earlier laziness having vanished, its eyes actually flickered with a fierce light.

Although its body still looked chubby and clumsy, its temperament seemed to have changed completely, as it actually began emanating a violent feel.

Yan Zhaoge smiled, patting it, "You also just watch from the side."

That giant panda blinked, and obediently moved over to the side, the air around it vanishing as it once again regained its silly, innocent persona.

Swivelling his head to look at Liu Shengfeng, Yan Zhaoge said neither hurriedly nor slowly, "The formation on the island has been disturbed by me just now, the accumulated spiritual qi is dispersed, and will not be regathered within a short period of time."

"For this battle, we can let go of our arms and feet and do as we like, without having to fear triggering a change in the surrounding space due to the formation, sending us away in separate

directions.”

Liu Shengfeng stared at Yan Zhaoge, “You are strong, extremely strong.”

“Honestly speaking, defeating the early Xiantian Ji Hanru with a cultivation of the late outer aura stage is something I would not be able to do.”

“Within over a mere year’s time, your cultivation leapt up from the late inner aura stage all the way to the early Xiantian stage-that is also something I would not be able to do.”

“But it is precisely because of that that I really feel like killing you now,” Liu Shengfeng’s eyes that were gazing at Yan Zhaoge gradually narrowed, “Because if I don’t off you now, from your momentum, if you leap up just a little more, you might possibly surpass me.”

“At that time, I would have to avoid you. Just thinking about it brings me hate.”

Liu Shengfeng’s footsteps were not fast, but every step he took, the very earth seemed to quake, as though a mountain was moving.

“I really want to kill you, but not because of how you trapped Infinite Boundless Mountain in the matter of the Giant Spirit Magnetite vein, causing us to fall out with the Heavenly Thunder



Hall.”

Liu Shengfeng pointed first at himself, then at Yan Zhaoge, “I’m killing you only because I want to kill you, and not because of any other reason.”

“You have something about you that I really don’t like, that I extremely dislike, that makes me very uncomfortable.”

He retracted his finger, pointing towards his own heart, “This place tells me that only killing by you, can I feel comfortable!”

Yan Zhaoge put his hands behind his back, looking as though he was smiling whilst also not, also not speaking, as though he was watching the antics of a clown.

The light within Liu Shengfeng’s eyes grew more and more dangerous, the smile on his face vanishing as he was expressionless, “That’s right. It is just like this. The more you look like this, the more uncomfortable I feel!”

“In order to make my heart feel a little more comfortable, I can only kill you.”

While saying thus, Liu Shengfeng continued striding towards Yan Zhaoge. At this moment, he was already before Yan Zhaoge.

His aura risen to its peak, he suddenly punched out towards Yan Zhaoge!

As Yan Zhaoge watched, he felt as though a large mountain had collapsed before him, toppling sideways and smashing down towards him.

The same Divine Mountain Fist, when executed by Liu Shengfeng, far exceeded Ji Hanru's!

Layers of dense aura-qi, solidified till it resembled a true solid body, came together, forming an illusory heaven and earth.

The clouds and bamboo forest before Yan Zhaoge all disappeared, only leaving behind towering mountains and lofty peaks, as though he was situated within an infinite, boundless world of mountains.

Liu Shengfeng had previously still been striding forward slowly. Now, as he truly moved for real, his fist was instantly before Yan Zhaoge!

Neither harried nor panicked, Yan Zhaoge performed a simultaneous turtle-snake attack as he stimulated his Door of Blood.

A powerful force erupted as it withstood the suppressive force of the illusory heaven and earth formed of Liu Shengfeng's aura-qi.

Afterwards, Yan Zhaoge's body abruptly moved to the side, avoiding Liu Shengfeng's punch as he exerted power with his feet

to dash forward.

Infusing strength into his right arm, aura-qi that resembled numerous fire dragons and ice dragons coiled around it, resembling an iron bolt as it smashed directly into the centre of Liu Shengfeng's body!

“Bang!”

Liu Shengfeng smiled coldly, seemingly not having felt anything at all, as it was instead Yan Zhaoge who felt his arm turning slightly numb.

Infinite Boundless Mountain's special proficiency in head-on attack and defence was displayed to the point of perfection by Liu Shengfeng as he resembled a massive divinity of steel!

Seeing this, Yan Zhaoge raised his brows slightly, “So you've cultivated in the Divine Mountain Tyrannical Body?”

Liu Shengfeng laughed loudly, “It's my turn!”

Saying thus, his fist smashed down towards Yan Zhaoge's head!

Laughing with a single ‘ha’, Yan Zhaoge exhaled, his entire body tensing and then relaxing!

Mighty Ape Demonic Fist!

His entire person seemed to have been augmented as his entire body's bones and muscles all expanded, his qi and blood surging as he resembled a descended divinity!

Not waiting for Liu Shengfeng's punch to land, Yan Zhaoge exerted force a second time on his opponent's other arm at his chest, shockingly jarring Liu Shengfeng into retreat!

Having lost his footing, Liu Shengfeng's punch also missed. Letting out an enraged howl, he stabilised himself before lunging forward once more.

Lowering his body, Yan Zhaoge simultaneously hit out with his fists, hitting Liu Shengfeng's ribs and sending him into retreat once more.

However, as he stumbled backwards, Liu Shengfeng also sent a kick towards Yan Zhaoge.

Relying on the foundation of the Spirit Rhino Demonic Fist and the Ocean Stabilising Spirit Fist, Yan Zhaoge bore this attack of Liu Shengfeng's head-on.

However, as compared to Lin Zhou, not only did Infinite Boundless Mountain's Liu Shengfeng possess a stronger cultivation base, his techniques also carried a strong force and a heavy momentum.

Forcibly taking it head-on like this, all of Yan Zhaoge's bones crackled as the chaotic, disrupted qi and blood within his body assailed him unceasingly.

Similarly, as compared to other opponents, Liu Shengfeng's ability to take hits was also much stronger.

His Divine Mountain Tyrannical Body not broken, despite having his vitals directly hit by Yan Zhaoge, he only momentarily saw darkness as his qi and blood surged before very quickly recovering.

With both sides unwilling to retreat, wanting to aggressively wrest for the initiative, after forcibly taking each other's attacks head-on, they immediately rushed forward once again!

A red light appeared on Yan Zhaoge's face as he activated the Fire Calamity of the Wind Fire Calamities.

"Come!" His voice resounding like booming thunder, Yan Zhaoge strode out, taking the initiative as he punched out towards Liu Shengfeng.

With a stifled howl, neither evading nor dodging, Liu Shengfeng also punched out heavily.

While he was attacking wildly and aggressively, fighting ferociously and viciously, Yan Zhaoge was still fully focused on all of Liu Shengfeng's moves, his mind not disordered in the least.

In the thick of battle, all of Yan Zhaoge's aura-qi surged as, punch meeting punch, he forcibly withstood the power of Liu Shengfeng's iron fist.

Both of their bodies halted slightly.

Then, Yan Zhaoge's figure spun vigorously as he turned and drove his elbow into Liu Shengfeng's side, directly jabbing till he reeled and doubled over!

# HSSB 162: You Are Quite A Good Punching Bag

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Yan Zhaoge elbowed Liu Shengfeng in the side!

While the massive force didn't break through Liu Shengfeng's Divine Mountain Tyrannical Body, it still caused his body to arch slightly.

Not stopping, Yan Zhaoge followed up with yet another blow!

The chaotic mass of qi within Yan Zhaoge's dantian's qi ocean shuddered as the intermingling aura-qis of ice and fire in Yan Zhaoge's body now turned blazing hot!

Numerous fire dragons soared into the sky as the Wind Fire Calamities and the Mighty Ape Demonic Fist were executed simultaneously!

Punching straight out, Yan Zhaoge hit right onto Liu Shengfeng's head!

Not having changed his stance in time, Liu Shengfeng's expression was grave as a shining black light abruptly enveloped his face.

As a late Xiantian Martial Scholar, not only could his entire body's aura-qi form an illusory heaven and earth, it could also flow

and moved as he liked.

Passive as lofty mountains, active like shocking thunder.

As this thought flashed through his mind, all of his body's strength was connected.

This punch of Yan Zhaoge's was ferocious to the extreme, such that even Liu Shengfeng felt shocked by it, as though he could already see the scene of his head exploding!

Raising the power of his Divine Mountain Tyrannical Body to its maximum possible level, specifically concentrated on protecting his head, he forcibly endured Yan Zhaoge's punch!

Even so, a loud boom resounded within the air, resembling a mountain being forcibly snapped off from the ground at its base!

Liu Shengfeng's huge frame was actually sent flying by this punch of Yan Zhaoge's, flying backwards at an inconceivable angle before smashing straight into the ground.

The earth in the surrounding hundreds of metres was completely shattered, a massive crater slammed out in it, with thousands, tens of thousands of green bamboo all turned into dust.

Greatly enraged, Liu Shengfeng roared violently, wanting to flip himself back up.



“Divine Mountain Tyrannical Body? Resilient?” Yan Zhaoge’s figure flickered as not waiting for Liu Shengfeng to get up, he was already before him, grabbing him by one of his ankles.

As Liu Shengfeng swept out with his other leg, Yan Zhaoge moved sideways to evade it, then abruptly struck out!

Liu Shengfeng’s body suddenly flickered with a heavy yellowish-red augmented glow, transforming into armour which enveloped his entire body, a low-grade spirit artifact!

However, Yan Zhaoge’s hand flickered with a green light as he stabbed the Jade Dragon Sword directly into the other party’s armour.

Releasing the Jade Dragon Sword, Yan Zhaoge took out the Purple Gold Thunder Sword, also stabbing it into Liu Shengfeng’s armour.

Then, under Liu Shengfeng’s somewhat dazed gaze, he also stabbed the Flying Thunder Sabre in.

Although all of them had left Yan Zhaoge’s hands, with a total of three spirit artifacts entangling with Liu Shengfeng’s armour, it was momentarily unable to bring its effects to bear.

“Don’t spoil the mood ah, I very seldom use such a style of fighting...” Yan Zhaoge smiled, his smile even fiercer than Liu

Shengfeng's had been, "Rise for me!"

One hand grabbing Liu Shengfeng's ankle, the other pulling on his arm, Yan Zhaoge raised his shoulders, straightening his back!

Yan Zhaoge directly lifted Liu Shengfeng's huge frame straight into the air!

"Because, of those with a similar cultivation, very few can take as many hits as you."

Yan Zhaoge roared towards the sky, resembling the roar of an enraged dragon. Pausing slightly, he then slammed Liu Shengfeng straight into the ground!

Like a gigantic thousand jin rock plummeting off the side of a mountain, as Liu Shengfeng slammed into the ground, the sound of iron smashing against stone was emitted.

The earth which originally already had a crater formed within it continued collapsing inwards. As the surrounding earth continued to shatter unceasingly, a small basin was literally formed within.

Even the small island they were on seemed to be quaking slightly.

Not stopping, Yan Zhaoge advanced and followed up with a kick to Liu Shengfeng's abdomen.

Having just fallen to the ground and attempting to rise up once more, Liu Shengfeng was hurled and sent rolling over to the side.

A muffled boom seemed to resound within the air before the shining black light enveloping Liu Shengfeng's body dissipated.

“Wa...” Liu Shengfeng's face turned white as snow as a mouthful of blood spurted uncontrollably out of his mouth.

His Divine Mountain Tyrannical Body, had been forcibly terminated by Yan Zhaoge!

Exercising his neck a little, Yan Zhaoge shook his wrist, “You are quite a good punching bag; I have to thank you for such an enjoyable experience today.”

Liu Shengfeng forcibly swallowed the blood that was once again rising up in his throat, saying hatefully, “My Divine Mountain Tyrannical Body and my Great Chaotic Elements Palm have yet to fully combine. Otherwise, if I could use them simultaneously, you would definitely not be able to break through my defence!”

Hearing his words, Yan Zhaoge chuckled coldly, “Not having cultivated your martial arts sufficiently, you blame me?”

Saying thus, Yan Zhaoge stretched his muscles a little before walking towards Liu Shengfeng, “Right. Just now, you said that you want to kill me?”

As he strode out, he was already before Liu Shengfeng.

Liu Shengfeng let out an enraged roar as he punched out towards Yan Zhaoge.

Yan Zhaoge's body having already reached its peak state, he dodged Liu Shengfeng's iron fist, then kicked out!

A series of noises resounded in mid-air, resembling dragons roaring and tigers howling.

As he kicked out, an explosive noise resounded, resembling the wrath of heavenly thunderbolts, as though a giant, ancient divinity had descended onto this earth, able to break a mountain with its single kick!

Liu Shengfeng's face changed as he immediately changed his stance, all of his aura-qi agglomerating as it seemed to form an insurmountable barrier.

Infinite Boundless Mountain's direct lineage martial art, Great Chaotic Elements Palm!

Sadly for Liu Shengfeng, the current him was already a little lacking in internal strength under his strong exterior.

His expression not changing, Yan Zhaoge kicked heavily at Liu Shengfeng's knee.

At the same time, he punched out with an iron fist once more, as exploding thunder seemed to again resound between the heavens and the earth!

Two diametrically opposing forces, one above, one below, connected with the heavily injured Liu Shengfeng, who was unable to withstand it even blocking with his Great Chaotic Elements Palm.

He was hit till his body directly twisted, no longer able to maintain its equilibrium as he collapsed onto the ground once more!

Having consecutively taken Yan Zhaoge's full-strength attacks, even with his toughness, Liu Shengfeng still couldn't bear it, spitting out a mouthful of blood once more as he lay down on the ground struggling to get up, yet found himself unable to do so.

On the other side, the giant panda opened its mouth and called out lightly a few times. While its voice was low, the happiness within could not be concealed.

It was as if it were cheering for Yan Zhaoge.

Having been taken by Zhang Yao to the side, that heavily injured middle-aged martial practitioner was woken by the impact. On seeing this scene, he let out some laughing noises. Although he couldn't speak, he was excited to the extreme.

Zhang Yao, on the other hand, was left staring wide-eyed and speechless at this, “No wonder he was previously able to defeat the early Xiantian Ji Hanru whilst only a late outer aura Martial Scholar.”

Perhaps she lacked experience in actual combat, but as a core, direct disciple of Turbid Wave Pavilion, Zhang Yao did not lack perception as well as knowledge.

A genius-level figure of Infinite Boundless Mountain’s direct lineage having his Divine Mountain Tyrannical Body as well as Giant Chaotic Elements Palm forcibly broken was not something that had never happened before, and could not be considered all that extraordinary.

However, an early Xiantian Martial Scholar forcibly breaking through the Divine Mountain Tyrannical Body of a late Xiantian Martial Scholar of Infinite Boundless Mountain and even one at the level of Liu Shengfeng was definitely something that would shock the world.

Having broken through the power of Liu Shengfeng’s Great Chaotic Elements Palm like the sweeping aside of autumn leaves afterwards was comparatively more easy to accept, because after all, Liu Shengfeng had already been injured at the time.

But not having relied on the power of any spirit artifacts whatsoever before that, instead having fully relied on the power of his own cultivation base to forcibly break through and terminate

Liu Shengfeng's Divine Mountain Tyrannical Body, Yan Zhaoge's strength was already not something that terrifying could describe, having already completely surpassed Zhang Yao's imagination.

The late Xiantian Martial Scholar Liu Shengfeng had met defeat at Yan Zhaoge's hands.

And as Zhang Yao knew, even if her senior apprentice-sister Xie Youchan squared off against Liu Shengfeng, they would also only be evenly matched at most.

That meant that at the early Xiantian Martial Scholar realm, Yan Zhaoge was actually also already stronger than Xie Youchan...

"Amazing..." the round-faced girl whispered unconsciously.

# HSSB 163: Embarrassing Them All The Way Back To Infinite Boundless Mountain

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Yan Zhaoge came before Liu Shengfeng.

Lying spread-eagled on the ground, a strange, unpredictable black light suddenly flashed within Liu Shengfeng's eyes.

He lowered his head, seemingly hesitating.

Feeling Yan Zhaoge's killing intent that was not concealed in the slightest, Liu Shengfeng suddenly raised his head, a self-humbling expression close to the point of toadiness revealed on his face, "You are right; these eyes of mine truly didn't know the true dragon."

"Before, I thought that not long into the future, your strength would surpass mine. Therefore, if I wanted to make a move, I had better make it now."

"But events proved that it was me who did not recognise Mount Tai. Not having to wait for the future, I am already not a worthy opponent for you now."

"I should have stayed away from you from the beginning," Liu Shengfeng pleaded earnestly, "You are a magnanimous person; do not lower yourself to bother with the likes of me."

The giant panda blinked, seemingly not really comprehending



the situation before him.

Zhang Yao and that middle-aged martial practitioner were both wide-eyed and slack-jawed.

Was this something that a late Xiantian Martial Scholar could say?

Was this something that a core, direct disciple of the Mountain Domain's Sacred Ground Infinite Boundless Mountain could say?

Was this something that the cruel and arrogant Liu Shengfeng, who had just been overbearingly terrorising someone a while earlier, could say?

Liu Shengfeng, however, seemed not to care about this at all as he spoke in an incomparably slick manner, "I am willing to offer up this low-grade spirit artifact on me, the Lofty Mountain Armour, as compensation."

Pausing slightly, he continued, "Of course, if you kill me, you can also obtain the Lofty Mountain Armour. However, I also have some things accumulated up over the years, and while they may not be all that valuable, they are also rather rare commodities. I am willing to give them all to you as well."

Yan Zhaoge looked at Liu Shengfeng, but did not speak.

Liu Shengfeng smiled in a friendly manner, "You don't have to

worry about there being any further problems from me if you let me go. As you've said, I bully the soft and fear the tough, after all."

"Clearly knowing that you are stronger than me, why would I still go and hit a rock with an egg?"

"On the contrary, I would be quicker to stay away from you. In the future, as long as you show up somewhere, I will immediately make sure to keep away."

"You are a new generation of Yan Wudi, and will definitely be like your father in the future, and also like your clan's Ancestor Heaven Shaker, leaving behind your name in history for all millennia."

"I am a minor character; you have no need to pay me any mind. Just take me as a fart, and just release me."

Liu Shengfeng spoke extremely rapidly, as though fearing that if he spoke just a little slower, he might immediately be executed by Yan Zhaoge.

Zhang Yao really couldn't watch it go on any longer, as she blurted out, "You do not just represent yourself ah; you are a disciple of Infinite Boundless Mountain!"

Liu Shengfeng chuckled, "I am the shame of my clan; if I can somehow make it through this alive today, I am willing to receive any form of punishment after I return to the Mountain."

“However, there is no need to drag my clan into this now. Anyway, this Junior Brother Yan...oh, no, it’s Senior Brother Yan. Anyway, this Senior Brother Yan now won’t have any misgivings from this.”

“Otherwise, if he thought that I was threatening him and became more worked up as a result, wouldn’t my lowly life be more at risk?”

Zhang Yao was rendered completely speechless as she just stared at him.

No longer looking at her, Liu Shengfeng turned to gaze at Yan Zhaoge, struggling to move his body as he raised both his hands and slapped himself a few times, “I deserve to be beaten; I know full well that I fully deserve to be punished. I only ask that you spare my life.”

Yan Zhaoge looked at Liu Shengfeng calmly, “Didn’t you say earlier that you feel uncomfortable looking at me, and can only feel at ease after having killed me?”

Liu Shengfeng hurriedly gave himself two more hard slaps, “Senior Brother Yan, those were all nonsensical ramblings-please, please do not take them to heart.”

“I have always been fully respectful towards those who are stronger than me, lowering my head to them and listening to their every word.”

“I only ask that you spare my life and do not kill me; whatever you want me to do, I’ll also do it.”

Yan Zhaoge didn’t answer, reaching out to grab the Jade Dragon Sword that was still embedded in Liu Shengfeng’s Lofty Mountain Armour and shaking it.

The Purple Gold Thunder Sword and the Flying Thunder Sabre shook simultaneously as they shone alongside the Jade Dragon Sword.

With Liu Shengfeng currently not having the strength to move, while his Lofty Mountain Armour was stimulated into action by this, it still couldn’t stand against the spirit artifacts controlled Yan Zhaoge as it instantly left his body.

“This Lofty Mountain Armour should naturally be offered up in tribute to show my respect for Senior Brother Yan,” Liu Shengfeng seemed not to care about this in the slightest.

Zhang Yao opened her mouth, but could not say anything.

This was a spirit artifact ah!

Even if it was a core, direct disciple of a Sacred Ground like Sikong Qing, Chao Yuanlong, Xiao Yu, Li Jingwan and herself, they would also generally be unable to gain possession of a spirit artifact.

A high-grade artifact or even a mid-grade artifact was really the benchmark.

Generally speaking, a Sacred Ground-level power would only bestow upon their core, direct disciples a spirit artifact after they had reached the Xiantian stage.

Those who had spirit artifacts even before reaching the Xiantian stage either gained it adventuring outside having had special, fortuitous encounters or were like Yan Zhaoge, Xiao Shen and Lin Zhou, possessing an extraordinarily remarkable family background.

Whether it was the former or the latter case, they were both extremely rare.

Even so, to Martial Scholars, spirit artifacts were still precious treasures that they valued as they would their lives.

Even though Liu Shengfeng's lowly life currently looked to be in Yan Zhaoge's hands, such a reaction still left Zhang Yao stunned.

As for that heavily injured middle-aged martial practitioner by the side, he felt jealous as well as bitter. Of the power he hailed from, of that entire clan, there was only a single spirit artifact, which was held in high regard by them as the clan's most precious treasure.

Having stripped off Liu Shengfeng's Lofty Mountain Armour, Yan Zhaoge suddenly laughed, "There's still some killer trump card of yours, right?"

"Still, I have no interest in waiting to see what your trump card looks like."

Saying thus, the Jade Spirit Sword within his hands flashed.

Liu Shengfeng's eyes widened.

A vast sigh suddenly resounded in mid-air. Yan Zhaoge was still rather familiar with this voice; it originated from Infinite Boundless Mountain's Elder Shan Shiweng.

"The clan's misfortune; the clan's misfortune ah."

Above the island where the winds and the clouds changed, a giant hand that resembled a mountain reached out; a massive suction force was emitted from its palm as it grabbed Liu Shengfeng.

Shan Shiweng had not come over personally; this was an extraordinary effect borne of the experts of Turbid Wave Pavilion through the use of their formation.

Everything that had happened just now had not just been seen by Shan Shiweng; the bigwigs of the other clans had all seen it too.

Even with Shan Shiweng's years of worldly experience, he still felt a burning sensation on his face at this moment.

Embarrassing them, from Clear Concealed Lake, all the way back to Infinite Boundless Mountain!

"This disciple will be strictly looked over; this old man guarantees that he will not start any more trouble," Shan Shiweng sighed as he said to Yan Zhaoge, "This Little Friend Yan, please forgive my clan's disciple for all the trouble that he has caused; we welcome you to visit Infinite Boundless Mountain again as a guest."

This last part meant that he would be recompensed on this matter.

"Senior is too kind," Yan Zhaoge did not really care about being compensated; in comparison, he felt more that he wanted to kill Liu Shengfeng.

If spoken harshly, this person bullied the soft and feared the tough, and possessed no sense of shame whatsoever. From another perspective, it could also be said that he knew when he could advance and when he should retreat; while acting as a big boss, also knowing how to pretend to be a grandson.

Brutal and unbridled when in power; humbling himself and getting on his knees having lost power.

Not long after, Ah Hu and Xie Youchan also arrived.

After learning of what had happened, Ah Hu grinned as he showed his teeth, “A pity that it happened in Turbid Wave Pavilion; a pity that a bigwig of Infinite Boundless Mountain intervened. Otherwise, even if he is someone of Infinite Boundless Mountain, having come, he wouldn’t be able to leave.”

Hearing this, Xie Youchan and Zhang Yao exchanged bitter smiles.

“With this, Liu Shengfeng definitely has no face left to attend the Heavenly Connection Meet,” Having finished hearing Zhang Yao’s narrative, Xie Youchan praised Yan Zhaoge as she looked at him, “Junior Brother Yan, you are even stronger than rumoured. In this time’s Heavenly Connection Meet, even with Senior Brother Xu and those others attending, it seems like you will still be outshining everybody else.”



# HSSB 164: News From Heavenly Thunder Hall

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In terms of cultivation, of those attending the Heavenly Connection Meet this time, it was not like there were none who were superior to Yan Zhaoge. Of those, there would even be Heavenly Connection Martial Scholars.

While most Heavenly Connection Martial Scholars remained in cultivation, seldom moving about in the outside world, the Heavenly Connection Meet was, after all, unique.

With the current tense situation within the Eight Extremities World, this time's Heavenly Connection Meet appeared even more important than usual.

In terms of strength, the current Yan Zhaoge might not be able to prevail in this time's gathering of heroes.

However, in beating the late Xiantian Martial Scholar Liu Shengfeng as an early Xiantian Martial Scholar, in the entire Heavenly Connection Meet, he would probably be one of a kind.

After all, Liu Shengfeng was not just any late Xiantian Martial Scholar.

Not mentioning his other aspects, at the end of the day, in terms of martial cultivation, Liu Shengfeng was of Infinite Boundless Mountain's direct lineage. Even if he was surrounded by a few

ordinary late Xiantian Martial Scholars, he might also be able to defeat all of them on his lonesome.

At least, Xie Youchan herself felt that if she went up against Liu Shengfeng, her chances would probably stand around fifty-fifty, with victory going to whoever could adapt and perform better on the stage.

Therefore, currently looking at Yan Zhaoge, Xie Youchan was truly admiring his achievement, while Zhang Yao beside her too was full of admiration.

Yan Zhaoge kept Liu Shengfeng's Lofty Mountain Armour that had been left behind, equivalent to Shan Shiweng having admitted that it was now his possession.

“Cough, if I were to hold a ‘spoils of war’ exhibition, specifically showing off the signature weapons of the various Sacred Grounds, it would be flashy indeed, but would I be beaten up by the crowd for being excessively arrogant?”

The corners of Yan Zhaoge's mouth twitched as he properly kept the item, before now smiling at Xie Youchan, “Senior Sister Xie overpraises me.”

Surveying the surroundings, and seeing the messy state of this small island, Yan Zhaoge said rather apologetically, “This is much more serious than the damage caused by that big fella by the side.”

That giant panda rubbed itself against him, its gaze appearing very innocent.

Xie Youchan said, “No matter. Liu Shengfeng is the cause of it all; my clan’s Elders will naturally communicate it to Infinite Boundless Mountain’s Elder Shan Shiweng.”

With this matter over, they prepared to return to Clear Concealed Island.

This time, they sat on that giant panda’s back. Not afraid of water, it carried them across the lake.

The only exception was that middle-aged martial practitioner. The giant panda still remembered the arrow that he had shot at it earlier when it had been in its final moments of levelling.

However, while he didn’t let him on his back, he still summoned a black stream of water to lift him up, bringing him back to Clear Concealed Island alongside them.

As someone hailing from a subordinate power of Turbid Wave Pavilion who had been allowed by them into Clear Concealed Lake to search for fortune but was instead caught up in something there, Turbid Wave Pavilion had to show some form of consideration for him.

Moreover, his injuries were too grave. If he was not treated in time, he even risked dying.

Therefore, Xie Youchan still decided to bring him back to Clear Concealed Island.

Sitting on the giant panda's back, Zhang Yao was full of joy, while Ah Hu was also grinning and constantly laughing. After all, Pixius were rare.

Yan Zhaoge felt a little conflicted as he looked at the giant panda that resembled a small elephant beneath him with a strange expression on his face.

“The image really is a little strange...” Yan Zhaoge appraised the others carefully.

They all looked not to care as they were instead rather happy, causing him to feel a little better within his heart.

Yan Zhaoge asked Xie Youchan, “Senior Sister Xie, do you have Crimson Flame Iron and Cold Light Iron here?”

Xie Youchan answered, “These are both very commonly found ores ample in production quantity. While there are no quarries in the vicinity of Clear Concealed Lake, there is some stored on Clear Concealed Island. Do you have need of some?”

Yan Zhaoge nodded, “I will be bothering Senior Sister Xie on this matter; I will definitely not let your clan lose out in terms of price.”

Looking at the giant panda, Xie Youchan smiled, "It's for feeding this giant fella? Then I'd better prepare a little more."

Yan Zhaoge smiled bitterly, "That's how it is, isn't it?"

Conversing happily, they returned to Clear Concealed Island, whereupon Yan Zhaoge bid Xie Youchan and Zhang Yao farewell before taking Ah Hu and that giant panda back to the bamboo house that served as his lodgings here.

Entering the second floor of the bamboo house, Yan Zhaoge saw that there was already someone there.

The other party stood by the window, gazing at the distant lake.

As Yan Zhaoge entered, he turned, "Zhaoge, you're back?"

The visitor looked lean and scholarly, a beard hanging down before his chest. It was precisely Fang Zhun.

Yan Zhaoge bowed, "Second apprentice-uncle."

"I already know of the matter with Infinite Boundless Mountain's Liu Shengfeng. The wrong is not with you; you do not need to put it to heart," Fang Zhun said, "I'm here today for another matter."

Yan Zhaoge nodded, silently listening to Fang Zhun's words.

Fang Zhun said slowly, "The Heavenly Thunder Hall has obtained an important lead regarding the Decimating Abyss Organisation that was creating chaos in Hell."

Yan Zhaoge's expression turned severe, "Decimating Abyss?"

Fang Zhun nodded, "That's right, and this organisation's encroachment is even deeper than we had thought."

"Not only has it laid its hands on martial practitioners dissatisfied with us, they even have people amongst our six great Sacred Grounds!"

Yan Zhaoge's pupils dilated abruptly as Fang Zhun continued, "In discovering and capturing one of the Decimating Abyss Organisation's operatives in their internal division this time, the Heavenly Thunder Hall has obtained a lot of useful information."

"The objective of Decimating Abyss is to allow the Nine Underworlds of legend to descend into the Eight Extremities World."

Fang Zhun's current expression was rather dark and grave.

Yan Zhaoge's expression was also stern as many thoughts flickered through his mind.

“Over in the Earth Domain, there very possibly exists a rift that leads to the Nine Underworlds.”

“However, for some unknown reason, the rift is being suppressed and blocked by some kind of force.”

Yan Zhaoge knit his brows, “The ultimate goal of those of the Decimating Abyss Organisation is indeed to open the rift, leading to the descent of the Nine Underworlds?”

“The evil devils are proficient at bewitching humans, squirrelling into the gaps within their psyche and eventually turning them into devils. As they are also proficient at concealing themselves, it is hard to guard against them.”

“The Ghost Hatchet Elder Han Sheng still looks only to be rather extreme in his beliefs, not truly having turned into a devil...”

“Those like him are fighting for a new future as they wish to change the power balance of the current Eight Extremities World, changing the heavens and switching the earth.”

“Why is this so for those who hail from the six Great Sacred Grounds? Have they some form of wish within their hearts and are bewitched as a result, unceasingly letting their desires grow as they slowly fall deeper and deeper into chaos?”

Countless thoughts flashed through Yan Zhaoge’s mind,

following which he stilled it and looked back at Fang Zhun.

Although this matter was of the utmost importance, Fang Zhun had still waited patiently for Yan Zhaoge to digest this information.

Seeing Yan Zhaoge having recovered now, he continued, “While the Heavenly Thunder Hall itself didn’t say so, our information channels in the Thunder Domain tell us that the discovery and capture of the Decimating Abyss operative concealed amongst them can be credited to Lin Tianfeng.”

“With this, his advantage in the contest for the role of the Heavenly Thunder Hall’s next Chief has increased.”

Yan Zhaoge narrowed his eyes.

Lin Tianfeng was the father of the Thunder Rumbling Young Master, Lin Zhou.

Yan Zhaoge looked at Fang Zhun, “The Heavenly Thunder Hall has obtained a lot of useful information. Does that include the identity of the spies of the Decimating Abyss Organisation placed within the other five great Sacred Grounds?”

“That’s right,” Fang Zhun nodded, slowing and lowering his voice, “And also, in this time’s Heavenly Connection Meet, right here on Clear Concealed Lake, the Decimating Abyss Organisation is going to wreak havoc once more.”



# HSSB 165: If You Want To Do A Job Well, First Prepare The Necessary Tools

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Hearing Fang Zhun's words, Yan Zhaoge let out a long breath, "It will be during this time's Heavenly Connection Meet?"

Fang Zhun said, "I too only just recently came to know that one of the streams that lead into Clear Concealed Lake originates from the Earth Domain."

Yan Zhaoge stroked his lower chin, "Other than us younger generation disciples who will be attending the Meet, the various Sacred Grounds also have Elders leading their teams."

"This small Clear Concealed Lake can actually be considered as a place where experts are as many as the clouds, and is not something that potential attackers would be able to assault easily."

Yan Zhaoge said softly, "In daring to make a move, the Decimating Abyss Organisation must have people amongst those Martial Grandmasters who've led their groups of disciples here."

Fang Zhun smiled, "And as the host, able to control the formation here, the Elder from Turbid Wave Pavilion is definitely one of them."

He smiled as he looked at Yan Zhaoge, "Perhaps even I myself am one of them."

Looking back at Fang Zhun, Yan Zhaoge similarly smiled, “Then I can only pray that you’re clean; otherwise, my life would be instantly at risk.”

“Even if I were one of them, I would also not kill you so easily, Zhaoge,” Fang Zhun could not help but laugh as he shook his head, “In that case I would capture you, acting with junior apprentice-brother Yan in mind, and not merely to make things difficult for you.”

“Though, with your talent and potential, it seems that you are going to surpass even your father.”

Fang Zhun sighed, “After another ten over years...no, perhaps after just a few more years, everyone will have to seriously acknowledge your existence, seriously acknowledge you, just purely because you are Yan Zhaoge, and not because you are the son of Yan Di.”

Yan Zhaoge smiled, “You are praising me to the point of embarrassment, second apprentice-uncle.”

Fang Zhun smiled, moving back to the main topic, “The Decimating Abyss wants the Nine Underworlds to descend upon this earth. This matter is as serious as that of the Flame Devil World, such that they are the public enemy of the entire Eight Extremities World.”

“In our confrontation with the Flame Devils, we are currently faintly holding a bit of an advantage. While the Flame Devils are

temperamental and war-loving, they are no longer as unbridled and without fear as before.”

“However, if the Nine Underworlds descend, the Eight Extremities World will be facing enemies from both the front and the back, and the Flame Devils will also make use of this chance to attack.”

Hearing his words, Yan Zhaoge nodded, “That’s right. Under a collapsed nest, no eggs can remain intact. Is that why the Heavenly Thunder Hall has shared their information with the other Sacred Grounds so straightforwardly?”

“Of course, I believe that for our clan, Jade Sea City and Infinite Boundless Mountain to get the information, they must have paid some sort of price which was not low.”

He looked at Fang Zhun, who laughed, “That’s right. This is a very normal thing.”

Yan Zhaoge raised his head slightly and thought for a bit, “With this, it is not really convenient for Jade Sea City to pursue the matter of Lin Zhou and the One Line Edge any longer.”

Earlier, news had come over from the Heavenly Thunder Hall that not just Yan Shan, Lin Zhou would also not be coming to participate in this time’s Heavenly Connection Meet.

In their fight for the Eye of the Thunder Emperor, Lin Zhou had

been injured by Yan Zhaoge, and was finally forced to escape with the help of his Blood Transforming Streaking Light Jade.

Although he successfully broke free and escaped, his qi and blood had been badly messed up, adding injury to injury, he was unable to recover within a short period of time. Even if he came to participate in the Heavenly Connection Meet, it would be hard for him to put up a proper performance there.

Other than that, Jade Sea City was also watching him closely like a tiger would its prey, waiting to question him about the One Line Edge.

Still, with such a thing having happened, even if Jade Sea City wanted to pursue the matter, they would also be unable to take up too tough a stance against it.

While the information from the Thunder Domain had specifically credited Lin Zhou's father, Lin Tianfeng for the discovery and capture of the Decimating Abyss Organisation's operative, Yan Zhaoge was ninety percent certain that this definitely had something to do with Lin Zhou.

“Wa, what a big play ah!” Yan Zhaoge coughed and praised, “This time, the Heavenly Thunder Hall has had huge gains.”

Everything else aside, Turbid Wave Pavilion would be owing them a huge debt this time.

With the current volatile situation within the Eight Extremities World, Turbid Wave Pavilion's stance was really too sensitive a thing.

Yan Zhaoge swivelled his head to look at Fang Zhun, "Oh, after so long, second apprentice-uncle, who is the spy within our Broad Creed Mountain? And in this time's Heavenly Connection Meet, who are the Martial Grandmasters that have problems?"

"I have already sent news back to the clan; Master and the others will deal with it," Fang Zhun told him a name and then substantiated, "The Heavenly Thunder Hall only knows of this one person. As for whether or not there are others, it is still an unknown. We still cannot let down our guard."

Yan Zhaoge nodded, "Yes, that's right."

Fang Zhun continued, "As for this time's Heavenly Connection Meet, other than that person of Turbid Wave Pavilion, there were originally still three others. The expert of Heavenly Thunder Hall originally set to lead their disciples here was one of them, and he has already been dealt with."

Yan Zhaoge smacked his lips, "That means that there were originally supposed to be four. With more than half of their number here, and one of them even being able to control the surroundings, they truly would have a chance of succeeding."

Fang Zhun said, "Not only do they have spies; the other operatives of the Decimating Abyss Organisation not of the six

great Sacred Grounds will also launch an attack, raising up chaos here together.”

“In order to catch as many of them in our net as possible, other than that spy of the Heavenly Thunder Hall who has already been captured, we have made sure not to alert the other Decimating Abyss experts whose identities have already been exposed.”

“Still, more experts of Turbid Wave Pavilion have already arrived here to lay in ambush.”

He looked at Yan Zhaoge, “It is more you guys, the main characters of the Heavenly Connection Meet, who truly have to be careful and avoid danger when the matter truly occurs.”

Yan Zhaoge smiled, “I feel like we’re already not the main characters here. If not to avoid alerting them, we could actually just disperse and make our ways home.”

Fang Zhun said mildly, “The Heavenly Connection Meet is still the Heavenly Connection Meet. Like you, Zhaoge. Beating a late Xiantian Martial Scholar of Infinite Boundless Mountain’s direct lineage as an early Xiantian Martial Scholar, didn’t you just boost our Broad Creed Mountain’s fame yet again?”

“In making a move, the enemy will also require some time to prepare.”

“Actually, if it were not too dangerous, to you youngsters, this

would actually be the best form of tempering.”

Yan Zhaoge smiled, “These words of yours make sense.”

Fang Zhun rose, making to leave, “There are still many things awaiting preparations on our side. It is good that you understand this matter, Zhaoge. Make sure you prepare well yourself; this matter could occur at any time.”

“You can rest easy, second apprentice-uncle. I understand.” After escorting Fang Zhun out, Yan Zhaoge called Ah Hu in, communicating the news to him.

Ah Hu’s eyes widened into circles, “Young Master, your time to shine has come once again!”

Yan Zhaoge rolled his eyes, “...I really don’t want to perform a merit by acting as bait.”

“However, it’s a consolation that there’s a bunch of people accompanying me in it this time.”

Xie Youchan very quickly sent the Crimson Flame Iron and the Cold Light Iron over. Having handled them with his secret techniques, Yan Zhaoge left the job of feeding the Giant Panda over to Ah Hu.

“Young Master, what will you be busy with then?” Ah Hu asked curiously.

Yan Zhaoge snapped his fingers, “Cultivating.”

“A major incident will be occurring very soon. If you want to do a job well, first prepare the necessary tools.”

Ah Hu felt that his brains were a little insufficient, “But the Heavenly Connection Meet is right around the corner. What can you cultivate within such a short period of time ah?”

Yan Zhaoge smiled, but did not speak.

Earlier, he had feared that if his levelling speed was too high, it might raise suspicion. However, with the current situation being unique, it was fine to be a little flexible with this.

Yan Zhaoge gently tapped his right eye. Anyway, he had already come up with just the perfect excuse.

Coming over to the window, looking at the cloud-shrouded Clear Concealed Lake before him, Yan Zhaoge’s gaze turned somewhat inscrutable, “Nine Underworlds...”



# HSSB 166: Aura-Qi Forming An Illusory Heaven And Earth

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Yan Zhaoge had already consumed the Heavenly Broad Creed Pill as soon as he had gotten his hands on it.

This pill could aid in growing the spirituality of a martial practitioner's aura-qi, helping the martial practitioner in feeling the heavens and the earth.

While its effects seemed simple, it stood out greatly in terms of its efficacy. Even when consumed by a Martial Grandmaster, it would be of incomparably great help. When consumed by a Martial Scholar, even less had to be said of its strength.

In truth, a Martial Scholar was basically unable to fully absorb the medicinal effects of the Heavenly Broad Creed Pill.

The medicinal effects of the pill would remain within the Martial Scholar's body, flowing in a steady, inexhaustible stream. As time passed, its benefits towards the Martial Scholar's cultivation would continue.

As the best pill that Broad Creed Mountain currently possessed, even the widely read Yan Zhaoge thought rather highly of its medicinal efficacy.

Yan Zhaoge was currently seated in the meditative position, the clear qi within his dantian dispersed, the mass of chaotic qi roiling

as cold and hot interchanged and yin and yang coexisted, resembling a furnace formed of the heavens and the earth, unceasingly refining the medicinal force of the Heavenly Broad Creed Pill.

Guided by Yan Zhaoge's aura-qi, the medicinal force unceasingly trickled into his limbs and bones.

The acupoints of Yan Zhaoge's entire body pulsed as forces which resembled numerous fire dragons and numerous ice dragons roiled unceasingly.

These forces truly took on the form of dragons, their scales heaving, full of spirituality as they let out numerous low, majestic roars.

Yan Zhaoge opened his eyes, the light of thunder flickering within his right.

The fragment of the Eye of the Thunder Emperor was revealed within his right eyeball.

The Eye of the Thunder Emperor shone as the light cast within resembled the beginning of chaos back in ancient times as a thunderbolt descended, splitting apart the heavens and the earth.

With this, the objects of the world were gradually formed as countless changes occurred within this boundless world.

The white clouds represented the vicissitudes of life, the vast sea and the boundless fields, the infinite river of time-they all roiled and surged, resembling a single instant, resembling eternity.

Yan Zhaoge's state of mind coincided with that of the Eye of the Thunder Emperor within that instant, as he also seemed to feel that concept of infinite lives being created and extinguished within a single instant.

While the heavenly thunder was violent and ferocious, it didn't leave behind any traces in Yan Zhaoge's mind whatsoever.

Yan Zhaoge's eyes closed gently before opening once more.

Just with this blinking of an eye, it actually seemed like billions of years of time had flowed by.

At this time, Yan Zhaoge clearly felt that his connection with the fragment of the Eye of the Thunder Emperor had improved a step further, to the point that he could even feel their minds resonating somewhat.

With a low cry, Yan Zhaoge's entire body abruptly erupted with the turbulent light of thunder as an explosive boom resounded.

Outside the bamboo house, in the sky above Clear Concealed Island, as the clouds roiled, an explosion seemed to resound as a flash of lightning broke through the sky!

“Rumblerumblerumble!” The sound of thunder rumbling resounded throughout the heavens and the earth as it resembled the creation of the ancient, prehistoric wastelands!

Around Yan Zhaoge’s entire body, the scales of the numerous dragons formed of aura-qi heaved as numerous bolts of lightning flashed from amongst them.

Dense arcs of lightning leapt within the small bamboo house, congregating as they seemed to form a sea of thunder.

The thunderbolts surged, yet did not harm the small house in the slightest as the numerous dragons of aura-qi opened their eyes, a light flashing within as it was like having added eyes to the painting of a dragon, filling it with spirituality and vitality as the illusory dragon transformed into a real dragon.

Yan Zhaoge extended his arm, pushing forward with his palm.

The numerous dragons of aura-qi coiled, transforming into chaos!

Having no beginning, having no end. Nothing before, nothing after. Although it was an illusory scene formed of aura-qi, the profound concept contained within could still be vaguely felt.

This was precisely the illusory heaven and earth formed of Yan Zhaoge’s aura-qi!

The aura-qi forming an illusory heaven and earth-this was precisely the trademark of a mid Xiantian Martial Scholar!

Yan Zhaoge laughed lightly. Changing his palm technique, his palm turned completely red as the illusory scene of chaos formed of his aura-qi also changed, transforming into a world of purplish red.

Amongst the clumps of purple flames, the indistinct image of a pill furnace could vaguely be seen.

Yan Zhaoge's stance changed once more as he lined up his index and middle fingers like a sword, substituting sword with fingers as they tapped out lightly.

The purple Tushita flames and the pill furnace vanished, his aura-qi forming the illusory night sky, within which seven stars hovered high in the sky, worshipping the north.

Retracting his palm, Yan Zhaoge hit out with his Six Spirit Demonic Fists, the illusory heaven and earth formed of his aura-qi seemingly having returned to the desolate wastelands of days long past as countless strong beasts rampaged unbridled across the lands, domineering to the extreme.

Finally, as Yan Zhaoge retracted his force, all the scenes vanished as everything returned to chaotic nihilism.

Seemingly able to tolerate all things, birth all things, exterminate

all things.

Yan Zhaoge let out a long breath before standing up and leaving the small bamboo house.

Playing with the giant panda, as Ah Hu saw Yan Zhaoge, he involuntarily asked, “Young Master, that heavenly thunder just now was from you activating the Eye of the Thunder Emperor?”

Yan Zhaoge smiled, “That’s right. Having stabilised my foundation and increased my accumulation with the Heavenly Broad Creed Pill, my cultivation gradually reached the bottleneck. Afterwards, in comprehending the concept within the Eye of the Thunder Emperor, I gained an understanding of it and successfully took that step forward.”

Ah Hu opened his mouth wide, “Young Master ah, you only just became an early Xiantian Martial Scholar not long ago at Cloud Portent Mountain.”

“Stepping into the mid Xiantian stage so quickly-even Family Head that year was not as fierce as you ah!”

Raising his hand to tap his right eye, Yan Zhaoge said, “Fortune and coincidence; it can be considered a pleasant surprise.”

Shooting Yan Zhaoge a thumbs-up, Ah Hu said, “Even if it was fortune, it still had to depend on you, Young Master, having the ability to acquire it ah.”

Yan Zhaoge glanced at Ah Hu, “Wa, Ah Hu, your bootlicking expressions are getting more and more real.”

Ah Hu gave a simple and honest laugh, “This is all thanks to you, Young Master; I’ve been constantly practising it in the mirror in my free time.”

He patted his own big head, “Right, Young Master, ‘Heavenly Roc’ has arrived.”

“Oh, senior apprentice-brother Xu is here?” Yan Zhaoge chuckled, “He should be over at Senior Sister Xie’s place, right?”

Ah Hu also chuckled, “After meeting Elder Fang, he came over here. Seeing that you were in seclusion, he flashed off like a streak of smoke over to Miss Xie’s.”

Exchanging glances, they both laughed sneakily, “Something’s up...”

Yan Zhaoge laughed, “Come, let’s go see.”

Xu Fei was thirty this year, much older than Lu Wen and Yan Zhaoge. Currently, he was already a Heavenly Connection Martial Scholar, just a step away from the Martial Grandmaster realm.

Generally speaking, most Heavenly Connection Martial Scholars

remained in cultivation, seldom appearing in the outside world.

However, having lost their faces in recent days, in order to regain some of it in this Heavenly Connection Meet, the Sacred Sun Clan had dispatched the head of the Four Rising Sons, Tang Yonghao, here.

Tang Yonghao was also a Heavenly Connection Martial Scholar. Xu Fei was attending this time's Heavenly Connection Meet specifically to guard against him.

Arriving at the bamboo house where Xie Youchan was residing, from far away, Yan Zhaoge's nose twitched as he smelled the fragrance of wine.

Then he saw that outside the bamboo house, before a stone table in the small courtyard, were two people seated opposite each other. One of them was Xie Youchan, while the other was an extremely tall and burly man.

This man had thick eyebrows and big eyes, his nose was straight and his mouth square, even appearing majestic as his gaze was clear and his aura like that of a mountain.

While he was young, he emanated an air that resembled lofty mountains and deep seas.

It was only that this man's current actions were a little strange as he smilingly clasped a wine flask within his hands, pouring its



contents into a cup.

Looking closely, those were clearly tea leaves placed within the teacup before him. From the looks of it, he was actually trying to boil tea with wine.

# HSSB 167: Three Young Masters Congregate

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Seeing that man's actions, Yan Zhaoge was rather speechless, "What is this new-fangled fancy of yours ah?"

That man's actions didn't stop as he laughed, "Right on time. When I went to look for you just now, you were in seclusion. I was still feeling regret at you missing out on this wine-tea of mine."

Yan Zhaoge raised his forehead, "Making tea with wine is something that no one would do. I know that you love wine, but can you not do something so novel and unconventional?"

That man did not think much of his words, "This you do not understand. Living in this world, it is only natural that we humans find some enjoyment for ourselves."

Yan Zhaoge held his face, "So you have to take wine like soya bean and dip breadsticks in it to eat, take wine like soup and soak rice in it, and have now come out with yet another new playstyle of using wine to make tea?"

"Can't you just stably take wine to drink just like other drunkards do?"

Hearing his words from the side, Xie Youchan and Ah Hu could not help but laugh.

That big man did not take it to heart as he instead laughed, "I am

already past that stage.”

Yan Zhaoge could not take it any longer, “Then you can try drinking wine with not your mouth, but your nose.”

The big man burst out laughing, “To a martial practitioner of my cultivation level, it would actually also not be all that hard; it’d not be able to choke me to death.”

“Senior Brother Xu, you are very steady in other matters; why are you like a child on this matter?” Xie Youchan shook her head as she couldn’t resist smiling.

This big man was the direct disciple of Broad Creed Mountain’s Iron Lion King Shi Tie, the ‘Heavenly Roc’ Xu Fei, and a Heavenly Connection martial practitioner.

He was generally accepted by the outside world as Broad Creed Mountain’s strongest Martial Scholar.

Xu Fei smiled, “Wait till you taste my handiwork.”

Yan Zhaoge felt a little helpless, “Really, I’ve no words to describe you.”

“Junior apprentice-brother Yan, your wine tolerance just can’t cut it. Now Huting’s is more like it.” Xu Fei similarly looked at Yan Zhaoge in disdain as he instead looked warmly to Ah Hu by the side.

The usually thick-skinned Ah Hu whose face was never stingy with his grins now instead took on a pale expression, “Brother Fei, I can’t drink with you. You don’t allow people to dispel wine with aura-qi; I would be drunk by you to death.”

Xu Fei also didn’t force him, just taking on a rather regretful expression, “Huting, your foundation is actually pretty good. If you just train a bit, you’d be able to work it out.”

Laughing and smiling, time passed by in a blur.

As the twilight sun tilted west, Yan Zhaoge, Xu Fei and Ah Hu bid Xie Youchan goodbye.

Just before they left, Xie Youchan said softly, “This time’s Heavenly Connection Meet will be different from usual. Are all of you clear on it?”

Yan Zhaoge looked at Xu Fei whose smile remained, though his gaze had turned grave and heavy, “From meeting second apprentice-uncle, I already know of the situation.”

The three exchanged glances, then smiled and nodded, no longer speaking.

The next few days, Yan Zhaoge was either peacefully cultivating, interacting on the martial dao with Xu Fei, Ye Zhongzhou, Xie Youchan and other familiar acquaintances, or feeding that giant

panda.

On Clear Concealed Island, everything was as per normal as peace still reigned.

And as time passed, the day of the Heavenly Connection Meet officially arrived.

The Heavenly Connection Meet was not a series of bouts in a ring, as its initial premise was for the genius-level figures of the Sacred Grounds' younger generation to get into contact with one another.

Sparring and fighting was getting into contact, and interacting on the martial dao was the same.

However, due to the current tense environment within the Eight Extremities World, the smell of gunpowder in the air of this time's Heavenly Connection Meet felt somewhat thicker than usual.

Especially due to some special factors, this time's Heavenly Connection Meet had quite a different hue to it.

The official venue for this time's Heavenly Connection Meet would be in the air above Clear Concealed Island.

With Clear Concealed Island as the centre, along with some small islands surrounding it that were also situated around the centre of Clear Concealed Lake, a unique array was vaguely formed, serving

as where the core of the formation guarding Clear Concealed Lake was located.

After being activated, streams of light soared into the air, merging with the all-encompassing sky of clouds to form a hovering landmass that seemed real whilst also illusory.

Those streams of light resembled a bridge as they led up to Hovering Island within the sky, which possessed formation restrictions as it formed an existence like an illusory palace.

Having ascended Hovering Island, Yan Zhaoge and the others saw that other than their Turbid Wave Pavilion hosts, there were people who had arrived before them, the people of Jade Sea City.

Ye Zhongzhou, Li Jingwan and the two other Jade Sea City disciples were currently all gathered around a green-robed youth.

That youth appeared elegant and refined just like Fang Zhun as he somewhat possessed the air of a scholar.

It was only that as he stood there, the spiritual light above his head was solidified and tangible, within which the infinite ocean tides seemed to be roaring without end as the light shot straight into the horizon, as this indicated that he was a Heavenly Connection Martial Scholar just like Xu Fei.

About thirty years of age, this youth's gaze was as deep as the sea. On seeing Yan Zhaoge and the others, he nodded slightly.

Yan Zhaoge and Xu Fei nodded back.

They all recognised the other party; he was a core, direct disciple of Jade Sea City and a leading figure of their younger generation, the Seven Seas Young Master Song Chao.

The oldest of the Four Young Masters, and also the one with the strongest cultivation base.

The son of Broad Creed Mountain's First Seat Elder Yan Di, the Broad Creed Young Master Yan Zhaoge.

The son of the Chief of the Sacred Sun Clan Huang Xu, the World Illuminating Young Master Huang Jie.

The son of the Heavenly Thunder Hall's First Seat Elder Lin Tianfeng, the Thunder Rumbling Young Master Lin Zhou.

The son of the City Lord of Jade Sea City Song Wuliang, the Seven Seas Young Master Song Chao.

These four were all elites of the Eight Extremities World's younger generation, who also possessed extraordinary backgrounds. From the previous Heavenly Connection Meet, they had come to be known as the current era's Four Young Masters.

Despite-or perhaps as a result of their titles, there mostly didn't

exist any friendship amongst the four. At most, Yan Zhaoge was only comparatively more acquainted with Song Chao.

However, due to the large age gap between them, the two had never interacted much before.

Song Chao looked at Yan Zhaoge, nodding, “Junior Brother Yan, it’s been three years.”

“Senior Brother Song’s cultivation has improved even more,” Yan Zhaoge smiled, and Song Chao answered, “Conscientious work, gradually seeking the way forward.”

Sikong Qing also came forward and greeted Song Chao once more.

The Heavenly Connection Meet had a dispersed and relaxed format, with no official indication to mark its beginning.

Those who had the desire to spar could just communicate their intentions and then do so.

The group of Xiantian Martial Scholars consisting of Yan Zhaoge, Xu Fei, Song Chao, Xie Youchan, Ruan Ping and Ye Zhongzhou all did not spar, only gathering together at one place and casually conversing.

However, what was casual conversation to them also brought great benefits to the younger disciples who heard them.



It was just that amongst them, Yan Zhaoge rather stood out, because of all these Xiantian Martial Scholars, he was the youngest, and not just by a bit.

The others were all around or close to thirty years of age, with only Yan Zhaoge just having passed twenty.

Calculating it, Yan Zhaoge should actually be considered as being of the same age as Li Jingwan and the others.

However, this rather eye-provoking matter did not seem strange to anyone here in the least, as they all seemed to find it completely natural.

As they conversed, the hearts of Yan Zhaoge and the others moved in unison as they all turned to look in a certain direction.

In that direction, a few younger generation martial practitioners in white, gold-bordered robes ascended Hovering Island, in what was precisely the garb of the Sacred Sun Clan's direct disciples.

Whether it was Yan Zhaoge and Xu Fei or Song Chao and Ye Zhongzhou, when they saw these newcomers, their eyes all momentarily narrowed into slits.

The leading person looked to be similarly aged to Xu Fei and Song Chao, with handsome features and an extraordinary air about him. As light shot out of his eyes, hearts involuntarily trembled.

Beside him was an ordinary-looking youth who looked to be only slightly older than Yan Zhaoge, silent, with a restrained presence.

Yan Zhaoge raised his brows slightly, “Tang Yonghao, Huang Jie.”

# HSSB 168: The Persistence That Is Not Understood

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The other two members of the Sacred Sun Clan's Four Rising Suns aside from Xiao Shen and Chao Yuanlong were currently both before Yan Zhaoge.

Hailed as the first person of the Sacred Sun Clan's younger generation, the 'Shining Sword' Tang Yonghao.

One of the Four Young Masters alongside Yan Zhaoge, the grandson of the East Rising Martial Saint Huang Guanglie and the son of the Sacred Sun Clan's current Chief Huang Xu, the 'World Illuminating Young Master' Huang Jie.

Of those who had been hailed as the current era's Four Young Masters following the previous Heavenly Connection Meet, other than the Thunder Rumbling Young Master Lin Zhou, the other three had congregated here once again.

After resting on Tang Yonghao for a moment, Yan Zhaoge's gaze turned towards Huang Jie.

Whether it was of the Four Young Masters or the Sacred Sun Clan's own Four Rising Sons, Huang Jie was the most low profile one.

According to Yan Zhaoge's memories, it was even to the point that other than in the Heavenly Connection Meet that year, Huang

Jie seldom appeared in the outside world.

Currently, standing beside Tang Yonghao, he resembled a dark shadow under the sunlight, quiet and tranquil, not attracting the gazes of others in the least.

Seeing Tang Yonghao, Xu Fei and Song Chao both nodded slightly, “Senior Brother Tang, it’s been a long time.”

It was said in the lands of the Fire Domain where the Sacred Sun Clan stood that Tang Yonghao was the number one of the current younger generation.

As a Heavenly Connection Martial Scholar, he had even been praised as the current strongest Martial Scholar.

Leaving the Fire Domain, especially in the Heaven and Water Domains, the martial practitioners of Broad Creed Mountain and Jade Sea City had never admitted this.

But if one said that Tang Yonghao was one of the strongest members of the younger generation, it was basically something that was accepted by the entire world. Even while Broad Creed Mountain and Jade Sea City had an extremely terrible relationship with the Sacred Sun Clan, they still agreed on this point.

Ascending Hovering Island, Tang Yonghao returned their greetings, “Greetings, Senior Brother Xu, Senior Brother Song. It has indeed been a long time.”

His gaze fell on Yan Zhaoge, “Junior Brother Yan, long time no see.”

Yan Zhaoge smiled slightly, “It is rare for Senior Brother Tang to make an appearance.”

Tang Yonghao said, “In breaking through to become a Martial Grandmaster from the Heavenly Connection stage, it is not something that can happen just staying in secluded cultivation all the way. It still requires tempering and accumulation of experience before cultivating to make good use of it.”

The attentions of Sikong Qing, Li Jingwan and the other relatively younger disciples now also fell on Yan Zhaoge and Tang Yonghao, standing opposite each other.

The battle achievements of Yan Zhaoge had been glorious in recent years. Defeating the late outer aura stage Xiao Shen at the mid outer aura stage; defeating the early Xiantian stage Ji Hanru at the late outer aura stage; defeating the mid Xiantian stage Lin Zhou at the early Xiantian stage; defeating the late Xiantian stage Liu Shengfeng at the early Xiantian stage.

All of these feats were shocking to the extreme, his fame shaking the world. Not only were they all level-surpassing battles, he did not lose even a single one of them.

Speaking fairly, even if Infinite Boundless Mountain hadn't helped to advertise Yan Zhaoge previously, at the current

Heavenly Connection Meet, Yan Zhaoge would still be a focal point.

Even if Yan Zhaoge now left the Meet and returned to Broad Creed Mountain just like that, no one would be able to say anything about it.

However, his actual distance from the Heavenly Connection stage was still somewhat large.

Moreover, people had reputations just like trees had shadows. Having achieved his fame long ago, Tang Yonghao was currently at the peak of Heavenly Connection Martial Scholars.

Generally speaking, with Tang Yonghao's age and cultivation base, he actually already no longer needed to attend this Heavenly Connection Meet.

His power, his talent were both already long known by the entire world.

Moreover, he was currently at the critical moment for breaking through to become a Martial Grandmaster.

However, the Sacred Sun Clan had still dispatched Tang Yonghao over this time, with this mostly being because of Yan Zhaoge.

In the war of the Eastern Tang as well as the fight between Infinite Boundless Mountain and the Heavenly Thunder Hall over

Thunderbolt Soul Jade, the Sacred Sun Clan's face had been damaged.

While in terms of their younger generation, Xiao Shen and Chao Yuanlong had consecutively been defeated at Yan Zhaoge's hands, and they had all been complete defeats.

Regarding the general situation, the Sacred Sun Clan had to fight on all fronts. For their younger generation disciples, here at the Heavenly Connection Meet was precisely the best place for them to find back their face.

However, Tang Yonghao didn't have the intention of fighting with Yan Zhaoge as he instead said, "Junior Brother Yan's rate of improvement is truly shocking. Rising from the inner aura stage to the Xiantian stage within such a short period of time-I was much inferior in this."

"I look forward to sparring with you at the same cultivation level. Although I might not be able to match up, even if I were defeated, I should be able to have huge gains in the martial dao."

Hearing his words, Sikong Qing, Li Jingwan, Zhang Yao and the others all found them rather unexpected.

The faces of the other Sacred Sun Clan disciples who had accompanied Tang Yonghao here were all rather gloomy as they sighed inwardly, "At the end of the day, senior apprentice-brother Tang is still acting of his own volition."

It was instead Xu Fei, Song Chao, Xie Youchan and the others whose expressions were as per usual.

Ah Hu was not a participant of the Heavenly Connection Meet. However, with his age and cultivation base which were actually comparable to that of Xu Fei and the others, he had gotten special permission to ascend Hovering Island alongside Yan Zhaoge.

Grinning slightly, he secretly sent a sound transmission to Yan Zhaoge, “Young Master, rather than saying that this Tang Yonghao is upright, wouldn’t it be that he is pedantic?”

Yan Zhaoge answered calmly, “Some people have their own persistence, just that they are not understood by others, or are perhaps viewed as foolish and pedantic.”

“In the eyes of most of the ordinary masses now, it is generally agreed that it is already no longer right to measure my strength in terms of my age and cultivation base.”

“Even if Tang Yonghao made a move against me, he would also not be labelled as bullying the weak as the strong and not having won properly. At most, people would only say that he lacks confidence in himself, adopting those erroneous views of others and letting go of his position as he lowered himself to be taken in by the views of the ordinary masses.”

“As you say, not making a move now will instead be viewed by many as foolish and pedantic, or perhaps attributed to a blind self-confidence of his.”



Looking at Tang Yonghao, Yan Zhaoge said mildly, “But he himself is clearest what exactly it is that he pursues; why it is that he perseveres.”

“To some, having a clear conscience is the most important. What they are afraid of are not the pointed fingers of others, but rather a shadow being cast over their hearts.”

“From another perspective, perhaps it could be said that he is arrogant or self-indulgent, but as I see it, someone who can persist in his beliefs and live by them, to whatever extent, does deserve some respect.”

Hearing his words, Ah Hu looked like he was in deep thought, “How will he account for it to the Sacred Sun Clan then?”

Before his words had landed, Tang Yonghao turned to look at Xu Fei, “Senior Brother Xu, as similarly-aged Heavenly Connection Martial Scholars, let us exchange pointers.”

Xu Fei laughed straightforwardly, “That’s fine with me.”

The Song Chao by the side suddenly said, “Please let me go first, Senior Brother Xu.”

“When sparring with Senior Brother Tang three years ago in the Heavenly Connection Meet, this Song came out inferior. I have always hoped that I would be able to spar with Senior Brother

Tang once more.”

Hearing his words, Xu Fei said, “This is not fair to Senior Brother Tang; this Xu does not have the intention of taking turns to fight him.”

Tang Yonghao’s face was as per normal, “I am not looking down on Senior Brother Song, but can you let me have a battle with Senior Brother Xu first? Because the glory or humiliation of this surpasses my own personal honour.”

Song Chao’s expression was calm, “I have no intentions of us taking turns to fight you, also not wishing to interfere with your match and spoil things for the both of you.”

“One move. The two of us deciding victory and defeat in a single move-how’s that?”

A Sacred Sun Clan disciple behind Tang Yonghao muttered, “It shouldn’t be the Heaven Flooding Tide, right? That really still is a single move.”

Jade Sea City’s supreme martial art, Heaven Flooding Tide, was analogous to betting all of their strength on a single move, concentrating all the power in their body to erupt in a single instant. It took an extremely huge toll on one’s strength, but its power was also extremely great. It was a method with which Jade Sea City martial practitioners went all out, putting their lives on the line.

Hearing the other party's words, Ye Zhongzhou and Li Jingwan had angered expressions on their faces.

Song Chao still remained mild and tranquil as he didn't defend himself, just looking calmly at Tang Yonghao.

“Okay, one move,” After pondering for a moment, Tang Yonghao turned and said apologetically to Xu Fei, “My apologies, Senior Brother Xu.”

# HSSB 169: Worthy Of Their Name

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As a leading figure of Jade Sea City's younger generation, the Seven Seas Young Master Song Chao of the Four Young Masters also had his own arrogance and confidence.

He truly intended to clash with Tang Yonghao in a test of their abilities.

If not for the fact that Tang Yonghao and Xu Fei would definitely be having a match, Song Chao would definitely want to fight it out with Tang Yonghao to properly see who was better.

And now, he also didn't want to take advantage of Tang Yonghao.

If his clash with Tang Yonghao took too much of a toll on him, it would severely influence his match with Xu Fei. Just this alone could put Tang Yonghao at a disadvantage.

Many a times, a battle between experts did not require many moves.

Song Chao was of no mind to take advantage of Tang Yonghao, even more so definitely not intending to use a technique like the Heaven Flooding Tide like that Sacred Sun Clan disciple had said.

Seeing that Tang Yonghao had agreed to it, Song Chao nodded, "Please."

Saying thus, he hit out with a palm towards Tang Yonghao, his aura-qi surging as it formed an illusory heaven and earth.

As a Heavenly Connection Martial Scholar, the illusory heaven and earth formed of Song Chao's aura-qi was even more tangible and solidified than that of Xiantian Martial Scholars.

Not only Tang Yonghao who was facing it straight on, even Yan Zhaoge and the other spectators seemed to see giant waves that surged up to the heavens sweeping their way.

Before their eyes was a dense, boundless sea, the sounds of great waves ceaseless by their ears, the ocean howling as mountains collapsed.

Faced with this scene, Tang Yonghao lined up his index and middle fingers to form a sword as he stabbed outwards with a stance of momentum that could part the sea.

A golden sword-light that resembled a rising sun blazed into existence, its aura blazing with the warmth of the sun as it instantly enveloped everyone within.

The Sacred Sun Clan's direct lineage martial art, one of the Seven Great Sun Arts, the Divine Sword of Dawn!

Yan Zhaoge's gaze flickered as he raised his head slightly and looked above him.

Above him, the all-encompassing sky of clouds dispersed as sunlight faintly penetrated through the cloud layer, descending below.

As Tang Yonghao pointed, the light exploded outwards and expanded as though some powerful existence was being nurtured within, the sunlight from the overhead sky frenziedly coalescing at Tang Yonghao's fingertip!

In that instant, the light became more and more abundant as it seemed to come together to form a slowly rising morning sun.

The light golden morning sun emanated infinite heat as there seemed to have vaguely appeared two suns between the heavens and the earth, one in the sky overhead, the other right before their eyes.

The sword-light was originally like the sunrise at dawn, soft but not weak, bright but not intense.

However, as the sunlight came into contact and clashed head-on with the large sea formed of Song Chao's aura-qi, it instantly became incomparably bright and piercing, resembling fine threads of needle-like rays as a rain of light suddenly exploded outwards, dispersing into the surroundings.

As each of the golden needles of light came into contact with the surrounding sea tide, violent, intense explosions occurred.

Continuous, unceasing explosions! Infinite, neverending explosions!

Billions of golden threads of light exploded as they collided with the massive, boundless sea!

The sea resembled dark clouds that had been dispersed by the sun as it churned in evasion, shattering and separating, finally transforming into an infinite amount of water droplets like the descent of a tempestuous storm.

Then, as each water droplet was once again pricked by a golden needle, they broke apart in quick succession, till they had finally vanished completely without a trace!

It was like the stagnant water after a storm completely evaporating away as it was illuminated by the sun's rays.

Tang Yonghao retracted his stance, saying sincerely to Song Chao as he looked at him, "Senior Brother Song, thank you for going easy."

Song Chao indeed hadn't taken advantage of him. Speaking accurately, the depletion of both of their aura-qis and stamina had been low to the point of being negligible, as it was more of a clash of the changes in their techniques as well as their comprehension and understanding of concepts of the martial dao.

If it had been a life or death battle, it could not have been decided from that single clash of theirs-in fact, far from it.

Retracting his palm, Song Chao sighed, “I still lost to you by a move.”

Shaking his head, he turned and left, directly moving to the boundary of Hovering Island whereupon he sat down cross-legged. This clearly signalled that he had become a spectator with no further intention of continuing to participate in the upcoming parts of the Heavenly Connection Meet.

Tang Yonghao cupped his hands towards him, then turned to look at Xu Fei, “Senior Brother Xu has waited for a long time. By Senior Brother Song’s allowance, the match between you and me can progress as intended. Not having been fatigued, I have no need for rest. We can begin immediately.”

Xu Fei had a leather bag within his hands from which emanated the fragrant aroma of wine. While Tang Yonghao and Song Chao had clashed, he had been chugging it down merrily.

Now, raising his head and gulping down the last of that strong wine, he attached the leather bag back by his waist and reached out to wipe his mouth before smiling, “While you only exchanged a single move with Senior Brother Song, I have managed to see several things from it, having especially gained an understanding of your current cultivation.”

“You are an upright person; I will not take advantage of you.”



Saying thus, Xu Fei pushed out forward with his palm.

As he did so, his aura enveloped the surrounding area like the great firmament, the great earth carrying the Eight Extremities.

His fist technique looked artless and rustic, even seeming a little simple and clumsy. However, the majestic force seemed to contain within it infinite laws and profundities!

As this palm hit out, the eyes of all the Xiantian Martial Scholars here lit up.

As the entire world knew, while Xu Fei had a heroic personality unlike his Master Shi Tie, in terms of martial cultivation, he was the same as Shi Tie, fully devoted to a single martial art, obtaining everything from it.

Unlike Shi Tie who cultivated the Vajra Body, Xu Fei's choice was another of the Eight Extreme Arts, the Great Heaven Earth Sword.

Many years like a single day, Xu Fei did not cultivate in any of Broad Creed Mountain's other supreme martial arts, and was fully devoted to the Great Heaven Earth Sword; his attainment in it was indisputably the number one amongst Martial Scholars, even surpassing many Martial Grandmaster experts of the clan.

But today, while Xu Fei had not executed the techniques of the Great Heaven Earth Sword, the concept of and principles behind

his palm move were actually along the same line as the Great Heaven Earth Sword, yet were also dissimilar.

It was not simply changing sword-intent into fist-momentum or changing a sword technique into a palm technique. It was even more not executing a sword technique with a palm technique.

With their discerning eyes, Yan Zhaoge and the others could all tell that while Xu Fei's palm technique was still somewhat primitive and crude, it had clearly been based off the Great Heaven Earth Sword, preserving its essence and discarding its impurities, causing it to change.

This was a whole new martial art, a martial art wholly self-created by Xu Fei!

While it still looked to be incomplete, its potential was shocking.

Ah Hu mumbled to himself, "If Brother Fei continues with improving his palm techniques, refining them till major completion, Broad Creed Mountain might have Nine Extreme Arts in the future."

Retracting his palm, Xu Fei looked at Tang Yonghao, laughing straightforwardly, "Some small thing that I've thought up in my leisure; I have let everyone see its unworthiness. While it is still insufficient to enter your eyes, Senior Brother Tang, with the palm and the sword originating from the same part of the martial dao, I can combine and execute them simultaneously."

Tang Yonghao nodded earnestly, “Many thanks for your reminder, Senior Brother Xu.”

The two cupped their fists as they faced each other. Then, with a wave of his hand, a sword of golden light appeared within Tang Yonghao’s hand. Its light was blazing yet not piercing to the eye, resembling the newly emerged morning sun.

Xu Fei reached out behind him and made a drawing action. A black broadsword flew out of its scabbard and landed in his hands, a plain, dull sword-light flashing for a moment before disappearing as a dragon’s roar resounded.

One executing the Great Heaven Earth Sword and the other the Divine Sword of Dawn, they instantly clashed.

With the Heavenly Connection Meet just having begun, what would very possibly be its highest-level contest now began playing out.

Looking at Xu Fei and Tang Yonghao exchanging moves with their swords in the majestic battle of a dragon and a tiger, Yan Zhaoge could not help but nod repeatedly, “Worthy of their name.”

He swivelled his head to look in another direction. There, the other Sacred Sun Clan disciples were tensely focused on the battle situation, all except for a single person, whose expression remained the same, with no changes occurring whatsoever as he was silent to the point that he seemed non-existent.

The World Illuminating Young Master, Huang Jie.

# HSSB 170: Broad Creed Young Master And World Illuminating Young Master

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Considering his identity, Huang Jie was already relatively low-key.

In fact, he was low-key to the point that his title of World Illuminating Young Master seemed not to fit him that well.

Rather than resembling the resplendent sunlight that captured the gazes of all under the heavens, he seemed to resemble the moonlight, quiet and secluded.

Yan Zhaoge looked towards Huang Jie just as Huang Jie turned towards him. Their gazes met, with neither betraying any emotions.

“Interesting.” Yan Zhaoge lightly raised his eyebrows.

Yan Zhaoge was unable to accurately gauge Huang Jie’s actual cultivation. The only measure he had to go on was his sense of hearing. By judging the almost imperceptible sound of the other’s blood and qi flow, he was able to form a rough guess.

Blood like mercury – this was a characteristic only possessed by those who had undergone a second washing of the marrow. By this measure, Huang Jie’s cultivation was at least at the early outer aura Martial Scholar realm.

Apart from this, Huang Jie had concealed his aura as its characteristics were also kept hidden, making it difficult for Yan Zhaoge to accurately assess his cultivation.

The characteristics of a mid outer aura Martial Scholar were being able to manifest a weapon with their aura qi and control their aura-qi from a hundred paces away. The characteristic of a late outer aura Martial Scholar was the power to take to the air. Without exchanging blows or displaying one's martial skill, it was impossible to detect these characteristics.

Xiantian Martial Scholars were defined by their aura qi possessing spirituality. Without Huang Jie releasing his aura-qi, this was also unable to be determined. The second defining characteristic of Xiantian Martial Scholars was the spiritual light above their heads that was connected to the heavens. However, if a Xiantian Martial Scholar wished it so, he could hide it as well.

As a result, regarding Huang Jie's cultivation, Yan Zhaoge could only place a lower limit of the early outer aura Martial Scholar realm.

In fact, with respect to his age, it would not be unordinary if Huang Jie was currently an early or mid outer aura Martial Scholar.

Yan Zhaoge aside, the other Martial Scholars near his age, including Jade Sea City's Li Jingwan and Infinite Boundless Mountain's Xiao Yu, were all around this cultivation level.

Huang Jie's age was slightly higher, but not by much. All of them could basically be considered as being in the same age category.

However, Yan Zhaoge's instincts warned him that Huang Jie was not so simple.

Rather than Tang Yonghao, whose cultivation was far higher than Yan Zhaoge's, if the similarly-aged World Illuminating Young Master Huang Jie were able to best Yan Zhaoge in a battle, that would be the best case scenario for the Sacred Sun Clan.

However, it seemed as though Huang Jie himself had no intention of making a move.

Not only did he have no intention of fighting against Yan Zhaoge, even towards other people, Huang Jie would remain formal and distance himself.

This time, his appearance at the Heavenly Connection Meet seemed to be limited to spectating the matches.

The surrounding people all stopped what they were doing to watch the clash between Tang Yonghao and Xu Fei.

This battlefield was specially constructed by Turbid Wave Pavilion, allowing the two combatants free reign in their attacks. The aftershocks of their attacks would be contained by the formation, thus giving them the chance to go all out without having to worry about the spectators.

Previously, the exchange between Tang Yonghao and Song Chao had lasted merely a moment. In contrast, the battle between Xu Fei and Tang Yonghao now was truly a battle between a dragon and a tiger.

Amongst the crowd, even those Xiantian Martial Scholars had serious expressions on their faces. While their cultivation bases were comparatively inferior, watching the battle, they could roughly weigh and feel the great strength of the two combatants.

Just like how Yan Zhaoge had suddenly risen up in recent years to suppress all others with his overwhelming martial prowess, while the direct disciples of the Sacred Grounds were basically all at the same level in terms of talent, potential, and combat strength at the same cultivation level, going into it closely, there were still some divisions of strength amongst them.

Xu Fei and Tang Yonghao, were the peak existences amongst them!

Tang Yonghao brandished his sword, his sword-light illuminating the world as it seemed like it was omnipresent.

Not only was his opponent's every movement within his predictions, even his various techniques and variations seemed all to be within his grasp.

Whatever his opponent tried to do, it seemed as if Tang Yonghao was able to preempt it a half-step before it happened and



completely foil it.

Other than the Sacred Sun Clan's direct lineage martial art, the Divine Sword of Dawn, Tang Yonghao also displayed proficiency in some other supreme sword arts. Having immersed himself in the dao of the sword for many years, he had gained a deep understanding of its essence, his sword variations unpredictable and innumerable.

Her full attention on the match, Sikong Qing knit her brows slightly, "Tang Yonghao, is so strange ah..."

"It isn't strange. You only feel that it is strange because you don't know that Tang Yonghao is a true genius in the sword," Yan Zhaoge said, "It is rumored that in the current Eight Extremities World, other than the four supreme sword arts, Tang Yonghao can learn all other sword arts simply by observing them from the side."

Sikong Qing's eyes flashed as she turned around to look at Yan Zhaoge.

Profound sword arts were not just about simple stances and movements. The sword-intent contained within, the qi circulation method required for them as well as the many profound meanings contained within were all incomparably complicated.

And the martial arts of the six great Sacred Grounds-which of them would be weak?

Yan Zhaoge laughed lightly, “Don’t look at me, this rumor is actually true. For example, of our clan’s Great Heaven Earth Sword and Big Dipper Sword, without requiring their manuals, just by watching you or me practicing in the sword for a period of time, Tang Yonghao would already be able to comprehend seventy to eighty percent of it.”

“Only, Tang Yonghao has never acted this way. Even when learning sword arts not of the Sacred Sun Clan, he only learns those whose legacies have been discontinued.”

“For those sword arts which have owners, even though he can comprehend them, he does not cultivate in them.” Yan Zhaoge softly sighed, “Apart from the other five Sacred Grounds, even when it comes to those second and third-rate powers, Tang Yonghao restrains himself.”

Yan Zhaoge looked towards the arena at Tang Yonghao, “Therefore, I say that this is someone with his own persistence, even if that persistence is something that most people are unable to understand.”

Sikong Qing looked towards Xu Fei, “Senior apprentice-brother Xu is not any worse than him.”

Yan Zhaoge showed a faint smile, “This is only natural.”

Resisting Tang Yonghao’s fierce, ceaseless tide of sword variations, Xu Fei was like an unmoving reef that did not yield a single step.

From the start, he had been executing the Great Heaven Earth Sword to the utmost in both offense and defense. With its clumsy simplicity and boundless momentum, containing thousands, tens of thousands of profundities all in one, Xu Fei did not yield a single step.

Executing his self-created Great Heaven Earth Palm in combination with the Great Heaven Earth Sword, coming together as one, Xu Fei's power multiplied, as he was able to keep Tang Yonghao's innumerable sword-lights at bay with room to spare.

Just by watching the Great Heaven Earth Sword, Tang Yonghao was able to comprehend the profundities within it, allowing him to have an understanding of Xu Fei's actions.

Even so, he was unable to gain the slightest advantage over Xu Fei.

Xu Fei's attainment in the Great Heaven Earth Sword had already reached the pinnacle that was possible for Martial Scholars. Even if Tang Yonghao were to cultivate in it, it would also not be possible for him to do any better.

This competition between two Heavenly Connection Martial Scholars was a feast for everyone's eyes.

Now, the disciples of Infinite Boundless Mountain and the Heavenly Thunder Hall ascended Hovering Island from two different directions.

On the side of the Heavenly Thunder Hall, neither the Thunder Rumbling Young Master Lin Zhou nor ‘Lightning Flashing’ Yan Shan was present. Instead, the leader of the group was a youth of higher cultivation who was of a similar age to Xu Fei, Tang Yonghao, and Song Chao.

Yan Zhaoge recognised him as Xie Ziyi, a long renowned Heaven’s favoured son who was currently a late Xiantian Martial Scholar.

Still, Yan Zhaoge knew that in clashing with a powerful enemy previously, despite ultimately having managed to prevail and slay him, Xie Ziyi had also received some long-term hidden injuries from their battle.

As a result, his cultivation had slowed down slightly. Otherwise, there was a nine in ten chance that he would have already broken through the bottleneck and stepped into the Heavenly Connection stage.

There were some younger disciples by Xie Ziyi’s side, likewise all in the garb of the Heavenly Thunder Hall’s core, direct disciples.

On the other side were Infinite Boundless Mountain’s direct disciples. Sure enough, Liu Shengfeng was nowhere to be seen, with the leading disciple being Ji Hanru.

At his side, a haughty Zhao Hao looked over the assembled disciples like a hungry wolf eyeing its prey.

# HSSB 171: Want To Spar A Bit?

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From a certain perspective, the martial legacies of Infinite Boundless Mountain and the Heavenly Thunder Hall were both rather extreme.

Before the matter of the Thunderbolt Soul Jade, the young disciples of both sides had already not liked the sight of one another.

The Heavenly Thunder Hall mocked Infinite Boundless Mountain as being a turtle shell, while Infinite Boundless Mountain mocked the Heavenly Thunder Hall as only having an axe which would break after three uses.

With the matter of the Thunderbolt Soul Jade having occurred now, enmity had officially arose between the two sides, causing the atmosphere between them to be even more tense than before.

At this moment, the people from both sides just happened to be meeting face-to-face, such that they even did not care to follow the bout between Xu Fei and Tang Yonghao over at the other side.

The Heavenly Thunder Hall's direct disciples with Xie Ziyi at their head and Infinite Boundless Mountain's direct disciples with Ji Hanru at their head stared at one another, sparks seemingly flying between them in the air.

However, the people of Infinite Boundless Mountain were very quickly defeated.

With Liu Shengfeng not there, no one could compete with Xie Ziyi.

Moreover, even if Liu Shengfeng were here, he most likely wouldn't be Xie Ziyi's match.

It was only Zhao Hao who held a cold and intractable gaze, not retreating in the slightest.

Shooting him a cold glance, Xie Ziyi didn't say anything further, his gaze shifting away as he was clearly disdainful of competing for real with a mere inner aura Martial Scholar.

Behind him, a youth close to Zhao Hao's age smiled coldly as he now stepped forward, "This Junior Brother of Infinite Boundless Mountain looks extremely unfamiliar; let us spar for a bit."

The corners of his mouth revealing a mild, cold smile, Zhao Hao said nonchalantly, "That's fine with me."

Looking rather interestedly at this scene, Yan Zhaoge looked like he was smiling whilst also not.

The results were completely within Yan Zhaoge's expectations, with Zhao Hao's complete victory.

Zhao Hao's performance also drew the attention of others, not

just because Zhao Hao had displayed the cultivation base of a late inner aura Martial Scholar, but also because his victory had appeared extremely relaxed.

The gazes of Sikong Qing and Zhang Yao fell on Zhao Hao, whose age was similar to theirs.

“Half a year ago, seeing him in Infinite Boundless Mountain, he was still in the early inner aura stage,” Sikong Qing swivelled her head and asked Yan Zhaoge, “I heard that when we went to the Eastern Tang, he was only at the eighth or ninth level of the Body Refinement realm?”

As these words were said, Zhang Yao and the others by the side all jumped in shock, “Are you saying before the war of the Eastern Tang? In such a short time, his cultivation rose to this level?”

Yan Zhaoge replied like it was nothing, “Actually, a while before that, his cultivation base was even lower, perhaps not even having reached the fifth level of Body Refinement. In arriving at his current stage, he took around two years or maybe less to do so.”

Zhang Yao was rendered a little speechless while Li Jingwan knit her brows slightly, “Having a high cultivation speed is one thing; at the same cultivation level, his combat strength is very strong.”

Yan Zhaoge smiled but did not speak; all of these were within his predictions.

Because their various encounters and experiences differed, there would be the strong and the weak amongst those of the same cultivation level.

While Zhao Hao was an extremely proud person, his combat strength at the same cultivation level was indeed even stronger than Lin Zhou and Ye Jing.

The lower the three's cultivation bases, the more prominent Zhao Hao's advantage would be, an advantage which would persist for a long time.

Even though Heavenly Thunder Hall suffered a loss at Zhao Hao's hands, with his position, Xie Ziyi couldn't personally make a move. Those similarly aged to Zhao Hao, after witnessing his strength and prowess, also lacked the confidence to do so.

With Lin Zhou and Yan Shan both not having come, there existed a small age gap amongst those Heavenly Thunder Hall direct disciples who had come this time, resulting in Infinite Boundless Mountain's Ji Hanru also not having an opponent.

With the Heavenly Thunder Hall wanting to find back some face, the situation temporarily became extremely awkward.

Finally, it was still a female disciple of theirs known as Chen Lin who stepped forward, battling it out with Infinite Boundless Mountain's Xiao Yu.



While Chen Lin was female, her personality was extremely brutal and her moves vicious as she was also rich in combat experience. While Xiao Yu was a natural born genius, he was someone who didn't fight if words could do the trick. His experience being insufficient, he let Chen Lin gain the upper hand, allowing the Heavenly Thunder Hall to finally to get back some face at the very least.

While Ji Hanru and the others didn't say anything, the gaze with which Zhao Hao looked at Xiao Yu was not at all friendly as it was filled with scorn.

On the other side, the showdown between Xu Fei and Tang Yonghao had already completely reached an impasse as both sides were locked deep in battle without a clear victor.

Although there was no enmity between them, with them even being appreciative of each other, both of them were currently going at it with full force, not holding anything back in the least.

The match between them instead became the one with the greatest smell of gunpowder in the air ever since the start of the Heavenly Connection Meet.

As they exchanged moves, there were several times where it seemed like both of them would come out from it with injuries, even to the point that the two sometimes looked dangerously close to simultaneously bringing each other down for good.

This was a battle between a dragon and a tiger where it was hard

to determine the victor-while Broad Creed Mountain and the Sacred Sun Clan both hoped for their disciple to obtain victory in this match, if these two seedlings who both possessed shocking potential really fought it out to the point of both perishing together, it was a result that neither side would be happy to see.

Finally, this contest could only be ruled as a draw.

The battle between Xu and Tang having ended, most of the spectators could only retract their attentions before going off to find their own opponents. While having experienced this Xu-Tang battle was like having directly eaten a huge meal, with what remained being only the post-meal dessert, from here on out, the Heavenly Connection Meet finally really became bustling as it livened up.

While only the younger generation disciples participating in the Meet had ascended Hovering Island, the various bigwigs who had lead them to Clear Concealed Island were similarly focused on the progress of the Heavenly Connection Meet.

While their hearts also contained another matter, this didn't keep them from observing the outstanding descendants of the various Sacred Grounds.

In every Heavenly Connection Meet, many geniuses and heroes would surface, coming out and shocking everyone.

However, Zhao Hao's performance still drew many gazes.

“Fang Zhun, how is this old man’s disciple?” A black-bearded old man bragged proudly, “I told you, he is not any worse than your Broad Creed Mountain’s Yan Zhaoge!”

By the side, Infinite Boundless Mountain’s Elder Shan Shiweng appeared indifferent as some helplessness could be seen within his gaze.

He was the person in charge of bringing Infinite Boundless Mountain’s disciples here to Clear Concealed Lake this time, while this black-bearded old man, Elder Mo, recently having been moving in the vicinity of the Lake Domain, had run over to Clear Concealed Lake to join in the fun.

Upon coming here, this Elder who had a higher cultivation than him had showed the intent of usurping his position. Shan Shiweng could not really do anything about it.

Through whatever means earlier, Zhao Hao had somehow entered Elder Mo’s eye and been accepted as his personal disciple.

Although Zhao Hao had indeed displayed great strength as well as potential, this Elder Mo’s protection and navigation had been primary in allowing Zhao Hao to quickly get over the shadow of the matter of the Giant Spirit Magnetite vein.

Elder Mo shot a sidelong glance at Fang Zhun, “If you don’t believe me, you can ask your Broad Creed Mountain’s Yan Zhaoge to suppress his cultivation to the late inner aura stage and spar a bit with my disciple?”

Fang Zhun laughed mildly, “That will have to depend on Zhaoge’s own wishes.”

Receiving Fang Zhun’s sound transmission, Yan Zhaoge broke out into a smile as he was almost caught speechless, “His disciple’s cultivation is lower than mine and he blames me? Having a match is fine, but I am not the accompaniment to spar with his disciple for nothing. If this Elder really has the desire, will second apprentice-uncle ask for me if he would be happy to suppress his cultivation to the mid Xiantian Martial Scholar realm and have a spar with me?”

“If it is two matches, I do not mind to go and train a little.”

“Okay,” Fang Zhun answered slowly, “I’ll ask him.”

With that, an end was put to the matter.

Yan Zhaoge shrugged carelessly, then raised his head and looked up into the sky overhead.

That Elder surnamed Mo was one of the already known operatives of the Decimating Abyss Organisation, the highest of those planted in Infinite Boundless Mountain.

# HSSB 172: The Strongest Beneath Heavenly Connection

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From Yan Zhaoge's perspective, following Xu Fei's and Tang Yonghao's match, the following battles were all comparatively lacking somewhat in meaning.

The only one that could draw his interest somewhat was the battle between Xie Youchan and Xie Ziyi.

Following Chen Lin's victory over Xiao Yu, with Xie Ziyi now defeating Xie Youchan, since both of them were at the same cultivation level, it could be considered as properly having got back face for the Heavenly Thunder Hall.

Zhang Yao's face round face was bitter as it was instead Ruan Ping who consoled her from the side, "It is said by many that Xie Ziyi is the number one Martial Scholar beneath the Heavenly Connection stage-there is actually some meaning to this."

"His talent and potential is shocking, and he is also used to fighting and killing, having defeated the strong as the weak and suppressed superior opponents many times ever since having started cultivating. His current fame is not from empty words blown out of his mouth, but hard fought for through battling it out with his cultivation base."

"But it was also precisely because of his love for battle that his vitality was damaged during a previous clash, causing him to be stuck at the late Xiantian Martial Scholar realm for so long.

Otherwise, he would definitely already have stepped into the Heavenly Connection stage like Xu Fei, Tang Yonghao and Song Chao, who are now preparing to attempt a breakthrough into the Martial Grandmaster realm.”

Zhang Yao blinked and swivelled her head to look towards Yan Zhaoge, “Senior Brother Xie is indeed strong, but isn’t saying that he is the first Martial Scholar beneath Heavenly Connection a little too much?”

“Not talking about others, Senior Brother Yan defeated the late Xiantian Martial Scholar Liu Shengfeng whilst only in the early Xiantian stage ah.”

Ruan Ping’s gaze froze slightly before he nodded, “That is indeed true.”

Listening to this from the side, Yan Zhaoge did not say anything, but gazing over, he coincidentally met Xie Ziyi’s gaze that also just happened to be looking over.

The emotions contained within that gaze of his were not friendly at all.

Without mentioning how Infinite Boundless Mountain had leaked out the news to let the Heavenly Thunder Hall know that the Thunder Element Revival Art originated from Yan Zhaoge, the two great core, direct disciples of the Heavenly Thunder Hall, Yan Shan and Lin Zhou who were known as ‘Lightning Flashing Thunder Rumbling’, had both been defeated by Yan Zhaoge, and

had suffered heavy injuries at his hands.

Just this point alone made it so that of the disciples of the Heavenly Thunder Hall, those who felt that they had the ability to do so all wished to have a battle with Yan Zhaoge, to find back face for their clan.

As an elite of his clan, this was naturally even more so for Xie Ziyi.

Especially when Yan Zhaoge's strong, domineering rise to power over the past one year had even shaken his position.

Xie Ziyi was originally also an extremely proud person. Having fallen a step behind Xu Fei, Tang Yonghao and Song Chao due to the hidden injuries within his body, he had originally already been unhappy to the extreme.

He could only have the title of the first Martial Scholar beneath Heavenly Connection as a consolation. Many a times, when he thought of it, he even felt that it was not an accolade, but a humiliation, as he never ever mentioned it in front of anyone.

However, Xie Ziyi himself not accepting the title was one thing. It originally having been accorded to him, but having then been stolen away by a just risen newcomer, was a completely different story altogether.

Yan Zhaoge having defeated the late Xiantian Liu Shengfeng as

an early Xiantian Martial Scholar instantly caused Xie Ziyi's title of the first Martial Scholar beneath Heavenly Connection to seem unstable.

Stuck at the late Xiantian stage, the Xie Ziyi who had originally already been holding in an entire belly of fire instantly felt even unhappier as he virtually viewed Yan Zhaoge as a thorn in his flesh.

Yan Zhaoge could basically understand Xie Ziyi's thoughts. While he liked to show off and stand out, the so-called 'Strongest beneath Heavenly Connection' was something that he really didn't care about.

Rather than Xie Ziyi, Yan Zhaoge's attention now focused elsewhere.

There, it was not two people who were facing off but rather two rare beasts, both full of power and grandeur as spiritual qi flowed all around their bodies, also mixed with a dense, masculine blood and qi.

Yan Zhaoge blinked, "What's this?"

Li Jingwan answered softly, "Junior Sister Chen Lin of the Heavenly Thunder Hall rears a Green Evil Ghost Wolf, which is abnormally ferocious. Hearing that our clan's senior apprentice-brother Ye has a very famous Black Water Mysterious Dragon, she brought up letting the two beasts battle it out."



In actual combat, powerful beasts could be of great assistance.

Looking over, Yan Zhaoge saw that Chen Lin who had defeated Xiao Yu earlier currently standing there.

Chen Lin was extremely tall, only half a head shorter than Yan Zhaoge and the other males here. While her features were beautiful, her expression was cold and indifferent, carrying arrogance.

The Green Evil Ghost Wolf before her was even bigger than an ordinary plowing ox, its blackish-green fur looking soft but was actually hard as needles of steel.

From the wolf's mouth was exhaled a cold white qi, an icy qi swirling around its entire body as two blood red eyes that resembled copper bells stared at the Black Water Mysterious Dragon opposite it.

Carefully appraising it, Yan Zhaoge found that this Green Evil Ghost Wolf was even stronger than its mistress, Chen Lin.

Chen Lin was of a similar age to Yan Zhaoge, Li Jingwan, Xiao Yu and the others, her cultivation only at the late outer aura Martial Scholar stage, whilst the combat prowess of that Green Evil Ghost Wolf of hers was already comparable to that of a Xiantian Martial Scholar.

Under such circumstances, it was most probable that she had

begun taming and raising this ghost wolf from the time it was a pup.

Ye Zhongzhou also watched the two beasts in the ring with a face full of seriousness.

Yan Zhaoge glanced at that Black Water Mysterious Dragon. Coiling in mid-air, it was much greater in size than that Green Evil Ghost Wolf. While it was only a scaly dragon, and not a true dragon, it was still majestic to the extreme.

Ye Zhongzhou said slowly, “Junior Sister Chen, it is not too late for us to stop now. These two beasts are both not ordinary, and they possess limited intelligence yet extreme power. If they end up fighting each other in a frenzied state, it would be very hard for us to stop them. Troubling our elders due to the battle between beasts would not be good.”

Chen Lin said indifferently, “If Green Evil dies at the claws of Senior Brother Ye’s Black Water Mysterious Dragon, this Junior Sister definitely won’t let out a single word of complaint.”

“If that is so, this Ye won’t say anything more about it,” Ye Zhongzhou frowned; the other party having come to provoke and challenge him, he had already spoken rather restrainedly, and with her still not knowing to retreat, he was also angered somewhat, “Let’s begin now then.”

After the two stared each down other for a moment, the Green Evil Ghost Wolf moved first. However, it did not rush to attack,

instead just slowly moving about the Black Water Mysterious Dragon, seemingly attempting to search for a gap in its defences.

The Black Water Mysterious Dragon coiled silently where it was, not moving an inch. However, its eyes remained fixed on the Ghost Wolf, following its every movement, not letting any of it pass it by.

The Black Water Mysterious Beast possessed a clear advantage in terms of strength, but the Green Evil Ghost Wolf possessed an extraordinary inborn gift, with the cold qi around its body able to slowly weaken its opponents.

The cold qi would slowly reduce the speed of its opponents, which was equivalent to speeding itself up, while the original speed of the Green Evil Ghost Wolf was actually already extremely high, being amongst the top few of all the similarly levelled beasts.

Ye Zhongzhou whistled, “Begin!”

He could already tell that the Green Evil Ghost Wolf was aiming for a protracted battle, unceasingly relying on the icy qi to whittle away at the Black Water Mysterious Dragon’s strength. As time went by, things would then become more and more disadvantageous for the Black Water Mysterious Dragon.

The Black Water Mysterious Dragon let out a roar like rolling thunder, lunging towards the Green Evil Ghost Wolf like a hurricane!

As its jet-black scales pulsed, a great amount of water qi appeared, resembling a boundless sea of waves which pressed down on its opponent.

Howling, the Green Evil Ghost Wolf ferociously began exchanging claws and bites with the Black Water Mysterious Dragon, a violent, bloodstained air instantly permeating the area.

As the Black Water Mysterious Dragon did after all possess an advantage in strength, it very quickly suppressed its opponent, causing it to only be able to flee in panic.

The spectating Jade Sea City disciples all showed looks of joy, but Yan Zhaoge's expression instead gradually turned grave.

Because he discovered that the eyes of the Green Evil Ghost Wolf, currently placed at a disadvantage, were clearly filled with craftiness and brutality.

# HSSB 173: True Target

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After seeing the Green Evil Ghost Wolf and the Black Water Mysterious Dragon for the first time, Yan Zhaoge had already been frowning inwardly as he vaguely sensed that something was wrong.

While the Black Water Mysterious Dragon was strong and majestic, it lacked the fierceness specific to wild beasts. It had clearly been overly domesticated, and had not experienced many real battles.

Meanwhile, while the appearance of that Green Evil Ghost Wolf of Chen Ling's was so-so, looking far less domineering than the Black Water Mysterious Dragon, its entire body was full of scars, both old and new; they were clearly traces of it having experienced many life-and-death battles, giving the wolf a bloodthirsty, brutal aura.

Yan Zhaoge carefully observed its movements in this battle.

While the Ghost Wolf appeared to have fallen at a disadvantage, its evasive movements were extremely skilled, as it did not appear flustered in the least.

It seemed like it was intentionally kiting the Black Water Mysterious Dragon in order to deplete its stamina.

Including the icy qi that it naturally emanated, there was clearly a premeditated plan of drawing out a protracted battle, dragging it

out till the Black Water Mysterious Dragon ran out of steam before launching a frenzied counterattack.

It was only that with the Black Water Mysterious Dragon really being too powerful, despite having dragged it out for such a long time, the Green Evil Ghost Wolf had still yet to find a chance to counterattack.

However, if it was left like this for much longer, with the Black Water Mysterious Dragon still unable to find a chance to land a serious wounding blow on the Green Evil Ghost Wolf, the wolf would definitely turn the tables around.

The Green Evil Ghost Wolf clearly excelled in resilience and patience, possessing abundant combat experience, whereas it was the Black Water Mysterious Beast which, having been denied for so long, was becoming more and more impatient.

“Senior Brother Ye, something’s wrong. If it goes on like this, it will be terrible for your Black Water Mysterious Dragon,” Knitting his brows slightly, Yan Zhaoge sent a sound transmission over to Ye Zhongzhou.

Ye Zhongzhou was momentarily taken aback. The way he saw it, his Black Water Mysterious Dragon was clearly holding the upper hand.

Yan Zhaoge said, “That wily wolf is pretending to be weak, intentionally using a kiting method to deplete your Black Water Mysterious Dragon’s stamina.”

Ye Zhongzhou's pupils abruptly dilated, as, at the same time, a change suddenly occurred on the battlefield!

After a messy and formless attack of the Black Water Mysterious Dragon's missed, having dodged its attack, the Green Evil Ghost Wolf abruptly spun. Its entire body's power erupted as it landed a blow on the ribs of the still unstable Black Water Mysterious Dragon!

It was only now that the Green Evil Ghost Wolf exhibited its true abilities, its entire body's bones shuddering as its muscles erupted and expanded, its fur that resembled steel needles standing up on end. Its entire body looked to have expanded a single circle, now not being inferior to that of the Black Water Mysterious Dragon in the least!

Its attack just having missed, not yet having regathered himself, the Black Water Mysterious Beast already suffered a hit on its vitals by its opponent, as its massive, thick frame was instantly thrown to the ground.

Expanding unforgivingly on its momentum, the Green Evil Ghost Wolf attacked the Black Water Mysterious Dragon simultaneously with its massive maw and piercing claws as the space was instantly filled with fresh blood, the Black Water Mysterious Dragon suffering some heavy injuries.

The faces of the smiling Jade Sea City disciples all froze as Ye Zhongzhou's face also instantly turned ugly.

The pained, wounded Black Water Mysterious Dragon let out a crazed roar as it erupted with all its might, flinging the Green Evil Ghost Wolf outwards. The enraged Black Water Mysterious Dragon soared into the air once more, speeding madly towards its opponent that had injured it.

After its attack, the Green Evil Ghost Wolf returned to its original weak state as it once again resumed kiting whilst escaping, dodging the frenetic, enraged counterattacks of the Black Water Mysterious Dragon.

Yan Zhaoge's eyes gradually narrowed as they emanated a cold light.

He had properly seen how remarkable the cunningness of this Green Evil Ghost Wolf truly was.

Although it appeared terrified of the Black Water Mysterious Dragon which had been completely enraged by it, it was actually playing the same old trick as before, making use of kiting to deplete the Black Water Mysterious Dragon's spirit and stamina.

Especially now that the Black Water Mysterious Dragon had already been injured, with its blood gushing out in a steady stream; the longer this battle dragged on, the weaker it would become.

This Green Evil Ghost Wolf could be said to be insidious to the extreme, as it actually wanted to completely condemn that Black Water Mysterious Dragon to death!



What it wanted was not merely victory, but to directly slay the Black Water Mysterious Dragon!

Yan Zhaoge directed his gaze towards Chen Lin. While others could not tell the Green Evil Ghost Wolf's intentions, as its mistress whose mind was connected with it, how could she not know about them?

Still remaining silent in such a situation, there was a very high possibility that the Green Evil Ghost Wolf's actions were all instigated by her from the start.

“Senior Brother Ye, you should take back your Black Water Mysterious Dragon,” Yan Zhaoge said in a low voice, “That wolf has adopted the same method of kiting once more. With your Black Water Mysterious Dragon having already been injured, if this goes on and the wolf successfully launches a sneak attack on it once more, its very life might come to harm.”

Ye Zhongzhou's face was livid as he could now already see the sense in Yan Zhaoge's words.

Being a decisive person, after falling silent for a moment, Ye Zhongzhou grit his teeth and said, “I admit defeat.”

A nearly undetectable look of regret flashed through Chen Lin's eyes as she smiled coldly, “Though Senior Brother Ye has chosen to go easy and conceded, your Black Water Mysterious Dragon is still holding the upper hand, chasing my Green Evil and not letting it

go. Having admitted defeat, please stop your Black Water Mysterious Dragon.”

“You!” Ye Zhongzhou’s face changed slightly, but finally, still feeling pained for his Black Water Mysterious Dragon, he called, “Blackie, return!”

Hearing his master’s voice, the enraged Black Water Mysterious Dragon, its weakness as brought about by its injuries having grown more and more obvious over time, finally unwillingly gave up on its pursuit, coming to a halt.

But just after the Black Water Mysterious Dragon halted, a fierce light abruptly shone in the bloodred eyes of the Green Evil Ghost Wolf, its entire body’s strength erupting as it made use of this time where the Black Water Mysterious Dragon was most lax in both body and spirit to launch a fatal blow!

With its speed quick as flashing lightning, let alone Ye Zhongzhou and the others, even the Black Water Mysterious Dragon itself couldn’t react in time, as in the blink of an eye, its opponent’s attack was already right before its eyes!

A figure abruptly blocked before the Black Water Mysterious Dragon, heavily punching the Green Evil Ghost Wolf’s forehead!

The Green Evil Ghost Wolf was directly sent flying. This saviour was precisely Yan Zhaoge.

Looking at Yan Zhaoge, Chen Lin frowned slightly, as, just having regained his wits, the shocked Ye Zhongzhou whose soul had yet to fully recover from the impact roared angrily, “Junior Sister Chen, you’re very good!”

Glancing coldly at Yan Zhaoge, Chen Lin summoned back her Green Evil Ghost Wolf whose head was spinning from Yan Zhaoge’s punch before curtsying towards Ye Zhongzhou in apology, “Green Evil has still not gained intelligence, it sometimes has trouble controlling its wild instincts; its nature is just so extremely powerful, leaving this Junior Sister also unable to fully control it. Having nearly harmed Senior Brother Ye’s Black Water Mysterious Dragon, this Junior Sister apologizes to Senior Brother Ye here, hoping that Senior Brother Ye will be big-hearted enough to find it in him to let this go and not hold blame for me over this matter.”

Ye Zhongzhou took in some consecutive deep breaths before finally being able to forcefully resist the urge to rush up and reward her with a Heaven Flooding Tide.

The other party having done that and still acted well-behaved, the him who had subtly almost been harmed felt abnormally stifled.

Having caused such uncomfortableness in Ye Zhongzhou’s heart with but a few sentences, Chen Lin now turned and smiled at Yan Zhaoge, “I have long heard of Senior Brother Yan, Yan Zhaoge’s famed name.”

Yan Zhaoge’s eyes narrowed ever-so-slightly as the other party’s

smile seemed to contain some other meaning within.

Indeed, Chen Lin continued, “I’ve heard that Senior Brother Yan has newly acquired a rare beast, a seldom seen Pixiu, which possesses much spirituality as it deviates from the ordinary. I don’t know if this Junior Sister will have the fortune to see it.”

The Green Evil Ghost Wolf crouching down by her side let out a low howl, vaguely containing a bloodthirsty desire for combat within.

# HSSB 174: Treating A Mid-Grade Spirit Artifact As A Toy

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Staring at Chen Lin for a moment, Yan Zhaoge then asked, “Your meaning is that you are inviting my Pixiu for a battle on behalf of your Green Evil Ghost Wolf?”

“This Junior Sister knows full well that her cultivation is inferior to Senior Brother Yan’s, only having some experience in rearing spirit beasts, thus seeking to learn from Senior Brother Yan in that area,” Chen Lin said slowly and leisurely, “After all, rearing spirit beasts is not just simply about feeding them-actual experience in battle is also a necessity.”

Ye Zhongzhou’s face changed. Yan Zhaoge waved his hands towards him, signalling him not to make any false moves.

Looking at that Green Evil Ghost Wolf of Chen Lin’s, Yan Zhaoge shook his head, “That Green Evil Ghost Wolf of yours already battled with Senior Brother Ye’s Black Water Mysterious Dragon earlier. If it were to fight another round with my Pixiu, even if I won, it also wouldn’t be a proper victory ah.”

Ye Zhongzhou felt that it was strange because as Yan Zhaoge said this, he clearly gave off the feeling of really lacking confidence, seemingly looking for an excuse to avoid the battle out of fear.

“Senior Brother Yan is thoughtful and considerate-Chen Lin admires this. However, you don’t have to worry about this.”

Chen Lin laughed leisurely, “Green Evil is currently indeed not in the best of shape. However, I still have an Extreme Cold, which can have a contest with Senior Brother Yan’s Pixiu.”

As Chen Lin whistled, everyone immediately felt an icy cold qi speedily draw near.

After a moment, a Green Evil Ghost Wolf that was even more giant and majestic, and possessed an even stronger murderous air about it than the previous one appeared before their eyes!

The faces of Ye Zhongzhou and the others all changed. Never would they have thought that Chen Lin actually possessed not one, but two powerful Green Evil Ghost Wolves.

Especially when this newly arrived ghost wolf dubbed as Extreme Cold rivalled Ye Zhongzhou’s Black Water Mysterious Dragon just in terms of the strength of its fleshly body alone, its bloodthirsty aura then surpassing that of the Black Water Mysterious Dragon by who knows how many times.

“My defeat was indeed unavoidable,” Ye Zhongzhou sighed.

If his Black Water Mysterious Dragon were to go up against Chen Lin’s Extreme Cold Ghost Wolf, without having to do any kiting, just clashing head-on, it would already have a high chance of defeating the Black Water Mysterious Dragon.

“So this is really the main dish, with the previous battle with Senior Brother Ye’s Black Water Mysterious Dragon but an appetizer.”

Looking at Chen Lin, Yan Zhaoge smiled coldly in his heart, “You were aiming for my Pixiu from the start, is it?”

Smiling, Chen Lin asked, “How is it, can Senior Brother Yan also let out your Pixiu now?”

Yan Zhaoge looked to hold some apprehensions, yet concealed them very well, “Like Senior Brother Ye said earlier, the intelligence of these spirit beasts are limited, yet they are still so extremely powerful. If they go into a frenzied state, I’m afraid that we might not be able to stop them in time.”

“In that battle earlier, didn’t you, Junior Sister Chen, also fail to control and stop that Green Evil Ghost Wolf of yours in time?”

“In battles between spirit beasts, casualties are unavoidable,” Chen Lin smiled, “However, if Senior Brother Yan really lacks the confidence, I also won’t forcibly ask it of you.”

The Heavenly Thunder Hall disciples by the side all started smiling.

Looking at Chen Lin and the others, Yan Zhaoge suddenly laughed soundlessly.

While he loved fighting against slights, such simple goading was completely useless towards him.

Yan Zhaoge knew why Chen Lin and the others all seemed so full of confidence, feeling as though they had him good.

They should have found out from somewhere that Yan Zhaoge's Pixiu was still young, also rather lacking combat experience. Even while its potential was shocking, it would still require some time to train up.

Like wild beasts, spirit beasts like the Pixiu did not have too long a developmental stage. However, under normal circumstances, they would still require a certain amount of time to grow.

If Yan Zhaoge wanted to refuse to fight in order to protect the young Pixiu, he could definitely do so.

However, the tripartite alliance of Broad Creed Mountain, Jade Sea City and Infinite Boundless Mountain had not performed too well in battle so far as compared to the Sacred Sun Clan and the Heavenly Thunder Hall.

Jade Sea City's Song Chao had been defeated by the Sacred Sun Clan's Tang Yonghao, while Xu Fei's battle with Tang Yonghao had ended in a draw.

Against disciples of the Heavenly Thunder Hall, Infinite Boundless Mountain's Zhao Hao and Xiao Yu had won one and lost



one, but no one had been able to engage Xie Ziyi in battle.

With Ye Zhongzhou's Black Water Mysterious Dragon having lost one more round now, if Yan Zhaoge acted like a turtle drawing its head into its shell now, it would really be too damaging to their morale.

The round-faced Zhang Yao appeared rather pale as she secretly said to Yan Zhaoge, "Senior Brother Yan, I'm sorry. I never thought that..."

Yan Zhaoge shook his head, "It's fine."

Having obtained the Pixiu, he had originally also never meant to keep it a secret. He could not blame Zhang Yao for it.

Moreover, Turbid Wave Pavilion now owed a huge debt to the Heavenly Thunder Hall over the matter of the Decimating Abyss Organisation's spy. Interactions between disciples of the younger generation were also not out of the ordinary, and the Turbid Wave Pavilion disciples would generally give them some face.

If Chen Lin acted like she was casually bringing up the topic with Zhang Yao as she asked about it, Zhang Yao would not really be able to deny her foreknowledge of it.

Seeing that he had seemingly been pushed to the edge by Chen Lin and the others, Yan Zhaoge sighed, saying to Ah Hu, "Go bring Pan-Pan over."

Of the two choices, 'Fat Tiger' had been vehemently opposed by Ah Hu. Therefore, that giant panda's name had finally been set as Pan-Pan.

As Pan-Pan was brought up to Hovering Island, the smiles on the faces of Chen Lin and the others who had only just been full of themselves at having succeeded in their plan instantly froze.

Chen Lin's mouth hung open, tongue-tied like she had just swallowed a dead rat.

Standing by Yan Zhaoge's side, Ye Zhongzhou and the others were also dazed like wooden chickens as they foolishly stared at the Pan-Pan currently before them whose frame resembled that of a fully grown elephant!

Even crouching, the current Pan-Pan stood even taller than Chen Lin's first Green Evil Ghost Wolf.

Under normal circumstances, Pan-Pan naturally shouldn't have been able to grow so quickly. However, he had ingested large amounts of Yan Zhaoge's specially processed Crimson Flame Iron and Cold Light Iron, having been given as much of them to eat as he wanted.

With sufficient nourishment, his speed of growth naturally far surpassed the expectations of bystanders.

Therefore, it was not just Chen Lin and the others who were left staring and speechless; even Xie Youchan and Zhang Yao who had seen Pan-Pan before had incredulous expressions on their faces.

Yan Zhaoge said mildly, "In battles between spirit beasts, casualties are unavoidable. However, I believe that Junior Sister Chen definitely won't be afraid. After all, you still have one that has not yet fought."

"Of course, if Junior Sister Chen really lacks the confidence, I also won't forcibly ask it of you."

With Yan Zhaoge having returned her words to her, Chen Lin's expression immediately turned cold as ice.

Her face turning green, she let out a long breath before saying coldly, "We will only know exactly of its abilities after they have truly fought; many things are empty under their outward exterior!"

"I agree with your words," Yan Zhaoge nodded nonchalantly.

Seeing the Extreme Cold Ghost Wolf opposite it, Pan-Pan seemed a little unable to get into the mood as he still retained his pure and foolish look.

Seeing this, Chen Lin and the others gained some confidence.

Being extremely ferocious, even feeling Pan-Pan's power, the

Extreme Cold Ghost Wolf did not shrink back as its blood-red eyes remained fixed on Pan-Pan.

Pan-Pan still looked oblivious, seemingly completely unaware of the situation he was currently in.

The Extreme Cold Ghost Wolf was also not in a rush as it waited patiently, eyes still fixated on Pan-Pan.

The time it took for an incense stick to burn passed, and the two spirit beasts had actually still not moved. Because of Pan-Pan's nonchalance, the scene looked strange to the point of being comical.

However, amongst the onlookers, the atmosphere had already gotten tense to the extreme as even the very air itself seemed to have frozen.

Chen Lin had originally had a fully confident expression on her face. The more time that passed, the heavier the cold qi emanated by her Extreme Cold Ghost Wolf would become, and the more it would reduce its opponent's combat strength.

But as time passed, not only was the surrounding temperature not decreasing, she could instead feel it getting hotter and hotter!

Chen Lin's gaze fell on Pan-Pan's neck, from which was hung a sabre that shone with a faint light.

After carefully feeling for a moment, Chen Lin's face involuntarily changed, "Mid-grade spirit artifact? You actually hung a mid-grade spirit artifact on the neck of this Pixiu? Yan Zhaoge, this is full-blown cheating!"

Yan Zhaoge didn't even look at her, just gazing leisurely into the sky as he answered, "I'm just happy hanging a mid-grade spirit artifact for my pet as a toy; if you are not happy, you can also hang one for that little dog of yours ah."

Chen Lin nearly spat out a mouthful of blood. A mid-grade spirit artifact ah; something that she herself also didn't have-how could she hang one on her ghost wolf?

# HSSB 175: Just Happen To Be Lacking A Wolfskin Cushion

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Martial Scholars were unable to wield mid-grade spirit artifacts, and Pan-Pan was naturally even more unable to do so. However, as a mid-grade grade spirit artifact, the Hidden Clear Sunlight Sabre naturally possessed its own spirituality.

Its cold blade naturally sucked in the surrounding cold qi in great amounts.

A mid-grade spirit artifact just being hung casually by Yan Zhaoge on his spirit beast like this-how would this not cause Chen Lin envy and jealousy to the point of almost spitting out blood?

Looking at Chen Lin who appeared so full of grief and indignation, Yan Zhaoge laughed slowly, “That’s just a joke; actually, I just forgot to take the sabre off.”

Ah Hu stepped forward from beside him, retrieving the Hidden Clear Sunlight Sabre from around Pan-Pan’s neck before retreating to this side.

With this interruption, the stiff atmosphere was dispelled, as the spectators were all left not knowing whether to laugh or to cry, whilst also gaining a further understanding of Yan Zhaoge’s vast worth.

Pan-Pan still appeared uncomprehending as he completely paid

no heed to the Ghost Wolf before him, looking unwillingly and reluctantly at the Hidden Clear Sunlight Sabre being taken away from him.

Feeling a little stifled, Chen Lin signalled for the Extreme Cold Ghost Wolf to continue.

Having faced some setbacks, the Ghost Wolf still remained patient to the extreme as it demonstrated a rare tolerance and steadiness as opposed to moving rashly.

Streams of cold qi were emanated, forming an icy mist as a world of ice and snow came to envelop Pan-Pan.

Pan-Pan just sat where he was silently, still appearing ignorant of the situation.

Chen Lin watched the battle situation rather eagerly. But very quickly, she discovered that even without the Hidden Clear Sunlight Sabre, the ice fog created by the Ghost Wolf was still becoming thinner and thinner.

Not only was the surrounding temperature not falling, it was instead beginning to rise once more!

“What is it again this time?” Chen Lin felt like she was about to go crazy as, looking over, there were no other treasures placed on Pan-Pan’s body.

However, on the surface of the giant panda's body, many white flames had appeared.

The blazing hot flames unceasingly dispelled the ice fog as some strong fire attribute spiritual qi instead gradually drifted over, gradually weakening the Ghost Wolf's power.

Chen Lin's heart skipped a beat, "Pixiu. Extremely talented, being able to control white fire and black water..."

She promptly called out, "Extreme Cold, attack! We can't drag it out any longer!"

The situation was reversed as now, it was instead Chen Lin and the Ghost Wolf who did not dare to continue dragging things out, as it would instead be of great detriment to them.

Extreme Cold went on the offensive on its own initiative. Its speed was extremely quick, seemingly not any slower than Heavenly Thunder Hall martial practitioners in the least.

However, while Pan-Pan seemed slow, as his massive frame stood there, it didn't reveal any flaws whatsoever.

With wolves possessing a cautious nature, for the moment, the Ghost Wolf didn't dare to approach lightly.

As the Ghost Wolf was moving from an extremely far distance away, Pan-Pan only had to turn its body a little to defend.



As Pan-Pan focused solely on defence, it deterred the Green Evil Ghost Wolf from advancing rashly.

Pan-Pan dared to take a few of its attacks head-on, whereas it wouldn't be able to take a single one of Pan-Pan's heavy, powerful blows.

But like this, the toll on the Ghost Wolf's stamina was extremely great.

Originally already being at a disadvantage in terms of stamina, as this continued, its gap with Pan-Pan would only widen.

While it was the Ghost Wolf that held the initiative on the field, constantly moving around Pan-Pan, it just couldn't find a suitable opportunity to launch an attack.

Chen Lin bit her lips, "We can't hold back anymore; since we've moved, we must win!"

Accompanied by her sharp, piercing whistle, Extreme Cold abruptly halted. Raising its head and letting out a long howl skywards, a mini snowstorm directly appeared surrounding it.

Howling mournfully, with the assistance of the snowstorm, the Green Evil Ghost Wolf's speed abruptly increased greatly, as it rushed ferociously towards Pan-Pan!

The eyes of the spectators all narrowed slightly as they could all tell that the Ghost Wolf had just activated a supreme inborn talent that it possessed.

Making use of its instantaneous increase in speed and explosive power as gained from the snowstorm, its current attack was somewhat similar to Jade Sea City's Heaven Flooding Tide, exploding out at full strength in a single go, both fast and vicious!

Yan Zhaoge chortled, "In a head-on clash, you'll only die even faster."

The Pan-Pan who had always been showing a pure and foolish appearance blinked, as his massive body finally moved.

Faced with the Ghost Wolf's full-powered strike, he didn't even try to dodge.

His massive frame abruptly rose, following which he raised a hind leg, stomping out with it as a human would stomp a foot!

Pan-Pan's exterior rose with blazing white flames covering his entire body.

In that instant, he seemed to have transformed into a divinity possessing full control over flames!

The blazing yang qi instantly swept the snowstorm completely away!

The Green Evil Ghost Wolf wanted to evade, but had not time to do so as the light above its head abruptly dimmed.

As though Mount Tai was weighing down upon it, the overhead sky vanished as the surrounding space was completely locked down, rendering it completely unable to move.

“Crash!”

A loud crashing sound resounded by everyone’s ears as along with that chaotic noise, the earth beneath their feet quaked, as though an earthquake was occurring.

With an agonised howl, the Ghost Wolf was directly stomped into the ground by Pan-Pan!

Her eyeballs on the verge of imploding, Chen Lin saw Pan-Pan look muddle-headedly at the ghost wolf stomped beneath his feet, before his massive, fat frame turned slightly.

Following that, his body that resembled a small mountain, sat down!

Watching this, Chen Lin was instantly shocked to the point of her soul almost dispersing as she broke out in a cry, “Ziyi, save Extreme Cold!”

Not needing her to say it, a figure, quick as flashing lightning, was already lunging fiercely towards Pan-Pan!

This would-be saviour was the number one Heavenly Thunder Hall expert participating in this time's Heavenly Connection Meet, Xie Ziyi!

However, not waiting for him to near, Yan Zhaoge was already before him, obstructing his path.

As the two collided with a blow, a massive 'boom' resounded.

The surrounding spectators could only feel that this clash was much more shocking than the one between the Pixiu and the Green Evil Ghost Wolf just now.

But with this, Pan-Pan no longer had anything to interfere with him as, like there was no one beside him, he boredly, leisurely sat down.

This time, the Ghost Wolf could not even let out a tragic cry as it was directly squished to death by Pan-Pan, transforming into a wolfskin cushion.

Chen Lin almost directly collapsed and fainted onto the ground.

Although her cultivation base was not low, she seldom pondered on the martial dao and clashed in actual combat, most of her time being devoted to carefully rearing her two ghost wolves.

It was still fine for that ghost wolf dubbed Green Evil, but this Ghost Wolf named Extreme Cold was precisely the core of her existence.

Now, that it had actually been sat on to death by Pan-Pan right before her very eyes, Chen Lin's eyes immediately turned bloodshot as she glared at Yan Zhaoge, "You actually made such a vicious move!"

Yan Zhaoge said indifferently, "Before the match, how did Junior Sister Chen say it; if I am not wrong, your words should have been 'In battles between spirit beasts, casualties are unavoidable', am I right?"

"Just now, if not for my prompt assistance, Senior Brother Ye's Black Water Mysterious Dragon would have been killed by your ghost wolf. And what did you say afterwards?"

Yan Zhaoge spread out his hands, "Let me think ah, it seems to be 'Green Evil has still not gained intelligence, it sometimes has trouble controlling its wild instincts; its nature is just so extremely powerful, leaving this Junior Sister also unable to fully control it. Having nearly harmed Senior Brother Ye's Black Water Mysterious Dragon, this Junior Sister apologies to Senior Brother Ye here, hoping that Senior Brother Ye will be big-hearted enough to find it in him to let this go and not hold blame for me over this matter'. That was it, am I right?"

Yan Zhaoge swivelled his head to look at Ye Zhongzhou, who

smiled coldly as he nodded.

Turning back to look at Chen Lin, Yan Zhaoge suddenly laughed, “Are you thinking that I want to return your words to you? That’s not actually so.”

Chen Lin was taken aback, as Yan Zhaoge’s smile now turned domineering and arrogant.

“It is completely possible for people to treat one another with a little more honesty,” Yan Zhaoge laughed lightly, “For example... my Pan-Pan just happens to lack a wolfskin cushion; if your little guard dog didn’t itself come knocking, we wouldn’t make a move on it, but since it’s done so, why, we will slay and accept it with thanks.”

# HSSB 176: If You Want To Make A Move, Just Shut Up And Do It Already

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Looking at Yan Zhaoge, Chen Lin was enraged to the point of her soul almost leaving her body, throwing her aura-qi into turmoil and almost causing a cultivation deviation.

A hand suddenly landed on her shoulder. Looking over, she saw that it was Xie Ziyi.

Chen Lin wailed mournfully from the depths of her heart, “Ziyi...”

Patting her shoulder, Xie Ziyi then turned to look at Yan Zhaoge, “Yan Zhaoge, is it?”

He pointed to Pan-Pan, “I can tell you very honestly now that I want to slaughter your Pixiu.”

Around thirty years of age, Xie Ziyi had a robust body, his features carrying a ruthless air about them.

His gaze was filled with confidence and fighting intent just like his junior apprentice-brother Yan Shan, just that his disposition was somewhat steadier than Yan Shan’s. Still, his entire body emanating arrogance, he appeared even more forceful and domineering.

Yan Zhaoge shrugged, “You actually want to kill me as well, don’t you?”

Looking at Yan Zhaoge, Xie Ziyi suddenly laughed, the coldness within his eyes skyrocketing, “Well said; very well said indeed!”

“Yan Zhaoge, I know that you defeated that trash Liu Shengfeng, but if you think me to be like him, you’re wrong.”

“Yes, while Liu Shengfeng is very trashy, you being able to defeat him of the late Xiantian stage with a cultivation of the early Xiantian stage is already sufficient in proving how remarkable you are.

Xie Ziyi extended his palm and lined up his fingers to form a sabre with which he made a chopping motion in the air, “Being very remarkable, it is inevitable that you possess some arrogance. However, remember the old adage-only geniuses who are amongst the living can be called geniuses; dead ones, amount to nothing at all.”

“These words can apply to anyone; we should work hard together to prove this point,” Looking at Xie Ziyi, Yan Zhaoge shook his head and laughed.

He slowly made a cutting motion against his throat directed towards Xie Ziyi, “If you want to make a move, just shut up and do it already.”



Rotating his wrists, Xie Ziyi walked towards Yan Zhaoge, saying coldly, “My intentions exactly.”

“I want to see how many punches of mine you can receive.”

Yan Zhaoge said mildly, “Not even one.”

Xie Ziyi was momentarily stunned.

“I’ll directly put you down with a few punches; when did I ever say I was going to receive your punches?” Yan Zhaoge laughed.

Xie Ziyi’s faced darkened, “Sharp-tongued fellow; I really hope that your abilities do not all lie in that tongue of yours.”

Saying thus, he strode out, directly arriving before Yan Zhaoge, punching out with a Green Thunder Justice Fist.

Xie Ziyi’s entire body was densely covered with thunderbolts, to the point that he resembled a divinity of thunder descending to this world.

His terrifying aura-qi was concentrated on a single point, the illusory heaven and earth full of thunderbolts compressed to the size of a fist, resembling a ball of thunder as it accompanied Xie Ziyi’s punch, weighing down on Yan Zhaoge.

While it had been greatly compressed, its power was much more

dense and refined, far surpassing the illusory heaven and earth formed of a typical Xiantian Martial Scholar's aura-qi.

Yan Zhaoge's expression was as per normal as he similarly pushed out with his palm, aura-qi resembling numerous fire dragons surging as they instantly came together to form a world of blazing flames.

At the centre of the world of blazing flames sat a purplish-red pill furnace, stabilising the heavens and the earth.

As this scene appeared, everyone here was rendered wide-eyed and tongue-tied.

Even Xu Fei and Tang Yonghao, who were silently recovering their strength by the side, revealed stunned looks.

The Seven Seas Young Master Song Chao, who had been sitting silently by the side following his clash with Tang Yonghao as though the entire Heavenly Connection Meet no longer concerned him, was similarly shocked.

As the World Illuminating Young Master Huang Jie-he who should have been a focal point following his appearance but had kept low-key to the point of seeming non-existent – watched Yan Zhaoge, a light abruptly flashed within his eyes.

Zhang Yao blurted out, “Aura-qi forming an illusory heaven and earth-the mid Xiantian Martial Scholar realm!”

She turned to look at Xie Youchan and Ruan Ping, “But, wasn’t it said that Senior Brother Yan only just stepped into the Xiantian stage not long ago?”

Ruan Ping also could not bother about bearing and appearance at this time as he opened his mouth slightly, appearing rather out of sorts as he looked towards Yan Zhaoge.

At this moment, even without Xie Youchan having to say it, he himself was also feeling a little regret over his previous action of testing Yan Zhaoge. Luckily, he had been stopped in time by Xie Youchan.

As the others were all stunned on the spot, Xie Ziyi was even more shell-shocked, “Earlier, when he defeated Liu Shengfeng, wasn’t he still in the early Xiantian Martial Scholar realm?”

Yan Zhaoge did not conceal his cultivation first so as to take his opponent unawares later on, instead putting his abilities on display immediately.

He laughed lightly, “The scene that I have always wanted to see, has finally been realised.”

As Yan Zhaoge pushed out with his palm, between the heavens and the earth, the purplish-red pill furnace suddenly shuddered, as though there was something trying to rush out from it.

The next instant, the lid of the furnace opened, blazing fire surging out from within.

Then, a gigantic ape leapt out from within, lifting up the skies and setting down the earth, moving mountains and shifting seas.

Howling madly, that ape punched outwards, a boundless sea of blazing fire surging up madly along with it, the terrifying explosive power that resulted instantly shattering the illusory heaven and earth in the form of a ball of thunder formed of Xie Ziyi's aura-qi!

Combining the Tushita Palm, the Wind Fire Calamities and the Mighty Ape Demonic Fist into one, the explosive power sought to flip the heavens and overturn the earth!

Xie Ziyi's face changed, "No wonder he was able to defeat the late Xiantian Liu Shengfeng at the early Xiantian stage; he is indeed skilled."

Not daring to slacken his guard in the slightest, he executed the Heavenly Thunder Hall's direct lineage Thunder Shadow Body, his figure seemingly transforming into a series of phantom images as he flickered about at lightning speed.

However, Yan Zhaoge was not slower than Xie Ziyi in the slightest, executing the Aura Wind Heaven Warping Qi alongside the Wind Fire Calamities as he closely chased after his retreating figure, not leaving him any breathing space whatsoever.

Xie Ziyi's expression grew darker and colder as a light flickered within his hands, a sword-light speedily shooting towards Yan Zhaoge.

As this sword sped over, its technique, precision and speed had all reached the peak of fast swords.

Of the Heavenly Thunder Hall's direct lineage martial arts, one of the Supreme Thunderbolt Trio, Thunderbolt Flash!

Sword-lights shone repeatedly in Xie Ziyi's hands as multiple flickering sword-lights seemingly came together to form a single line.

Thunderbolt Combined Flash!

Not even blinking once, Yan Zhaoge's Jade Dragon Sword left its sheath, transforming into a jade sword-light which clashed together with Xie Ziyi's low-grade spirit artifact, the Vapour Sealing Sword.

The Big Dipper Sword was executed, starlight flooding the area as an all-encompassing sky of stars appeared, multiple bolts of lightning instantly vanishing without a trace as they landed within.

Xie Ziyi's face grew even more solemn as he brandished his sword once more.

This time, his sword-light transformed into a purple waterfall, solid to the point that of seeming real, possessing a majestic momentum as it resembled a long rainbow streaking through the sky.

Of the Supreme Thunderbolt Trio, Thunderbolt Quake!

As opposed to Thunderbolt Flash which pursued speed and technique, this sword consisted of the instantaneous eruption of the entire body's true qi, a killing move which generated a large boost in power.

But this could still not be considered over as a red light abruptly flickered on Xie Ziyi's face.

Just as he had let fly his first sword, his second sword was already retracing its path as he was virtually using his sword like a sabre, slashing vertically with the pose of mightily striking down a mountain as he hacked out towards Yan Zhaoge.

The power of this sword was not inferior to that of the first sword in the slightest as the two terrifying sword lights, one horizontal, one vertical, formed a huge '十' character in mid-air.

The final stance of the Supreme Thunderbolt Trio, Thunderbolt Combo!

The first sword was already a full-powered blow with Xie Ziyi's cultivation at the peak of the late Xiantian stage.

But after such a big move, he immediately let fly with a second sword without even requiring a moment for his qi to return, with a power not any weaker than the previous sword in the slightest.

Having not held back whatsoever in using his first sword, having already unleashed his strongest offensive strength, under such a situation, he was still able to immediately let fly with a second sword!

Already having to spend much effort in receiving the first sword, an opponent of the same cultivation level would be even more hard pressed to deal with the second sword.

This was precisely the Heavenly Thunder Hall's direct lineage killing move!

# HSSB 177: You Do A Two-Combo, I'll Do A Three-Combo

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The set of martial skills known as the Supreme Thunderbolt Trio exhibited the trademark swiftness and violence of the Heavenly Thunder Hall's martial arts to the point of perfection.

The previous two stances, Thunderbolt Flash and Thunderbolt Quake, aside, the final stance, Thunderbolt Combo, deeply contained the essence of the Heavenly Thunder Hall's martial legacies.

While possessing great power, it was also extremely profound, and thus extremely hard to cultivate in.

Even many Martial Grandmasters were unable to successfully master it. Those who were able to do so whilst only in the Martial Scholar realm, in the entire history of the Heavenly Thunder Hall, could be counted on one's fingers.

Just based on this Thunderbolt Combo stance alone, it seemed that there was good reason for Xie Ziyi to have previously been dubbed by many as the strongest Martial Scholar beneath Heavenly Connection.

Looking at this move, Xie Youchan shook her head slightly.

In her earlier battle with Xie Ziyi, she had been defeated without him using Thunderbolt Combo.



If it was Liu Shengfeng, the result would most likely also be the same, with him unable to force out this supreme trump card of Xie Ziyi's before being defeated.

As Thunderbolt Combo was unleashed, even Xu Fei, Tang Yonghao and Song Chao had to pay more attention to it.

Him having fallen a step behind Xu Fei and the others had always been one of the things plaguing Xie Ziyi. In his eyes, he was definitely no weaker than Xu Fei and Tang Yonghao.

This move had originally been kept in reserve by Xie Ziyi as a killer trump card for challenging them.

It was only that facing Yan Zhaoge at this moment, in just a few short exchanges, Xie Ziyi had already realised that this was an enemy that he might not be able to defeat even unleashing his full strength.

Xie Ziyi did not dare to hold anything back whatsoever as his two-sword combo that rather defied common logic chopped out, aiming straight at Yan Zhaoge.

Xie Ziyi's low-grade spirit artifact, the Vapour Sealing Sword, merged with his sword-intent, transforming into two purple streaks of lightning, forming a '十' character as they sliced apart the heavens and the earth.

Seeing this, Yan Zhaoge smiled slightly. The Jade Dragon Sword within his hands shook, the roar of a dragon seemingly resounding as jade light flashed, meeting Xie Ziyi's Thunderbolt Combo.

A streak of jade light first struck the purple cross of lightning in mid-air.

Similarly not pausing in the slightest, a second streak of jade light shot into the air, closely following the first as it too struck the purple cross of lightning.

Xie Ziyi's pupils abruptly dilated, "How is it that he also knows my Heavenly Thunder Hall's Thunderbolt Combo?"

Chen Lin and the other Heavenly Thunder Hall disciples were all in an uproar.

His gaze like lightning, the Martial Grandmaster of the Heavenly Thunder Hall who had led his clan's disciples here abruptly turned, staring at Fang Zhun.

The others were also all stunned and lost for words. But before they had regained their wits, Yan Zhaoge's third sword had already chopped out.

Xie Ziyi's jaw dropped, "Impossible!"

The Heavenly Thunder Hall's Thunderbolt Combo could only strike out a two-hit combo.

Attacking at full strength like this, if a third blow was struck, the martial practitioner's own meridians would first collapse instead.

But however hard it was for Xie Ziyi to accept, under his horrified gaze, Yan Zhaoge's third sword let out a roar of extermination as it easily shattered the remnants of his already scattered aura-qi.

The world-dominating cross-shaped sword-light, collapsed.

The next moment, a massive fist quickly expanded in Xie Ziyi's field of vision.

It had completely enveloped the world before his eyes!

Blood spurted out within the air!

Yan Zhaoge's heavy punch landed a direct hit on the bridge of his opponent's nose, causing it to bleed heavily.

Xie Ziyi's entire body flew backwards, a stream of light flickering on his body.

A jade pendant around his neck shattered. If not for this precious treasure having protected his body in time, this blow of Yan Zhaoge's would have directly splattered out his brains.

Even so, he smashed into the ground, unable to move for a while.

Everyone stared at the incomparably messed up Xie Ziyi, really finding it hard to believe that this was that same high-spirited Heaven's favoured son of earlier.

But following that, their attentions were no longer on Xie Ziyi as they instead turned to look at Yan Zhaoge.

Everyone's faces were filled with incredulous expressions as they watched Yan Zhaoge.

A Sacred Sun Clan disciple asked Tang Yonghao quizzically, "Senior apprentice-brother Tang, was that a Thunderbolt Three Combo just now?"

Frowning, Tang Yonghao shook his head, "It only looks similar to the Heavenly Thunder Hall's Thunderbolt Combo, but it is actually quite different. However, I too cannot glean the profundities within in a short period."

Yan Zhaoge retracted his fist, reciting a long chant, "An instant's production, Finger Flicking Shocking Thunder."

Keeping his Jade Dragon Sword, he looked calmly at Xie Ziyi, "I said earlier-I don't have to receive your fist; you just have to receive mine."

Currently, Xie Ziyi still looked rather dazed, the entire group of

Heavenly Thunder Hall disciples also looked rather dazed, and even the Martial Grandmaster expert of the Heavenly Thunder Hall was frowning deeply, having fallen into deep thought.

Everyone present had looks of shock and admiration on their faces.

Regaining her wits, Chen Lin glared at Yan Zhaoge, “Where did you steal and learn my Heavenly Thunder Hall’s Thunderbolt Combo from?”

Yan Zhaoge looked at her a little pitifully, “It’s fine if you do not know; but since you are ignorant, you should speak less. Not knowing but pretending to know; you will only make a fool of yourself.”

“Go back and ask your clan’s Elders whether that really was your Thunderbolt Combo.”

“As for stealing and learning martial arts, I have always been pretty curious about where your clan’s Lin Zhou learnt One Line Edge from.”

Chen Lin ground her teeth, wanting to persist all the way, first accusing Yan Zhaoge of thievery and then sticking to that stance before anything else.

However, her clan’s Elders not having said anything up to this point, she found herself lacking of confidence.

Them not having spoken meant that Fang Zhun, Shan Shiweng and the others had all determined that the martial art Yan Zhaoge had executed was truly not Thunderbolt Combo.

But such a result was even harder for Chen Lin and the other Heavenly Thunder Hall disciples to accept.

Ah Hu secretly sent a sound transmission over to Yan Zhaoge, “Young Master, that three-sword combo of yours just now, what exactly...”

Not having to hide anything from him, Yan Zhaoge answered leisurely, “It is not a sword art, but a force exertion technique just like Thunderbolt Combo. Swords, fists, even sabres-it can power all of those.”

“The essence of Thunderbolt Combo lies in being able to get back force after having unleashed a blow at full force, so as to follow up by immediately unleashing a second sword not inferior in power to the first in the slightest.”

Ah Hu nodded. Even facing an opponent who possessed a slightly higher cultivation base than them, martial practitioners would be able to counter and defeat them with such a combination of killing moves.

If the opponent was of similar or inferior cultivation to the user, it would very be possible for this Thunderbolt Combo to achieve an instakill.

“Not having cultivated in Thunderbolt Combo, I am not familiar with the specifics of its force exertion techniques. However, I still understand the general principle, the crux of its consecutive force exertion lying with the circulation of true qi,” Yan Zhaoge explained, “This is a move which requires the investiture of all the body’s force, with the aura-qi within the dantian and the acupoints of the body having to erupt simultaneously.”

“After the user’s first sword, the true qi should originally circulate a cycle through the body’s meridians, returning to the dantian before force can be exerted once more, the true qi once again being emitted through the meridians with the dantian as a starting point.”

“The martial arts which use Thunderbolt Combo require forcibly breaking off the usual flow of true qi within the body after the first force exertion, preventing the true qi from circulating back to the dantian, pushing it back in reverse as soon as possible following the breaking off of its flow, from this unleashing the force behind the second sword.”

Yan Zhaoge said, “In becoming a Martial Scholar, cultivating out aura-qi is achieved from tempering inner qi by circulating it in reverse. However, circulating aura-qi in reverse about the entire body is still not a common practice, and is more like a life and death struggle, because this places a very huge burden on a martial practitioner’s body. Let alone inner aura and outer aura Martial Scholars, even Xiantian Martial Scholars and Heavenly Connection Martial Scholars would seldom be able to achieve it.”

“Therefore, few Martial Scholars ever manage to successfully cultivate in Thunderbolt Combo.”

Here, Yan Zhaoge shrugged, “While this may sound a little rude, this supreme martial art of the Heavenly Thunder Hall that is famed throughout the entire world actually holds a great defect.”



# HSSB 178: The Crowd Of Geniuses Lower Their Heads

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Hearing Yan Zhaoge's words, Ah Hu could not help but grin, "Young Master, if you said this out loud and those of the Heavenly Thunder Hall heard it, they would probably completely blow their top."

Not only had he beaten the elite of the Heavenly Thunder Hall's younger generation, Xie Ziyi to the ground, he also said straight out that their supreme direct lineage martial art, Thunderbolt Combo, was defective.

Not only would Chen Lin and the other younger generation disciples blow off their top, some Heavenly Thunder Hall Martial Grandmasters might also personally come to find trouble for Yan Zhaoge.

Yan Zhaoge shrugged, "For Thunderbolt Combo, even for Martial Grandmasters, if their cultivation lies below a certain level, they would also not be able to frequently use it consecutively, lest they leave behind some hidden injuries in their meridians."

"As for Martial Scholars like Xie Ziyi who can accomplish this move once, I have to say that they are extraordinary geniuses, but it would still only be a single move."

"If it were to be used twice consecutively, not having to be beaten by others, he would first collapse himself."

Ah Hu asked curiously, “Then, the move that Young Master used just now...”

Yan Zhaoge said, “That was a little something I thought up when pondering on the Eye of the Thunder Emperor. At the present moment, it is still in its embryonic form and awaiting completion.”

“The concept within stems from ‘An instant’s production, Finger Flicking Shocking Thunder’.”

Yan Zhaoge raised his right hand a little, “There are many fine details contained within, I’ll slowly explain them to you later on when we’re free.”

“The general principle is that for the circulation of qi, following the first eruption of aura-qi, it does not return to the dantian, instead directly going through a quick circulatory cycle within the meridians of the arm.”

“It is equivalent to temporarily creating a small dantian for temporary use where the force is exerted,” Yan Zhaoge explained, “The place that I chose just now was the Shenmen meridian of the hands, which is where I established a temporary dantian.”

“This dantian does not store aura-qi within, and instead acts purely as a hub allowing for circulatory cycles of the aura-qi. This way, the aura-qi completes a circulatory cycle, using the method of completing a small cycle to enable a second exertion of force.”

“It does this without being like the Heavenly Thunder Hall’s Thunderbolt Combo, having to go about reversing the flow of qi.” Ah Hu understood at once, “This way, the damage to and pressure on the meridians would be greatly reduced; as long as the user is strong enough, he would be able to easily unleash a three-hit combo, a four-hit combo, or even a five-hit combo and beyond!”

Yan Zhaoge nodded, “Right, and the longer the chain of combos, the stronger one’s combat power. However, in actual battles, the speed at which qi returns is not the only decisive factor.”

“The factors that influence victory are many, but when the difference in these other factors is not great, the speed at which one can re-use qi would appear very important.”

Ah Hu said, “Young Master, just now, you said that this technique of yours is also still in its initial stages, not having yet reached completion? If it were to reach completion, what would it then be like ah?”

Yan Zhaoge smiled slightly, “It’s merely the first step.”

“Under the heavens, martial principles abound, all possessing their various specialities. However, the great dao is simple. Developing and proceeding further, it all leads to the same thing in the end.”

“In regards to actual combat, it cannot deviate from the pursuit of being faster and stronger. Even while there are numerous

variations, containing numerous principles behind them, at the end, they actually all stem from these two things.”

“Strength can rip apart space itself; speed can bring one to travel through time. On a certain level, it is also an exhibition of strength being ‘strong’ and speed being ‘fast’.”

Yan Zhaoge sighed as he continued, “Going even further, there are certain other principles, too advanced to be things that strength and speed can describe, having deviated from them. But going even further, the great dao returns once more to its origin; what you’d find would be yet another higher form of existence.”

“The great dao converges as one, returning to nothingness, while being omnipresent, apathetic of the past and the future.”

Ah Hu was a little lost for words, “...Young Master?”

Yan Zhaoge smiled, “You don’t understand? Actually, there are also many things that I don’t understand, remaining as mere theories on paper. I am also unable to say whether these unproven things are really true or false.”

“However, it is precisely these boundless profundities that draw us in to improve unceasingly and cultivate in martial arts. On one hand, we can fight it out with others to see who is stronger, and on the other, we are actually also understanding the things of this world that are still yet to be known.”

Scratching his big head, Ah Hu chuckled, “This principle, I can understand.”

As Yan Zhaoge and Ah Hu conversed, the others around them now also gradually began to recover their mental faculties, the gazes with which they looked at Yan Zhaoge all incomparably passionate.

Xie Ziyi was in no way someone an average late Xiantian Martial Scholar could compare to.

It could even be said that of all the heroes and geniuses of the six Great Sacred Grounds, amongst the direct lineage martial practitioners, he was also far from someone that any other late Xiantian Martial Scholar could compare to.

Whether it was Turbid Wave Pavilion’s Xie Youchan or Infinite Boundless Mountain’s Liu Shengfeng, they were all not his match.

Saying that he was the strongest Martial Scholar beneath Heavenly Connection was comparing him with figures like Xu Fei, Tang Yonghao and Song Chao.

Of powers besides the six great Sacred Grounds, even their Heavenly Connection Martial Scholars might not be Xie Ziyi’s match.

But such a Heaven’s favoured son, had today been defeated by a mid Xiantian Martial Scholar!

...At this point, everyone was still in a state of chaos, “Just within these few short days of time, Yan Zhaoge stepped into the mid Xiantian Martial Scholar realm? Or was it that when he clashed with Liu Shengfeng previously, he intentionally kept back some of his power, concealing the true level of his cultivation base?”

“But that’s also wrong ah!” Ruan Ping frowned, “From the rumours, he only just stepped into the early Xiantian stage not long ago, and even if he concealed his cultivation then, over half a year ago back at Cloud Portent Mountain, he was still at the late outer aura stage.”

“It is still leaping up from the late outer aura stage to the mid Xiantian stage in just over half a year’s time!”

Ruan Ping felt a bit of a headache coming on, “It couldn’t be that back at Cloud Portent Mountain, he had also been concealing his cultivation?”

The round-faced Zhang Yao beside him frowned, “Just when was Senior Brother Yan’s cultivation level real, and when was it concealed ah?”

“No matter how I calculate, I also feel that it is just so inconceivable ah!”

Glancing closely at Yan Zhaoge, Xie Youchan then said, “No matter how you calculate it, there’s one thing that we can be certain of. The Junior Brother Yan who’s currently barely past the

age of twenty, is already a mid Xiantian Martial Scholar.”

At her words, Ruan Ping and Zhang Yao both nodded in unison.

On Jade Sea City’s side, looking towards Song Chao and Ye Zhongzhou, Li Jingwan smiled bitterly as she said, “While we are similarly aged, looking at Senior Brother Yan, Jingwan feels like she is an idiot.”

Ye Zhongzhou waved his hands, “Don’t say that, junior apprentice-sister Li. If you say that, you might as well say that at my age, I have totally been living like a dog.”

He was currently still only in the mid Xiantian Martial Scholar realm.

Looking silently at Yan Zhaoge, Song Chao did not speak for a long time, only saying after some time had passed, “In this world, there are always those extremely few outstanding people, shining brightly within the dense sea of human existence.”

“We shouldn’t delude ourselves, all of us are already part of these extremely few people, but Yan Zhaoge-he is the one of the extreme few of the extremely few.”

Of those of Infinite Boundless Mountain, after looking at Yan Zhaoge for a time, Ji Hanru then sighed, “I am far from able to compare with him.”

Having been defeated by him previously, Ji Hanru had truly stepped up in his efforts, performing valiantly in the face of his humiliation as he wished to find back his face from Yan Zhaoge following some diligent, painstaking cultivation.

Truly befitting of a core, direct disciple and genius-level figure of Infinite Boundless Mountain, he had indeed managed to convert pressure into motivation, breaking through his bottleneck and rising from the early Xiantian stage to the mid Xiantian stage.

However, seeing Yan Zhaoge's speed of improvement today and that powerful strength at the same cultivation level, Ji Hanru had completely extinguished all thoughts of battling it out with Yan Zhaoge once more.

However, unlike that time half a year ago, the current Ji Hanru was completely free of that feeling of desolation and frustration from having encountered a setback.

It was not that he had lost heart. It was just that the gap between the two having grown to such a great extent, the party left behind in the dust instead no longer held any feelings of jealousy and hate.

Beside him, Zhao Hao's eyes were shining, his eyes fixed closely on Yan Zhaoge as his expression was grave as it had never been before.



# HSSB 179: The Yan Zhaoge Who Causes The Numerous Stars To Lose Their Shine

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Zhao Hao's eyes were shining, his eyes fixed closely on Yan Zhaoge as his expression was grave as it had never been before. He did not speak for a long time.

Elsewhere, there was someone who reacted similar to Zhao Hao, the Sacred Sun Clan's Huang Jie.

Having always been waiting silently there, upon witnessing Yan Zhaoge's aura-qi forming an illusory heaven and earth, displaying a cultivation of the mid Xiantian Martial Scholar realm, Huang Jie's eyes which had always remained calm and silent erupted with a brilliant light.

This light flickered and was gone in a flash, as his normal calm visage was very quickly resumed.

Having seen Yan Zhaoge execute Finger Flicking Shocking Thunder and defeat Xie Ziyi's Thunderbolt Combo, Huang Jie's originally silent gaze turned even deeper and more mysterious.

Beside him, after gazing at Yan Zhaoge for a long time, Tang Yonghao said softly, "I truly hope that I can quickly get a chance to spar with him. Regardless of who the victory goes to, I believe that I would also gain much from the experience."

Hearing his words, Huang Jie remained silent.

The others all gradually returned to their senses at this moment.

Everyone's gazes fell on the trio of Xu Fei, Tang Yonghao and Song Chao.

Xie Ziyi having been defeated, of the knowledge of everyone here, there were only these three young Heavenly Connection Martial Scholars who possessed the qualifications to have a battle with Yan Zhaoge.

Sadly, Xu Fei and Yan Zhaoge were fellow disciples, and were on good terms. Even if they wanted to clash, they could do so behind closed doors under the relationship of fellow disciples.

Tang Yonghao had clearly said that whatever the result, he would not fight someone of a lower cultivation level than him.

Therefore, everyone's gazes fell on the Seven Seas Young Master, Song Chao.

The son of Jade Sea City's City Lord Song Wuliang, was a leading figure of Jade Sea City's younger generation. While having lost to the Shining Sword Tang Yonghao, just from that one exchange of theirs, it could be seen that Song Chao was well deserving of his reputation.

Also, he was hailed as one of the Four Young Masters alongside Yan Zhaoge.

While Jade Sea City and Broad Creed Mountain were allies, this didn't mean that their disciples could not spar. It was only that the smell of gunpowder in the air would be less thick, and it would not be a battle where life and death was hanging on the balance.

Still, Song Chao clearly didn't have the intention of sparring with Yan Zhaoge. Even while everyone's gazes were on him, he remained mild and refined, retaining his calmness.

Seeing Song Chao like this, everyone knew that they were not fated to see a battle between Yan Zhaoge and Song Chao today.

Of the entire Heavenly Alliance Meet, up till now, there had been great battles between dragons and tigers with the three great Heavenly Connection Martial Scholar experts, Song Chao, Tang Yonghao and Xu Fei, that had been splendid to the extreme. Even so, without a single doubt, the brightest, most dazzling shining star here, was the Broad Creed Young Master, Yan Zhaoge!

As an early Xiantian Martial Scholar, beating the late Xiantian Liu Shengfeng directly till he no longer had face to participate in the meet.

Just having stepped into the early Xiantian stage not long ago, he broke through within a short period of time once more, reaching the mid Xiantian stage.

Afterwards, as a mid Xiantian Martial Scholar, he relaxedly handed Xie Ziyi, hailed as the strongest beneath Heavenly

Connection, a crushing defeat.

And in every single match, whether intentionally or unintentionally, Yan Zhaoge had faced his opponents head-on in the domains wherein they were the most proficient, defeating them in that area, causing his victories to appear even more indisputable.

In this time's Heavenly Connection Meet, Yan Zhaoge resembled the blazing sun hanging high overhead, brightly illuminating the entire world beneath, causing the numerous stars to lose their shine.

Not only the crowd of younger generation disciples, even the spectating bigwigs exchanged glances, falling into a deep silence.

After a long time, Shan Shiweng sighed lightly, "Really, yet another Yan Wudi."

The others all remained silent and unspeaking. Even that Elder Mo, his face currently black, also didn't open his mouth to speak.

Shan Shiweng sighed lightly once more, "Also, as this old man observes him, it actually seems like he even has the momentum of surpassing even his father before him."

He swivelled his head to look at Fang Zhun, "Congratulations to Broad Creed Mountain, for having produced yet another true dragon."

Fang Zhun nodded slightly, “Shan Shiweng is polite.”

Elder Mo stared at Yan Zhaoge, his gaze distant. Similar to him were the Martial Grandmaster of Turbid Wave Pavilion currently sitting over Clear Concealed Lake and the Martial Grandmaster of the Sacred Sun Clan who had led his clan’s disciples here.

Looking at Yan Zhaoge, their gazes were all a little hard to see through as they seemed to contain some deeper meanings.

Fang Zhun, the Martial Grandmaster of the Heavenly Thunder Hall, as well as Jade Sea City’s Elder Chen and Shan Shiweng exchanged indiscernible looks, while their surface expressions were all as per normal.

On Hovering Island, there had first been the battles of the three great Heavenly Connection Martial Scholars, and then Yan Zhaoge’s domineering surpassing of levels in his defeat of Xie Ziyi.

This time’s Heavenly Connection Meet having proceeded to this point, while it was still not yet over, the minds of the Meet participants also gradually began to slacken.

Everything that they had experienced earlier already required them time to slowly digest and absorb.

However, just as everyone thought that this matter had come to a close, the situation suddenly changed!

The dense layer of clouds enveloping Clear Concealed Lake that remained eternally undissipated suddenly began roiling unceasingly, resembling water that was boiling.

The cloud layer exploded non-stop, resembling one bubble after another bursting apart unceasingly.

On the waters of Clear Concealed Lake beneath that were clear as jade, a faint black light suddenly appeared on the bottom of the lake; as a massive formation began appearing, numerous spirit patterns could be seen flickering as innumerable sigils circulated.

Illuminated by the black light, the lake's waters instantly turned pitch black, while the clouds overhead also turned into roiling black clouds, black to the point that they resembled ink.

Red streaks of lightning continually traversed the all-encompassing sky of dark clouds, expanding outwards in all directions.

From time to time, a terrifying bolt of crimson lightning would descend, illuminating the horizon, yet not expelling that darkness, instead causing the scene before them to appear even more strange and mournful!

Beneath the black waters of the lake, the massive formation circulated, the black spirit patterns flickering with a gloomy light, emanating a feeling that was foul without compare.

To the northwest of Clear Concealed Lake, an originally calm stream of water that led into the lake suddenly turned violent.

As though it had a life of its own, that river water transformed into a strange dragon that caused ceaseless chaos, its entire body crimson as blood.

This strange dragon extended its head and the upper half of its body, entering Clear Concealed Lake as it stirred up ceaseless winds and tides, its lower half meanwhile extending far off into the distance.

That source, was in the Earth Domain.

From there, there seemed to be infinite, boundless power being infused into the strange dragon's body, causing the chaos within Clear Concealed Lake to grow.

The strange dragon extended its claws, clawing towards that massive formation of black light at the bottom of the lake.

The formation became seemingly like a massive door, which, having been clawed at by the strange dragon, began to slowly open from both sides!

Instantly, a terrifying aura rapidly enveloped the entire Clear Concealed Lake, rising unceasingly as it expanded towards both sides.

That aura did not emanate a foul, evil feeling, yet caused one's mind to drift, and made it hard to stabilise.

A strange force seemed to be unceasingly hooking all the deepest, darkest desires and negative emotions of everyone on this lake and magnifying them non-stop.

These desires and negative emotions seemed to have gained fertiliser as they rapidly took root and sprouted, bursting forth from the soil, rapidly growing to form huge trees that soared to the heavens.

And accompanied by their growth, the formation at the bottom of the lake also seemed to have gained nourishment as it circulated with greater ease than before, that terrifying aura also increasing several fold.

Because of the Heavenly Thunder Hall's information, the direct disciples of the various Sacred Grounds attending the Heavenly Connection Meet here had mostly actually already been forewarned of this by their Elders.

At this moment, facing this great, sudden change, already having been prepared, most of them were able to calm down and stabilise their minds in time.

As he carefully felt the changes within his mind, Yan Zhaoge gazed at the distant lake surface, seeing numerous bolts of crimson lightning flashing as within the lake, the massive figure of the



blood-coloured strange dragon was visible at times whilst unseen at others as it floated and submerged.

Feeling that terrifying aura attempting to bewitch his mind into chaos, Yan Zhaoge knit his brows slightly, murmuring to himself, “It really is the Nine Underworld Evil Devils.”

# HSSB 180: The Catastrophic Nine Underworlds

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Enveloped by that terrifying aura, everyone here was still affected to some extent.

For example, having been defeated by Yan Zhaoge and lost all his face, Xie Ziyi had innumerable emotions roiling about unceasingly within his heart.

As a Heavenly Thunder Hall disciple, he was the earliest to have known about this major happening that would be occurring at this time's Heavenly Connection Meet.

However, having just been defeated domineeringly by Yan Zhaoge, he was precisely at a moment of intense emotional upheaval when his mental state was the most unstable.

Enveloped by that aura, stray thoughts were born within Xie Ziyi's heart as various strange images even appeared before his eyes, virtually causing him to be unable to hold on and go berserk.

As a descendant of the Heavenly Thunder Hall whom they had spent much effort in grooming, while he had an arrogant personality, facing such a huge change, he still managed to keep his cool. Feeling that something was wrong with his mental state, he attempted to control it.

But even so, many notions rampaged within his heart, which just

could not be suppressed no matter how he tried.

Especially so when, the source of many of these notions, Yan Zhaoge, was currently right before his eyes!

Another person in a similar situation to him was Chen Lin, who was also in a temperamental, unstable mood. Looking at the giant panda Pan-Pan who had killed her Ghost Wolf, her eyes were exceptionally bloodshot at seeing an enemy. She wished that she could ignore her outer aura Martial Scholar cultivation base and kill Pan-Pan to vent out her emotions.

On the flip side, while Yan Zhaoge and Pan-Pan had managed to help to take revenge for his Black Water Mysterious Dragon, looking at Chen Lin now, Ye Zhongzhou just didn't like the sight of her.

The others more or less also faced similar problems to an extent. Even the Heavenly Connection Martial Scholar Song Chao had a bit of an unstable mind as he wanted to battle Tang Yonghao once more.

The direct lineage elites of the various Sacred Grounds all possessed a deep cultivation base and a firm will.

On Clear Concealed Island and the entire Clear Concealed Lake, the other Turbid Wave Pavilion martial practitioners present were clearly influenced more by this.

The vile notions usually buried deep within their hearts that even they themselves might not have been aware of before all floated to the surface.

The hatred and rage accumulated over time all seemed to surface simultaneously at this moment as tensions grew even stronger and positions more extreme.

The middle-aged martial practitioner who had shot out an arrow to interfere with Pan-Pan's advancement as he attempted to capture him previously and who in the end been heavily injured by Liu Shengfeng, had still yet to fully recover from his injuries and was currently placed on a small island of Clear Concealed Lake by Turbid Wave Pavilion to recuperate. He had bloodshot eyes as he struggled to get up, his expression savage and terrifying, whilst also a little pained and hesitant.

He had been heavily injured by Liu Shengfeng earlier, but while Liu Shengfeng had been beaten by Yan Zhaoge to the point that he seemed half-dead, he had been brought away by Shan Shiweng following that.

This caused him to feel some hatred towards Infinite Boundless Mountain within his heart, though he was helpless to do anything about it.

Whether it was he himself or the power that he belonged to, they all lacked the strength to shake Infinite Boundless Mountain, the Mountain Domain's Sacred Ground.

That lofty existence possessing such great strength made it such that he couldn't even think of the notion of revenge.

However, the domineering positions of the six great Sacred Grounds still left him a little unhappy.

Actually, having been properly treated and settled down to recuperate by Turbid Wave Pavilion, he had come to feel slightly better.

But at this moment, his heart filled with hatred towards Infinite Boundless Mountain, this middle-aged martial practitioner hated Turbid Wave Pavilion, also of the six great Sacred Grounds, along with it as well.

These negative emotions surged unrepressed, becoming stronger and stronger, his rationality gradually fading as he was caught within their grasp, unable to get a hold on himself.

This middle-aged martial practitioner was but a single, minor figure of the many currently facing danger on Clear Concealed Lake.

On Hovering Island, Yan Zhaoge was busy calming his various emotions. It was only that with his current cultivation base, considering he did not have his attentions split due to being injured, it was not too hard for him to stabilise his mental state.

“The legacy of the Flame Devil Emperor influences one's

emotions merely by leading them berserk.”

“The Nine Underworld Evil Devils, on the other hand, have multifarious means, especially being proficient in unearthing and magnifying the desires and fears within peoples’ hearts, being extremely hard to guard against.”

As Yan Zhaoge shook his head slightly, Ah Hu bared his teeth beside him, “Young Master ah, Elder Fang and the others should also have made a move?”

“It should be soon,” Yan Zhaoge gazed far into the distance, feeling carefully, as he could sense a number of martial practitioners nearing Clear Concealed Lake from all directions.

These martial practitioners mostly came from different places, with them not lacking Martial Grandmaster experts, even possessing some peak experts whose auras surged into the heavens, not inferior to that of Elder Chen, Shan Shiweng and the others.

Beyond a shadow of a doubt, these were all experts of the Decimating Abyss Organisation, currently having congregated at Clear Concealed Lake in a bid to accomplish their nefarious plans.

However, having received the news beforehand, Turbid Wave Pavilion and the other five Sacred Grounds had already made preparations for this.

Numerous experts of Turbid Wave Pavilion had long been lying

in ambush in the vicinity of Clear Concealed Lake. After the Decimating Abyss forces congregated at Clear Concealed Lake, the ambushing forces instantly emerged from all around!

Lest their plan get exposed, and out of respect for Turbid Wave Pavilion, the experts of Broad Creed Mountain and the other five Sacred Grounds had not entered the Lake Domain.

However, numerous experts entered the Earth Domain together, cutting off the possibility of the Nine Underworlds descending from the other side.

And on Clear Concealed Island, Fang Zhun and the others also finally moved.

Having long been prepared, Fang Zhun and the others acted according to plan, clear in the allocation of work and their order.

Having met up with the experts of Turbid Wave Pavilion who had been lying in ambush, of Fang Zhun and the others, some went to deal with the blood-coloured strange dragon within the lake, some went to capture the spies of the Decimating Abyss Organisation concealed amongst the various Sacred Grounds, and some sought to wrest back control over the formation of Clear Concealed Lake, putting a stop to their enemy's plans.

Everything was proceeding in an orderly fashion.

Within the dark clouds that enveloped the sky above Clear

Concealed Lake, the darkness gradually began to fade as they returned to being the ethereal clouds of before, the strange, violent red lightning disappearing for good.

The lake water that was jet-black like ink also began returning to its former clear state.

On Clear Concealed Island, a middle-aged, green-clothed man looked a little regretfully, a little sadly at the person before him, “Senior apprentice-brother Feng, why would you give yourself to the Nine Underworlds?”

Before him was a rather old looking Martial Grandmaster, precisely the Elder of Turbid Wave Pavilion in charge of bringing its disciples over to participate in the Meet as well as controlling Clear Concealed Lake’s formation.

Looking at that green-clothed man, this Elder Feng said hatefully, “Our daos are different and cannot coexist. There is no further need to speak.”

The green-clothed man sighed, “Why does it have to be so?”

His cultivation was higher than Elder Feng’s, and he had currently already successfully wrested over control of Clear Concealed Lake’s formation.

With this, let alone win, even if Elder Feng wanted to escape, he would be hard pressed to do so.



Just at this time, the green-clothed man's expression suddenly changed slightly as he turned, "Why are you here? You should be at..."

"You!" His voice suddenly paused, "So you are actually also..."

On Clear Concealed Island, seeing the catastrophe before their eyes gradually calm, Yan Zhaoge and the others had only just let out a breath of relief.

But before they had truly relaxed, the scene before their eyes suddenly changed!

The massive formation that flickered with black light lit up at the bottom of the lake once more, the sky once again consumed by darkness as crimson bolts of lightning flashed!

That terrifying aura which shook one's soul, appeared once more!

"Eh?" Yan Zhaoge's pupils dilated slightly as they shone with a brilliant light.

The next moment, Hovering Island suddenly shuddered beneath their feet.

Hovering Island, formed of the restrictions of the formation,

shockingly, began to collapse!

A massive suction force emanated from beneath, dragging Yan Zhaoge and the others along as they plummeted downwards!

# HSSB 181: Since You're Courting Death, I'll Grant Your Wish

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Hovering Island was composed of radiance formed from the power of Turbid Wave's formation here in combination with the dense sea of clouds above Clear Concealed Lake.

Currently, as the sky was filled with dark clouds, and enveloped by a terrifying aura, Hovering Island was also tainted with a layer of black.

In the middle of the now black island, there vaguely seemed to be strange, mournful streams of red light flickering unceasingly.

As the red streams of light pulsed, Hovering Island shook intensely, those numerous streams of red light transforming into numerous cracks, resembling mournful wounds.

Hovering Island instantly began to disintegrate and collapse.

As Hovering Island began collapsing in mid-air, Clear Concealed Island beneath also began shaking intensely.

The enormous island actually sunk down gradually into the waters of the lake, till it was completely submerged within.

Accompanied by the submersion of Clear Concealed Island, in the central region of Clear Concealed Lake, the lake waters formed a

massive vortex whose centre was pitch black, resembling a black hole.

The black hole emanated a fearsome suction force, wanting to pull in everything in the surrounding area.

Hovering Island was located just above that black hole. Affected by that massive suction force, the collapsing fragments of Hovering Island, as well as the Heavenly Connection Meet participants there, all began plummeting towards it!

“Change in the plan!” Exchanging glances, Yan Zhaoge and the others could all read the same thought in one another’s eyes.

Luckily, from when the black clouds had enveloped the sky once more, they had all had some predictions regarding this.

Although that the Clear Concealed Island beneath them had already sunk and a black hole was formed was virtually out of all their predictions, it was still not to the extent that they were caught off guard and rendered completely helpless.

Yan Zhaoge gently tapped his feet on a fragment of Hovering Island, his entire person leaping in the air, landing on Pan-Pan’s back. Ah Hu followed closely beside him.

Turning to look, Yan Zhaoge could relax as he saw that Sikong Qing had already been caught by Xu Fei’s outstretched hand, a fragment of Hovering Island beneath his feet as he hurriedly fled

far away.

Of the other Sacred Ground descendants, Infinite Boundless Mountain had Ji Hanru at their head, Turbid Wave Pavilion had Xie Youchan and Ruan Ping while Jade Sea City had Song Chao and Ye Zhongzhou.

The various Xiantian Martial Scholars who possessed a higher cultivation base all took care of their fellow junior apprentice-brothers and sisters whose cultivation levels were slightly inferior.

Making use of the fragments of Hovering Island, they all fled, trying their best to get out of the central region with its black hole beneath them.

Hovering Island shattered, thus leading to their descent, their speed of descent was much more rapid due to the influence of the black hole.

Inner aura and outer aura Martial Scholars lacked the strength to timely evade and break free from the attraction of the black hole, requiring Xiantian Martial Scholars to assist them.

Of the disciples of the six great Sacred Grounds, only the Heavenly Thunder Hall was doing rather poorly, because Xie Ziyi, originally already carrying injuries, was currently unstable in the mind.

At this moment, he seemed a little unable to save even himself,

let alone Chen Lin and the others.

Luckily for them, on the Sacred Sun Clan's side, Tang Yonghao noticed this problem in time. With his supreme cultivation, he managed to gather Xie Ziyi, Chen Lin and the others before breaking out of the area together.

All rushing outwards, having reacted promptly in a proper manner, they managed to avoid the fate of being sucked in by the black hole.

However, at the boundaries of the region containing the black hole, an immense suction force could still be felt. The surroundings resembled a pit of quicksand, wanting to drag all the present cultivators within.

Under the effects of the massive formation of shining black light, Clear Concealed Lake which had earlier possessed beautiful scenery and contained deep profundities had changed completely.

In the distance, the black waters of the lake roiled unceasingly, as though it was boiling.

And close to the region with the black hole at the lake's centre, the lake water vanished, leaving behind only pitch darkness as Clear Concealed Lake seemed to have become nothing but silt and sludge.

Treading on the sludge, Yan Zhaoge, Ah Hu and Pan-Pan

instantly felt as though the black sludge beneath them had a life of its own as it swirled towards their feet.

That terrifying aura which shook people's hearts was currently growing stronger and stronger.

Externalising their aura-qi to keep the sludge away, they continued towards the outskirts of Clear Concealed Lake.

The further away they got from the centre of the formation, the weaker its negative influence.

One step heavy and one step light, following closely behind Yan Zhaoge, Ah Hu said vexedly, "Didn't they say that everything was within their control? Why are they playing with your lives now?"

Yan Zhaoge first gazed back towards the black hole that had appeared where Clear Concealed Island had been, "While the Heavenly Thunder Hall provided us with some information that allowed us to suss out some spies of the Decimating Abyss Organisation within our midst, this does not mean that we had a clear grasp of all their spies."

"It is not that the Heavenly Thunder Hall withheld the information, but that what they knew was also limited."

"Before this, all of our preparations were based upon the information at hand, and it was precisely because this information was limited that the plan was made as conservatively as possible,

in preparation for unforeseen circumstances like this that might occur.”

Yan Zhaoge had a seldom seen grave expression on his face, “But something still went wrong in the end. This goes to show that the extent of the encroachment of the Decimating Abyss Organisation, or should I say the Nine Underworlds, into the Eight Extremities World, into even the inner echelons of the six great Sacred Grounds, our Broad Creed Mountain included, far surpasses all our predictions.”

“The Martial Grandmasters in charge of ambushing and surrounding the enemy here consist of the most trustworthy people who are least suspect as chosen by the various Sacred Grounds.”

At this point, Yan Zhaoge sighed, “But looking at it now, amongst these people, there were also enemies. I only hope now that there are not too many of those; otherwise, this time would really be like a lamb entering the mouth of a tiger.”

Ah Hu’s face was bitter, “Who could it be ah? Those able to make it to such high positions amongst the six great Sacred Grounds—why would they get together with Decimating Abyss ah?”

Yan Zhaoge did not speak, his gaze deep as he pondered, “It all falls to the backup plan now, but if the backup plan has too been exposed, and is specifically targeted against by the enemy, today’s matter is destined to be hard to resolve.”



Intense ripples of energy emanated from the distance in all directions. Obviously, numerous experts, scattered all over the place, were currently locked in battle.

Meanwhile, the terrifying aura enveloping Clear Concealed Lake grew denser and denser.

The formation of black light seemed to be opening a great door leading from this world to the hell of the Nine Underworlds.

Accompanied by the continuous use of the formation, the black sludge beneath their feet also began getting stranger and more violent.

The martial practitioners on the lake were like flickering candles within the wind, extinguished one after another as they were suddenly enveloped and swallowed by the black sludge.

“Young Master!” Ah Hu’s expression was stern, but Yan Zhaoge told him, “Don’t worry about me; just pay attention to your own safety, be especially carefully guarding your mind from the devilish qi.”

“Currently, the Great Nine Underworlds Door is actually still far from truly opening, with only a tiny wisp of aura being emanated from a slit in the door. If we guard our essence at its core, we can keep our minds stable.”

Having said that, they were both individually swallowed up by

the sludge.

The world before Yan Zhaoge's eyes grew dark, but he didn't feel himself being suffocated as truly being within that devilish qi that seemed like sludge, it instead felt as though he was within some dense mist.

Pan-Pan followed closely by Yan Zhaoge's side, surveying their surroundings curiously.

Leading it along, Yan Zhaoge progressed forward slowly. Now, the scene before his eyes suddenly changed as a purple light of thunder flickered.

Within the light of thunder, a figure appeared. That person was precisely Xie Ziyi!

It was only that the current Xie Ziyi had completely recovered from his injuries, his strength and aura seemingly even stronger than before, just that his entire person appeared strange while also distorted.

Looking at Yan Zhaoge, his eyes lit up, a strange smile appearing on his face.

The next instant, Xie Ziyi's figure suddenly vanished without a trace. When he next appeared, a terrifying, evil purple sword-light was already right before Yan Zhaoge!

“Consumed by the darkness and fallen to the dark side?” Yan Zhaoge knit his brows slightly, “Since you’re courting death, I’ll grant your wish.”

# HSSB 182: The Xie Ziyi Who Suffered A Blow

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Xie Ziyi's features distorted slightly as the corners of his mouth curled up into a strange and demonic grin.

His figure flashed as he was instantly gone from the spot. It seemed like his speed had increased even further as compared to before.

It was just that the current Xie Ziyi's Heavenly Thunder Hall direct lineage movement techniques were unlike before, fast as flashing lightning, tough and blazing, resembling thunderbolts from above the nine heavens.

Accompanying his increased speed, Xie Ziyi's martial technique had also begun emanating a strange, gloomy feel.

Yan Zhaoge knit his brows slightly, raising his hand. Jade light raged forth from his sleeve, resembling a dragon soaring through the skies!

The jade light stopped momentarily in midair before shooting down directly at the demonic purple sword light.

Xie Ziyi's figure once again reappeared, still clutching the Vapor Sealing Sword with one hand. He gazed icily at Yan Zhaoge, his pupils suffused with a yellow mist. Behind him, a faint projection flickered with eerie red light.

He looked at Yan Zhaoge, his mouth twisting into a creepy and distorted smile.

Yan Zhaoge narrowed his eyes. “So, you’ve fallen to the devil....”

Xie Ziyi abandoned all restraint, roaring “Yan Zhaoge, come, let’s fight!”

His body abruptly turned as Xie Ziyi disappeared again, followed by the purple sword light.

The next time he reappeared, he was already behind Yan Zhaoge, stabbing out with his sword.

Yan Zhaoge resolutely stood still. Without moving a single step or turning around, he brought his sword up behind his back and accurately intercepted Xie Ziyi’s attack.

“Again! Again!” Xie Ziyi laughed, “This is different from before! Yan Zhaoge, I’ll tear out your heart and liver!”

Moving as quickly as a ghost, his body flickered in and out of sight. Surrounded by demonic purple light, his movements were erratic and unpredictable in the gloom.

“Pan-Pan, don’t worry. You can rest there with peace of mind.” Saying this, Yan Zhaoge was also standing firmly with both legs rooted the ground like nails. The Jade Dragon Sword in his hands flashed as it continuously intercepted Xie Ziyi’s attacks.

“After falling to the devil there is indeed some improvement with regards to strength. However, the magnitude is nothing that impressive.” Yan Zhaoge stood still with a serene expression as he tracked Xie Ziyi’s attacks. “Despite instability of the emotions, there is no loss of calm while in combat. It looks like his strength won’t fall due to his rage.”

Comparing Xie Ziyi’s present state to his past state, Yan Zhaoge felt like he had a good understanding of the situation. “Generally, becoming a fallen practitioner will increase the target’s strength, but the increase will be fairly small.”

He looked at Xie Ziyi, and suddenly laughed: “This might be a little bit unfair for you.”

“After falling to the devil, your strength truly did increase. Unfortunately, that upgrade seems to be rather small.”

Xie Ziyi, who was flickering in and out of sight, suddenly came to a stop.

His pupils became increasingly yellow as the crimson blood light became more radiant. Staring at Yan Zhaoge, he let out a creepy laugh.

A berserk purple sword light shot forth, instantly cutting through tens of meters of space as it shot straight towards Yan Zhaoge. It was almost as if, with sufficient width, this sword could cut through heaven and earth.

After one sword, there was yet another sword!

It was the Thunderbolt Combo!

“Yan Zhaoge, I told you! I am different from how I was before!” Even as he laughed menacingly, the third sword strike was unleashed!

All the blood vessels in his body stood out as if they were about to burst, making him look like some sort of monster. Even as his face revealed a hideous leer, it seemed to reveal the immense pain he was experiencing.

The rolling black mist attached to his body. Though it was unable to restrict or repair the tearing of his body’s meridians, it helped to ease his pain to a great extent.

Xie Ziyi exploded with tormented yet elated laughter. Using the Thunderbolt Combo, he was able to chain together three magnificent sword strikes, cutting straight towards Yan Zhaoge.

Yan Zhaoge calmly watched Xie Ziyi. Brandishing the Jade Dragon Sword, Yan Zhaoge sent a jade sword light soaring towards the sky,

After that one sword strike flew out, with scarcely a moment’s delay, another sword light was sent out.

After that sword light, then another, then a fourth sword light. And then another...

Xie Ziyi stared with a dazed expression after seeing Yan Zhaoge make five successive sword strikes. Under his incredulous expression, the sixth sword strike flew out!

Finger Flicking Shocking Thunder, Six Chains!

The purple sword qi completely broke apart, dispersing in the air like ash. For a moment, the black mist was also split apart, leaving the air empty.

The horrifying jade sword aura split apart into dragon-like fluttering jade snakes, tearing straight through Xie Ziyi's body.

The last image that Xie Ziyi ever saw was Yan Zhaoge calmly looking at him and asking, "And just what is different?"

Xie Ziyi opened his mouth, wanting to roar, but found himself unable to make any sound.

He was unwilling, he was resentful, and most of all, he was afraid.

Despite becoming the embodiment of the Nine Underworld Evil Devils, he was still unable to beat this opponent!



Xie Ziyi's current resentment and hatred was even more intense than it was at the time when he had fallen to the devil.

Alas, his life had come to an end, his fire snuffed out.

His mutilated body landed on the ground and broke apart into wisps of black smoke which merged back into the surrounding devilish qi.

Yan Zhaoge looked at the strange sublimation of Xie Ziyi's corpse and raised his eyebrows. "It is just as the records said. Even though their flesh and blood is indistinguishable from a normal person's, they are no longer entirely human."

This devilish mist surrounding the lake was an area attack with devilish qi that would affect the minds of its victims. It would target a specific desire or obsession and continuously amplify it.

Ultimately, the inner illusion of the desired external reality combined with the devilish qi would begin to cause irreversible changes, slowly transforming one's body into that of a Nine Underworlds Evil Devil's.

In the initial transformation, the beginning of the fall, this drastic change from one species to another could grant strength that corresponded with the despair and hopelessness felt. It could be a large boon or a small one depending on the practitioner.

If the original body was seriously injured when falling to the

devil, then there would be a substantial amount of healing, or possibly even a full recovery.

Falling to the devil, especially in an area with dense devilish qi, would always result in various degrees of improvement.

It was also noteworthy that regardless of what external factors are in play, that critical last step of falling into the devil could only happen of the martial practitioner's own will.

Even if the martial practitioner had a Heart's Devil from past encounters, the ultimate decision to fall to the devil must come from the affected person himself.

If someone was steadfast and unwavering in their determination to resist the devilish will, no one would be able to force them to fall to the devil.

On a fundamental level, falling to the devil was simply magnifying someone's innate desire or obsession to the breaking point until that one desire suppressed all other thoughts and rationality. When falling to the devil, the inner and outer self combined together.

Just because one's body was invaded by devilish qi didn't mean that they would fall to the devil.

Yan Zhaoge walked over to the place where Xie Ziyi's corpse had dissipated and put away his Vapor Sealing Sword. Apart from his

sword, the other item left behind by Xie Ziyi that was worthy of note was an embroidered pouch.

Opening the pouch, Yan Zhaoge found a strangely-shaped golden talisman within, on which some intricate patterns were inscribed.

Yan Zhaoge carefully examined the talisman. He felt that the patterns were vaguely familiar.

Unable to recognize them, he temporarily suppressed his curiosity, and put away his loot.

The giant panda Pan-Pan inquisitively came to Yan Zhaoge's side and let out a throaty rumble.

Being exposed to the dense devilish qi also made Pan-Pan feel very uncomfortable.

In fact, it was also possible for spirit beasts to fall to the devil.

Yan Zhaoge walked through the devilish domain while simultaneously comforting Pan-Pan.

Suddenly, Yan Zhaoge felt a vague threat of danger burst from his heart!

An extremely dangerous feeling appeared in his mind.

At practically the same time, a streak of gloomy sword light emerged from the devilish domain and shot straight towards the back of Yan Zhaoge's head!

Martial Grandmaster!

# HSSB 183: The Roaring Right Eye

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The dim sword-light zigzagged, seeming as though it had completely merged with the dark domain of devilish qi.

The sword-light seemed as though it possessed a life of its own as, like a poisonous snake, it soundlessly stabbed towards the back of Yan Zhaoge's head.

As a spirit beast, Pan-Pan who was by Yan Zhaoge's side possessed a far superior sensory ability for danger than human martial practitioners. However, at this moment, he was completely unable to detect the sudden assault by that sword-light.

Meanwhile, of the many spirit artifacts on Yan Zhaoge, not mentioning his spoils of war like the Flying Thunder Sabre and the Purple Gold Thunder Sword, none reacted. Even his Jade Dragon Sword which had accompanied him all the way and whose mind was connected with his as well as the mid-grade spirit artifact, the Hidden Clear Sunlight Sabre, with its high spirituality, were unable to detect this sword.

A sword soundless and without presence, was incomparably terrifying!

To Martial Scholars, their difference in strength from a Martial Grandmaster expert was like a massive gulf which could not be remedied.

And if this Martial Grandmaster ignored his lofty status and lay

patiently in wait as he devoted his utmost to launching a sneak attack to kill a Martial Scholar, not underestimating him in the least, there would be a ninety percent chance that this Martial Scholar would not be able to escape the fate of death!

While his strength was far superior to ordinary Xiantian Martial Scholars, currently facing grave danger, Yan Zhaoge was only able to vaguely detect something.

But just as he did, a coldness permeated the back of his head along with a slight piercing pain, as the other party's sword-light was already at the brink of arrival!

This was the closest Yan Zhaoge had been to dying ever since his arrival at the current Eight Extremities World!

Earlier, whether it had been the Sacred Sun Clan's Pan Botai and Twilight Lord or the Ghost Hatchet Elder and the Crimson Spirit Flag Master, their cultivation bases had all been higher than this person's.

However, whether it was through preparations that had long since been set in place or not actually having to face their sharpness directly, while Yan Zhaoge had appeared to be in a precarious position, he had actually been stable as a mountain under those circumstances.

It was only at this moment that Yan Zhaoge clearly felt the shadow of death hanging over him.

While this sword was not all that fast, and not all that strong, it had truly been too covert.

By the time Yan Zhaoge discovered it, the sword's blade was virtually already almost touching his flesh.

However fast Yan Zhaoge's movement techniques were, it was also already too late for him to avoid it.

While he had the Lofty Mountain Armour, a defensive-type spirit artifact on him, even if it automatically activated in a bid to protect him now, it would also not be able to make it in time by a little bit.

And just that little bit, was the difference between life and death!

Even if the Lofty Mountain Armour rose, the person would already have been hit!

At this crucial juncture, whilst being shocked, Yan Zhaoge didn't fall into chaos.

All unnecessary, chaotic thoughts completely vanished from his mind.

Yan Zhaoge's mind was completely focused, only a single notion still remaining within, activating at full speed!

Eye of the Thunder Emperor!

Virtually at the same time that the sword-light contacted his body, an intense, piercing pain appeared in Yan Zhaoge's right eye!

A purplish-green light was shot out from within.

A large amount of pure, refined lightning qi instantly travelled throughout Yan Zhaoge's entire body.

Stimulating every single pore!

Every single bone!

Every single meridian!

Every single piece of flesh and blood!

In an instant, Yan Zhaoge erupted with a speed that far surpassed his normal level, his body resembling flashing lightning as he shot forward!

As he strode out, the assaulting sword-light behind him, missed!

Even so, from the back of Yan Zhaoge's head, broken, severed strands of hair drifted in mid-air, some tiny droplets of blood even seeping out from his skin.



Having missed, that Martial Grandmaster pressed forward relentlessly as he chased Yan Zhaoge tightly, sending the sword within his hands stabbing towards him once more!

However, having managed to evade the most dangerous, most covert sword arriving from an ambush, Yan Zhaoge had already stabilised his position.

His entire body's aura-qi turned icy cold as he executed the Ocean Stabilising Spirit Fist.

Yan Zhaoge's entire person resembled a spirit turtle concealed deep within the bottomless ocean, that deep abyss to which all objects belonged, kept concealed within, not a trace of them visible.

Even that Martial Grandmaster's spiritual sense wavered slightly for a moment as he felt as though Yan Zhaoge had completely disappeared from before him.

Focusing his mind, he locked onto Yan Zhaoge's position once more, his sword continuing to stab outwards.

However, two glows of red and yellow flickered as an armour that resembled lofty mountains now appeared on Yan Zhaoge's body, blocking the opponent's attack.

Exerting all its might in a single effort, then deteriorating, finally

being exhausted.

That Martial Grandmaster's sword-blow was already like an arrow at the end of its flight as it was currently no longer able to break through the Lofty Mountain Armour's defence.

Lightning flickering within his right eye once more, Yan Zhaoge stomped on the ground as his entire body spun, turning back to send a palm flying towards his opponent's head!

Earlier, his body's aura-qi had been cold as ice. Currently, it blazed like fire as it erupted with a terrifying force that shocked one's very soul, resembling the eruption of a volcano!

With a strength surpassing his predictions, the other party was also caught a little off guard by Yan Zhaoge.

He had already appraised his opponent as highly as possible beforehand, but never would he have thought that he had still underestimated Yan Zhaoge in the end.

His sword technique having already been seen through, combined with Yan Zhaoge's speed and explosive power being greater than anticipated, Yan Zhaoge was instantly able to move into close proximity of him.

However, at the end of the day, he was still a Martial Grandmaster expert. Without any hesitation whatsoever, he too hit out with a palm towards Yan Zhaoge's head!

His palm forceful and domineering, it drew the surrounding roiling devilish qi to converge where it was, its power growing stronger as it was like a king of the devils had descended into this world.

At this powerful force, even with Yan Zhaoge's cultivation, his aura was stifled for a moment!

However, the attacker suddenly became alert to the fact that in Yan Zhaoge's cold gaze, the purplish-green light within his right eye was becoming more and more piercing.

This Martial Grandmaster hesitated slightly for a moment.

In such an intense fight as this one, such hesitation was indisputably a potentially fatal thing which should be avoided at all costs, especially so when Yan Zhaoge was far from an ordinary Martial Scholar.

After hesitating slightly for a moment, he finally decided not to counter Yan Zhaoge, instead choosing to retreat!

However, as he retreated, Yan Zhaoge advanced, the momentum of his palm even fiercer than before!

His palm swept past his enemy's shoulder, the illusory purplish-red Tushita fire formed of his aura-qi erupting, using the clothes and aura-qi of his enemy as fuel as they transformed into real

flames, blazing strongly.

Not uttering a sound, that Martial Grandmaster continued retreating along with the purplish-red Tushita fire on his shoulder that had still yet to be extinguished, not even turning to look back as he merged into the darkness once more.

The lightning in Yan Zhaoge's right eye flickered slightly as he remained silent, his spiritual sense at its peak as he stayed carefully wary of his surroundings, guarding against any further attacks from the enemy.

The time the two had clashed had been the time taken for lightning to flash and a spark to fly off a flint.

The efforts made in the blink of an eye were already a round of a life and death struggle.

Only when that Martial Grandmaster had retreated did Pan-Pan, standing by the side, let out an enraged roar, looking, fixated in the direction to which the man had retreated.

Yan Zhaoge stopped Pan-Pan, standing back-to-back with him as he silently stood on alert for a moment to confirm that the other party had truly left before finally ending his fist stance.

“Who exactly was that?” The person's appearance flickered through Yan Zhaoge's mind.

His entire body had been enveloped in a black robe, his appearance concealed by a black cloak.

Not only had he been hooded, he had even been wearing a pitch-black mask, causing people to be unable to distinguish his features.

It was only through the two slits on his mask that a pair of dark yellow pupils could be seen, flickering with a mournful red light as they revealed his identity as a fallen practitioner.

“Concealing his identity? Someone I know?” Yan Zhaoge frowned, “But there’s no meaning to it ah. It’s just that the devilish will concealed within his heart has grown, but has not combined with the devilish qi outside, thereby completely falling to the dark side.”

“However, that he will be completely consumed by the darkness is something that cannot be reversed, and as soon as the devilish will within him and the outside devilish qi combine and he completely falls to the dark side, there would no longer be any possibility of continuing to lie hidden. And with that, his identity would be as good as having exposed itself-what use would there be still in remaining concealed then?

# HSSB 184: Fighting The Black-Robed Masked Man Once More

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Patting Pan-Pan, Yan Zhaoge set off once more, pondering as he walked, “The person just now held back in his abilities.”

“Was it because he was afraid of exposing his identity? But there is no need for that; he has already fallen.”

“Unless he has a method to transform back into a human from an Evil Devil?” Yan Zhaoge raised his brows slightly, “It’s just that seeing how extremely compatible he is with the devilish qi of this devilish domain, he has probably fallen for quite a long time, at least a year.”

Shaking his head, Yan Zhaoge temporarily suppressed his doubts as he focused his mind on distinguishing the road ahead as he proceeded forward.

After walking for a moment, Yan Zhaoge’s heart suddenly moved.

Despite the obstruction of layers of devilish qi, he could still vaguely feel that not far away, there were currently people clashing.

Yan Zhaoge hurriedly sped along in that direction. Within the black fog, a spiritual light very quickly began flashing as they met and separated, fighting in an heaven-flipping, earth-overturning

manner.

The surrounding devilish qi surged as it was shattered unceasingly.

As soon as he saw that dazzling sword-light, Yan Zhaoge raised his brows, “Senior apprentice-brother Xu and...Tang Yonghao?”

As Yan Zhaoge retracted his aura and approached, he saw three figures currently launching attacks to and fro within the black fog as they clashed non-stop.

Looking carefully, Yan Zhaoge could not help but sigh at how enemies meet on a narrow path.

One of them was precisely the black-robed masked man who had ambushed him earlier.

And the other side consisted of the Heaven’s favoured sons of Broad Creed Mountain and the Sacred Sun Clan, Xu Fei and Tang Yonghao, currently joining hands in fighting against him.

The two of them had never cooperated in a fight before, having instead been longtime rivals and opponents ever since their youth.

However, currently joining hands in facing an enemy for the first time, they displayed an extremely high level of cooperation, resembling fellow apprentice-brothers who had been fighting together for many years.

Xu Fei and Tang Yonghao fought together, one attacking, one defending, one mainstream, one out of the ordinary, with Xu Fei executing the Great Heaven Earth Sword and the Great Heaven Earth Palm simultaneously, forceful and domineering, clumsy but heavy, defending till even wind could not get through.

Meanwhile, as Tang Yonghao brandished his sword, only an all-encompassing sky of sword-light could be seen as it enveloped the heavens and covered the earth, seemingly bringing light to the nearby heavens and the earth within this dark devilish domain.

Of the duo, either one were already at the peak of the Heavenly Connection stage, only a step away from the Martial Grandmaster realm.

Also, they were the elites of Broad Creed Mountain's and the Sacred Sun Clan's direct disciples, indisputably favoured sons of Heaven , far from what other Heavenly Connection Martial Scholars could compare to.

Joining hands to fight an enemy at this moment, with their great coordination, they displayed even greater power.

It was just that their opponent was clearly also not an ordinary figure.

While wary of Yan Zhaoge's fragment of the Eye of the Thunder Emperor, he had retreated after not having achieved his intended sure-kill with his first blow. Nonetheless, that black-robed masked



man was undoubtedly also an outstanding existence amongst martial practitioners of the same cultivation level.

Currently, as he fought one against two against Xu Fei and Tang Yonghao, he still had much strength to spare.

As a fallen practitioner, within this devilish domain, his power had even been bolstered.

Looking coldly at that black-robed masked man, Yan Zhaoge called softly, “Pan-Pan?”

His mind currently connected with Yan Zhaoge’s, Pan-Pan’s entire body blazed with white flames.

These white flames shrunk back powerfully, condensing unceasingly, finally transforming into a tiny ember the colour of milk.

The white ember resembled a small, intricate spirit leaping about, its size in great contrast with Pan-Pan’s massive frame.

However, it contained an immense destructive power that caused one’s heart to freeze!

Jade Dragon Sword in hand, a purplish-green light flickered within Yan Zhaoge’s right eye.

His entire body's aura-qi became as hot as blazing flames as its explosive power was instantly raised to the peak.

The next moment, Yan Zhaoge merged with his sword, his entire person surging to the air as he transformed into a streak of jade light along with his Jade Dragon Sword, chopping towards that black-robed masked man!

On the streak of jade light, the crimson glow of fire shone as countless thunderbolts and streaks of lightning also lashed about unceasingly.

Within the illusory heaven and earth formed of Yan Zhaoge's aura-qi, a green dragon surged into the world, its entire body shrouded in lightning and fire, its momentum shocking the heavens!

At the same time, Pan-Pan gave a low roar, that milky-white ember, resembling a flying meteor, shooting towards that black-robed masked man at an extremely high speed!

Flame Thunderbolt!

Yan Zhaoge's sword-light was like a dragon as it instantly ripped apart the dense black fog, heading straight for that Martial Grandmaster alongside Pan-Pan's Flame Thunderbolt.

While he was currently in the midst of a heated battle, the opponent was a Martial Grandmaster, as well as having his sensory

abilities greatly enhanced with this devilish domain as the battlefield. He immediately detected Yan Zhaoge's and Pan-Pan's approach.

Not saying a word, Yan Zhaoge immediately attacked, his offense extremely fierce.

Xu Fei and Tang Yonghao were also not polite. With this opportunity arising, they promptly and decisively grabbed it, their swords rising in unison as they shot towards the black-robed Martial Grandmaster like a row of mountains toppling an ocean.

Facing the combined attack of these three young experts, their masked opponent's sword-wielding wrist unconsciously twitched.

But very quickly, he suppressed his movement, flying back in retreat once more, hurriedly withdrawing!

It was only that the attacks of the trio as well as Pan-Pan were all extremely domineering. As their opponent retreated, drawn in by the airflow, they shot towards him with a momentum that surged up to the heavens.

A muffled groan resounded in mid-air as this strong Martial Grandmaster had already been injured by their combined efforts.

However, he was truly strong as making use of the surrounding devilish domain, he swiftly escaped.

With him of a mind to leave, Yan Zhaoge and the others were also hard pressed to keep him behind.

Yan Zhaoge kept his Jade Dragon Sword, descending onto the ground below as he looked to Xu Fei and Tang Yonghao.

Having rationally kept away rather than trying to help out and instead proving a burden as she knew that she lacked the ability to do so, Sikong Qing now walked up as well.

Seeing Yan Zhaoge's gaze on Tang Yonghao, Xu Fei immediately said, "It was Senior Brother Tang chivalrously lending a helping hand upon seeing me and junior apprentice-sister Sikong meeting an ambush as he happened to pass by."

Tang Yonghao said calmly, "The Nine Underworlds, Decimating Abyss, are all the public enemy of my Eight Extremities World."

He was not an obstinate person with a one-track mind who could not be made to see reason.

If the person Xu Fei had been clashing with had been a Martial Grandmaster expert of the Sacred Sun Clan or the Heavenly Thunder Hall, while he might not like the sight of it, Tang Yonghao would also not ask of others based upon his own standards.

Xu Fei was an elite of Broad Creed Mountain's younger generation, his future incalculable.

If his Elders or those of their allied Heavenly Thunder Hall wished to exterminate him early on, while Tang Yonghao would not heed any orders to surround and attack him, he would also not step forward to stop it from happening.

However, if it was an unexpected natural disaster or perhaps a public enemy of the entire Eight Extremities World such as the Flame Devils and the Nine Underworlds causing danger to Xu Fei, Tang Yonghao would lend out a helping hand without any hesitation whatsoever.

Even if afterwards, he still clashed with Xu Fei in a deadly heaven-flipping, earth-overturning battle.

Looking at Tang Yonghao, Yan Zhaoge slowly nodded, “I must thank Senior Brother Tang for his debt of assistance.”

Sighing, Tang Yonghao smiled, “Junior Brother Yan overstates things. It is instead Junior Brother Yan’s sword just now that was truly fascinating, and was a real eye-opener for me.”

Knowing that this person was somewhat obsessed with martial arts to the point of idiocy, Yan Zhaoge also smiled slightly, “Senior Brother Tang over-praises me.”

Scanning their surroundings, Yan Zhaoge asked, “If Senior Brother Tang is here, your fellow disciples...”

Tang Yonghao answered, “Huang Jie, junior apprentice-brother Huang is looking after them. As for me, when falling into this domain of devilish qi, I lost contact with them, and am precisely searching for them now.”

Hearing his words, Yan Zhaoge’s eyes momentarily narrowed slightly into slits.

Tang Yonghao’s words just now, had inadvertently revealed quite a bit of information...

# HSSB 185: Adding Some Spice For The Enemy

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This answer of Tang Yonghao's was casual, yet Yan Zhaoge could glean many things from it.

Firstly, Huang Jie indeed concealed himself very deeply, his actual cultivation definitely not being low.

Secondly, with someone having tied him up, Huang Jie was most likely not that black-robed Martial Grandmaster who had ambushed him and Xu Fei just now.

Unless the other disciples of the Sacred Sun Clan who had fallen into the devilish domain all died this time, in which case Huang Jie would seem very suspicious.

Rubbing his brows, Yan Zhaoge continued, "Earlier, when Hovering Island plummeted downwards, I saw that you, Senior Brother Tang, were together with the Heavenly Thunder Hall disciples. How are they now?"

Tang Yonghao said, "They weren't in any danger when descending, no one falling into the black hole, but when we were engulfed by the devilish domain, we were separated from Junior Brother Xie Ziyi."

"Afterwards, we happened to meet a reinforcing Martial Grandmaster of the Heavenly Thunder Hall come to surround and suppress the Decimating Abyss martial practitioners. Junior Sister Chen Lin and the others thus left with that person, while I

continued searching for junior apprentice-brother Huang and the others.”

Saying thus, Tang Yonghao raised up his left hand, a small pendant tied to his wrist, radiating a bright glow like sunlight within the dark domain of devilish qi.

“Relying on this, I can attempt to locate junior apprentice-brother Huang and the others, just that it is much harder to do so within this devilish domain.”

Yan Zhaoge nodded, as Xu Fei asked, “Zhaoge, what do you plan to do now?”

“Oh, I actually plan to go deeper into the depths of Clear Concealed Lake, to the central region where that black formation lies,” After glancing at Tang Yonghao, Yan Zhaoge said candidly.

Xu Fei and Tang Yonghao were both slightly shocked, “What are your intentions?”

Yan Zhaoge explained, “There has clearly been an accident in the plans of our Elders. This means that there are still spies of the Decimating Abyss Organisation amongst our six great Sacred Ground’s higher echelon experts.”

“Due to that, our plans have instead been made use of by the enemy, with our backup plan perhaps also having been exposed. The Decimating Abyss definitely will not be unguarded against it.”



A cold light shone slightly within Yan Zhaoge's eyes, "Therefore, I'm preparing to add some new factors to the equation, adding some spice to this great dish of theirs."

Both Xu Fei and Tang Yonghao didn't question about how, as a Martial Scholar, Yan Zhaoge would be able to add some new factors to the equation in a battle situation at the level of Martial Grandmasters.

Xu Fei looked straight at Yan Zhaoge, "I can't let you take this risk alone. I'm going with you."

Xu Fei continued, "I hear that you, Zhaoge, have obtained a Sacred Artifact fragment. Perhaps you truly have the potential to charge in as an unexpected factor."

"Speaking from my heart, whether it is this Xu of now or Senior Brother Tang, both of us still lack the ability to intrude in a battle situation at the level of stronger Martial Grandmaster experts."

"However, currently, in this devilish domain, other than stronger Martial Grandmaster experts, there are still many Martial Scholars of the Decimating Abyss Organisation as well as weaker Martial Grandmaster martial practitioners, such as that person just now."

"Untalented as I am, I won't be able to prove much of a help in this general situation. However, on this journey, I'll be able to help you save some time and energy, especially helping to preserve your

Sacred Artifact fragment power as much as possible. After all, it is only a fragment, not a true Sacred Artifact. Having depleted its power, it should require some time to recuperate before it can recover.”

Tang Yonghao similarly said emotionally, “Count me in as well.”

With the current situation being of the utmost importance and things being so pressing, Yan Zhaoge dispensed with the courtesies as he immediately nodded, “With this, I first thank two Senior Brothers.”

Saying thus, Yan Zhaoge patted Pan-Pan, “Bring along junior apprentice-sister Sikong with you and hide her well; wait till reinforcements from our clan arrive or the issue is settled.”

A rarely seen vexed feeling could be seen within Sikong Qing’s eyes that were usually cold.

She was not frustrated that Yan Zhaoge and Xu Fei would not be bringing her along, but instead felt regretful that with her cultivation base was too weak, she was unable to provide help in this situation, and would instead possibly ending up a burden.

Looking at her, Yan Zhaoge said, “We will be venturing in deeper. If we bring you along, it would instead be more dangerous.”

“Junior apprentice-sister Sikong. With Pan-Pan guarding you, as

long as you don't meet any Martial Grandmasters or Heavenly Connection Martial Scholars, it'll be fine. However, with so many enemies present, it would still be best for you to stay cautious."

Sucking in a deep breath, Sikong Qing's emotions had already completely regained their former calm as she nodded, "Rest easy, senior apprentice-brother Yan; I understand. You should also be careful."

Yan Zhaoge patted Pan-Pan's huge head, "Ah Hu and Pan-Pan are also very familiar with each other. Even in this devilish domain, Ah Hu should still be barely able to find him. It's been so long already; as long as he hasn't met an enemy, he shouldn't be far."

"With time being so pressing, I am unable to wait for Ah Hu. However, the two of you can. After meeting up with Ah Hu, as long as you don't encounter a Martial Grandmaster, there won't be any danger."

"Do not remain where you are, lest that fellow from just now return once more."

Pan-Pan left rather unwillingly. As Yan Zhaoge shook his head towards him, the big fella could only feel wronged as he brought Sikong Qing along in another direction.

The trio immediately set off.

"When this is over, I must definitely research formations

properly; it is hateful to find my knowledge lacking ah.”

While Yan Zhaoge’s proficiency in formations far exceeded martial practitioners of the same cultivation level, if the other party controlling the formation was a Martial Grandmaster, that gap in cultivation made it such that the difference in their ability to control the formation and mentally play out its workings was not so easily remedied.

Deciphering the formation as they walked, Yan Zhaoge brought Xu Fei and Tang Yonghao deeper into the devilish domain.

While they were currently enveloped by layers upon layers of devilish qi, the trio could still feel the intense clashes of power and fluctuations of spiritual qi in the outside world.

It was clear that the general battle was still proceeding, and was currently at its most intense peak.

While the Decimating Abyss had successfully countered them with the use of their spies, they still seemed to be rather weaker in terms of overall power.

But as time passed, the domain of devilish qi seemed to grow more and more stable as that terrifying aura which stemmed from the Nine Underworlds also grew more and more terrifying.

If they could not resolve this quickly, as the rift leading to the Nine Underworlds truly opened, the situation would definitely

immediately take a drastic turn for the worst.

The martial practitioners of the various Sacred Grounds clearly all understood this point as their attacks all grew fiercer and fiercer, with a violent power that unceasingly disrupted the domain of devilish qi.

As the trio proceeded, a massive stream of black light suddenly lit up before their eyes, composed of thousands, tens of thousands of sigils and runes circulating non-stop.

This was one of the spirit patterns of that massive formation of black light at the bottom of Clear Concealed Lake.

The thick spirit pattern, influenced by external forces, now suddenly collapsed!

With its collapse, the nearby region of devilish qi also collapsed alongside it, a massive gulf being ripped apart in the devilish qi domain.

Yan Zhaoge and the others were instantly harmed terribly by this sudden situation as the three simultaneously plummeted down towards the deep abyss below.

“Unexpected situations are neverending ah,” Yan Zhaoge shook his head slightly as under the interference of the devilish qi, he found it hard for him to activate his aura-qi to hover in the air.

However, it did not trouble Yan Zhaoge. While it was a little unsuitable with Tang Yonghao present, he still waved out his hand as the spirit artifact, the Radiant Sun Wheel, emerged, flying out in an arc.

Tapping his feet on the Radiant Sun Wheel, Yan Zhaoge shot out of the deep abyss, the Radiant Sun Wheel once again flying out in an arc as it returned to his hands.

On the other side, Xu Fei and Tang Yonghao also employed various methods to leap out of the deep abyss.

However, the fissure of the deep abyss was rapidly expanding, with roiling devilish qi gushing out from within as it separated the trio, causing them to be unable to reinforce one another.

The domain of devilish qi distorted as the distance between the three continued to increase, with them very soon no longer able to see one another.

Yan Zhaoge shook his head, his heart moving slightly as he turned to look.

In the distance, a figure was currently gradually walking over from afar.

# HSSB 186: Someone Once Thought This Way As Well, And Then He Died

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Looking at the newcomer, Yan Zhaoge raised his brows slightly.

He was about thirty, forty years of age, with a full head of strange, seldom seen red hair, and two things that resembled boxing gloves covering his hands.

His pupils were yellowed; streaks of blood red light could be seen shooting out from within. He was also a fallen practitioner.

What caused Yan Zhaoge to take some notice was the fact that a few threads of blood vaguely extended from his back, leading deep into the clumps of black fog that was the devilish domain.

Feeling Yan Zhaoge's aura, the red-haired martial practitioner had approached to investigate it.

After clearly seeing Yan Zhaoge's appearance, a look of joy was instantly revealed on the red-haired martial practitioner's face as the bloodthirsty glow with his eyes could not be concealed.

“Ha! The son of Yan Di, Yan Zhaoge?” The red-haired martial practitioner bared his teeth, laughing, “Although I knew you had come to participate in the Heavenly Connection Meet, I really didn't think that I would be so lucky as to directly encounter you.”

Yan Zhaoge blinked, “I shouldn’t have seen you before.”

“My name is Xue Wuya,” The red-haired martial practitioner exercised his hands that were wearing the boxing gloves, “That’s right, we’ve indeed never met before. It is understandable that you do not recognise me, but as long as I recognise you, that’s enough.”

“While you don’t recognise me, perhaps you’ll recognise this?”

Saying thus, Xue Wuya punched out into the air with his fist, his roiling aura-qi transforming into an illusory heaven and earth.

Within that illusory scene, rolling waves surged unceasingly, obscuring the heavens and covering the earth.

What gave off an ominous feel was the seawater within the illusory heaven and earth that was shockingly entirely black, which caused an aura that made one feel dark and gloomy, and chilled the air.

Yan Zhaoge realised, “These martial arts are of the Black Spirit Flag of the Five Spirit Flags-you are a remnant of the Five Spirit Flags ah?”

The Five Spirit Flags had been a first-rate power that was active by the border of the Heaven and Wind Domains in the past; their martial arts required the killing of others.

Because their sins had been too great, having even slaughtered



cities in the West Heaven Region of the Heaven Domain, they had met resistance by a first-rate power subordinate to Broad Creed Mountain. The two clashed in a great battle, with both sides taking tremendous casualties.

Luckily, Yan Zhaoge's father, Yan Di, just happened to be passing by. In the end, all of the Five Spirit Flags martial practitioners present, their Chief Flag Master included, had been slain by Yan Di on the spot.

Of those sect members of the Five Spirit Flags who had not been present, and were instead dispersed in the outside world and thus avoided disaster, they fled far away, hiding and avoiding capture. From then on they lived hating Yan Di to the bone, yet found themselves unable to do anything to him at all.

Earlier, in the Sealing Dragon Abyss in the Heaven Domain's Eastern Tang Kingdom, there had been the Crimson Spirit Flag Master who had placed Yan Zhaoge as his target of revenge.

"My luck, is really too good," Looking at Yan Zhaoge, that Xue Wuya twisted out a cold smile.

Smiling, Yan Zhaoge shook his head, "No, it's my luck that's too good."

His gaze fell on those threads of blood on Xue Wuya's body, "You are one of those participating in constructing the grand formation at the lake's bottom, right? Sacrificing your own essence blood to the formation, allowing it to take form speedily."

“Meanwhile, your essence, qi and mind have also become one with the grand formation, and you cannot stray far away from its core.”

“Encountering you here, it means that I am not far from the formation’s core. Following the thread of blood behind your back, I will be able to find it even more quickly.”

Xue Wuya let out a ‘Ha!’ laugh, “Even if you do find it, what would you be able to do?”

“Recently, it’s been rumoured that you’ve obtained a Sacred Artifact fragment. But even if it is a fragment, also possessing the power of a Sacred Artifact, as you are but a Martial Scholar, how much of its power can you wield?”

“After all, there is only one Extreme Yin Crown.”

Staring at Yan Zhaoge, a look of madness could be seen in Xue Wuya’s eyes, “Even if you can wield the power of the Sacred Artifact fragment, how many times can you do so?”

“If you use it on me, what will you use to shake the formation’s core?”

“At that time, the formation will fully serve its function, the Great Nine Underworlds Door will completely open, and you will still die!”

Xue Wuya laughed loudly, “Being able to exchange my life to have that dog Yan Di prematurely send off his own flesh and blood—it’s also worth it!”

Yan Zhaoge looked at him rather amusedly, “After falling, your mind seems to be a little foggy; who says that to kill you, I’d have to rely on the power of the Sacred Artifact fragment?”

Looking coldly at Yan Zhaoge, Xue Wuya’s eyes were filled with a crazed, bloodthirsty glow, “The one whose mind is foggy, is you.”

“I’ve heard that in the Heavenly Connection Meet, you consecutively defeated Infinite Boundless Mountain’s Liu Shengfeng and the Heavenly Thunder Hall’s Xie Ziyi.”

“A late Xiantian Martial Scholar myself as well, I admit that I am inferior to Xie Ziyi.”

“However, that was before I gave myself to the Nine Underworlds. The me of now, is not any inferior to him!”

Exercising his wrists, Xue Wuya strode towards Yan Zhaoge, “And now, within the devilish domain, my strength is even stronger than in the outside world, while you have to devote some attention to resisting the encroachment of devilish qi.”

“With the boost to me and restrictions you face, do you think that your circumstances now are very relaxed?”

As he strode, his roiling aura-qi surged upwards, transforming into an illusory scene above his head, his fist-intent and aura-qi intermingling to form an illusory heaven and earth.

The great black sea within the illusory heaven and earth actually changed once more, the black sea transforming into a sea of blood, its fierceness surging to the heavens.

The blood-red sea tides obscured the heavens and covered the earth, emanating the incomparable stench of blood, resembling true hell on earth.

Yan Zhaoge's face revealed an expression that looked as though he was smiling whilst also not as he said mildly, "Speaking of Xie Ziyi, it looks like you are still unaware."

"Like you, Xie Ziyi fell to the dark side."

Xue Wuya was stunned for a moment before he continued laughing wildly, "The direct lineage of your six great Sacred Grounds, those self-proclaimed Heaven's favoured children, only possess so much worth."

Yan Zhaoge continued, "Afterwards, he had the same thought as you; feeling that after having fallen, he should be able to defeat me."

"And then, he died."

Xue Wuya's yellowed pupils dilated slightly.

Looking at him, Yan Zhaoge smiled slightly, "I killed him."

Saying thus, Yan Zhaoge's figure abruptly flashed. Striding out, he was already before Xue Wuya!

Xue Wuya had already intuitively realised that something was wrong. However, as Yan Zhaoge moved now, he also didn't dare to retreat. Only able to clench his fists and meet the battle, his fists punched out in unison towards Yan Zhaoge!

However, within the violent purplish-red blazing flames that was Yan Zhaoge's illusory aura world, the lid of a furnace opened, and a massive ape punched out with its fist, its strength causing the heavens to roil and the earth to overturn!

The boundless sea of blood was forcibly ripped apart.

The next moment, before Xue Wuya's eyes lit up numerous stars. Within the night sky, seven stars hung high overhead, worshipping the north.

Howling wildly, Xue Wuya drew on all of his strength to face Yan Zhaoge, the shattered sea of blood transforming into an all-encompassing blood rain that filled the entire sky, continuously descending as it merged with countless fist-shadows.

The boxing gloves on his hands, flickered with a strange spiritual light!

However, the Jade Dragon Sword within Yan Zhaoge's hands roared, innumerable stars circulating alongside the changes in sword-intent as it seemed as though the orbits of the stars in the sky had truly shifted.

A jade-green river of stars descended from the heavens, keeping the fist-shadows of blood rain isolated on the outside, unable to draw close.

The river of stars streamed downward, directly piercing through Xue Wuya's chest!

Xue Wuya opened his eyes wide, staring at Yan Zhaoge as he died with grievances.

Earlier, he had merely heard of Yan Zhaoge's defeat of Liu Shengfeng and Xie Ziyi; having not seen them personally, he had no idea of the specifics as to what went on. He had completely not thought that Yan Zhaoge would actually be powerful to this extent, such that he was completely not his match!

Yan Zhaoge, however, didn't place his attention on Xue Wuya.

Having already fallen, after Xue Wuya died, his corpse would automatically dissipate.

And the threads of blood connected to his back that stretched out into the dark fog also began to break apart, seeming as though they were right about to vanish.

Yan Zhaoge struck out with his sword once more.

Seven streaks of sword light locked in place those threads of blood that were about to be retracted into the black fog!

Yan Zhaoge's sword-light locked in place those threads of blood that were about to be retracted into the black fog.

This way, the threads of blood did not dissipate, and Yan Zhaoge would be able to follow them to directly arrive at the core of the formation, not have to spend any more effort on continuing to play out the formation within his head as he sought it out.

Yan Zhaoge let out a slight breath of a relief. Only now did he pick up the pair of boxing gloves that remained on the floor following Xue Wuya's death.

The blood red gloves now saw their colour gradually fade, revealing their original black colour.

Yan Zhaoge was slightly interested, "In that moment just now, this high-grade artifact actually temporarily possessed close to the power of a low-grade spirit artifact? Although it was temporary, and requires a long time to recover after the matter, it is a pretty interesting technique."

A virtually solitary martial practitioner such as Xue Wuya, as a Martial Scholar, would find it very hard to get his hands on a spirit artifact even having joined the Decimating Abyss Organisation.

"The intelligence of others should not be underestimated ah; the time following the Great Calamity has also seen many capable talents, who've come up with quite a few good techniques," Yan



Zhaoge kept the boxing gloves, “Upon returning, I’ll research it a bit.”

Looking in the direction from which the threads of blood extended, he narrowed his eyes slightly, saying, “This major incident must first be settled.”

Yan Zhaoge proceeded along the thread of blood, red light that resembled lightning flashing every so often in the black fog before his eyes.

The ground beneath his feet began to heave up and down unstably, as if he were walking on waves.

Lowering his head, he could see innumerable complicated runes and sigils circulating about like flowing water.

Nearing the core of the formation, the spirit patterns here became more and more intricate, complicated and densely packed as they intermingled.

A powerful aura pulsed, surging ceaselessly.

That terrifying aura that bewitched one’s mind and caused one to feel afraid and lost also became denser and stronger, resembling a tangible, material entity as it seeped into the human body through every single pore, giving one a suffocating feeling.

Retracting his aura and stifling all sounds, as he proceeded

onwards, Yan Zhaoge's heart suddenly palpitated.

The entire devilish domain seemed to be trembling and quaking, as that terrifying aura abruptly skyrocketed!

Yan Zhaoge's eyes turned severe, "This is the world barrier between the Nine Underworlds and the Eight Extremities World growing weaker and weaker, a gap in it sometimes visible whilst sometimes not, as a rift tunnel is truly soon going to be ripped out within!"

Although he was currently within the devilish domain, Yan Zhaoge could also feel that in and outside of the devilish domain, the clash between the martial practitioners of the various Sacred Grounds and the Decimating Abyss Organisation was also becoming more and more intense.

Soon, the Great Nine Underworlds Door would truly open.

Experts from the other Sacred Grounds aside from Turbid Wave Pavilion also arrived as reinforcements, and it gradually became hard for the Decimating Abyss martial practitioners to withstand them.

However, as the aura of the Nine Underworlds grew suddenly spiked, the fallen practitioners all vaguely had the momentum of a boat surging up on a high, constantly expanding tide!

Yan Zhaoge could especially clearly feel that the devilish

formation at the bottom of Clear Concealed Lake, after having connected with the power of the Nine Underworlds, was also becoming more and more powerful.

Not only was the formation distorting space, opening the Great Nine Underworlds Door; as this devilish formation circulated, it was even beginning to switch from defence to offence, assisting the Decimating Abyss martial practitioners in suppressing the experts of the various Sacred Grounds!

Raising his head to look at the all-encompassing sky of black fog, Yan Zhaoge murmured to himself, “The backup plan has indeed also failed, with it now being time for a head-on fight. The Chief of Turbid Wave Pavilion’s reaction shouldn’t be slow, right?”

Of the current six great Sacred Grounds, Broad Creed Mountain and Infinite Boundless Mountain had Sacred Artifacts but lacked Martial Saints. Meanwhile, the other four Sacred Grounds all had Martial Saints sitting over them.

Turbid Wave Pavilion’s number one expert, their current Pavilion Lord, the Roiling Cloud Martial Saint, ‘Turbid Wave Roiling Cloud’ An Qinglin, was the sole female Martial Saint of the current Eight Extremities World, and thus the number one female expert of the current era.

Although Turbid Wave Pavilion was strictly neutral, not getting easily involved in outside matters, the lands of the Lake Domains were guarded by it like an iron barrel, with other powers also not able to easily encroach.

It was just this kind of formless, shapeless power of the Nine Underworlds' Evil Devils that eroded people's minds that could barely infiltrate.

However, such a major incident having occurred on the grounds of the Lake Domain, An Qinglin would not sit by doing nothing.

While it was a distance of five thousand kilometres, with a Martial Saint's speed, rushing over here from Turbid Wave Pavilion, not all that much time would be required.

The only thing that worried Yan Zhaoge was that since the enemy already knew their plans like the backs of their palms, they should also have counterplans for any follow up changes.

Yan Zhaoge didn't know if the Decimating Abyss Organisation had a Martial Saint, or even an expert who could attain the level of a Martial Saint bolstered by the power of the domain of devilish qi.

However, he knew that if the enemy had planned beforehand for the Fire Devils at the East Sea to make use of this chance to create chaos, flanking them on both sides as they worked together simultaneously from the inside and the outside, let alone An Qinglin, even Jade Sea City's City Lord, the Jade Sea Martial Saint Song Wuliang would have to keep a close eye on the situation on the sea, and would not have the time to hurry over here.

"That's why I say that having spies, is truly something that gives one a headache."

Rubbing his temple, Yan Zhaoge sighed, then continued forward.

Following the threads of blood, as Yan Zhaoge proceeded, he saw that through the black fog before him a bright light had actually begun vaguely shining.

As he progressed even further, the bright light became more and more piercing to the eye; red as blood, it appeared terrifying and mournful.

As Yan Zhaoge traversed the black fog, the scenery before him now instantly changed.

Enveloped by red light, that massive region was completely empty, with only a construct that resembled a tall tower standing erect at its centre.

That tall tower was completely gold in colour, yet emanated a blood red glow. Innumerable black spirit patterns were shining as they congregated in all directions, concentrated on that tall tower.

The black spirit patterns resembled numerous black chains as they tightly wrapped themselves around the tall tower.

Looking closely, Yan Zhaoge discovered that this golden tower, rising from the ground, seemed to still be gradually increasing in height.

The ground near the bottom of the tall tower flowed unceasingly, seeming as though it had a life of its own as mud clustered around the tower, helping it to add bricks and set tiles as its height increased endlessly.

At the peak of the golden tower, numerous streaks of red light shone, as they vaguely seemed to form a door!

This red door of light was projected on the ground before the tall tower.

What caused Yan Zhaoge to take notice was that the red door of light was currently shaking unceasingly in mid-air, trembling as it seemed as though it might open at any moment.

And on the ground before the tall tower, the projection of the red door of light was also trembling as if with excitement.

The space between the two doors continued to distort, causing the ground to also deform intensely.

It was as though something was about to tunnel up from beneath the ground, ripping apart a massive fissure and deep abyss.

Yan Zhaoge's expression turned stern. The red door of light above the tall tower was the result of the formation, while its projection on the ground was the true Great Nine Underworlds Door that was about to open.

If that rift was truly opened, and transformed into something that truly existed in this physical plane, then the deep abyss below would lead, not to the underground of this Eight Extremities World, nor the mud and rocks of the bottom of Clear Concealed Lake.

But the Nine Underworlds of the legends!

Just by looking at this door, it was obvious that it was currently already in the midst of opening.

Yan Zhaoge's gaze flickered as he saw that near the distorting projection of the red door of light, a few people were actually present.

One of them, was precisely the Liu Shengfeng who had previously met defeat at Yan Zhaoge's hands!

At this moment, his pupils had yellowed as a red light shot out from within. Clearly, he had already been consumed by darkness and fallen to the dark side.

Beside Liu Shengfeng were two other martial practitioners, with the same slightly insane twisted smiles on their faces as him. They were similarly fallen practitioners.

Before the three of them, five people were lying limply on the ground, unable to move.

His gaze sweeping over them, Yan Zhaoge discovered that they were actually all people he knew.

Ye Zhongzhou, Ruan Ping, Li Jingwan, Xiao Yu, Zhang Yao.



# HSSB 188: Cruel And Merciless

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“Rip!”

Liu Shengfeng poked out with his finger.

A bloodied hole was instantly opened in Ye Zhongzhou’s arm.

“...” Ye Zhongzhou clenched his teeth, not uttering a sound, his eyes widened into circles as he stared angrily at Liu Shengfeng.

Liu Shengfeng smiled slightly, “A tough man, huh.”

Saying this, he tapped out with his finger once more. Heavily injured, Ye Zhongzhou was unable to evade it, able only to watch on helplessly as yet another bloodied hole was added to his arm.

Liu Shengfeng laughed rather maniacally , “I love torturing tough men the most; because they can generally can hold out longer, letting me play with them a few more times.”

Ye Zhongzhou let out a stifled snort, “Madman!”

He stared at Liu Shengfeng, “You torture me for the sake of making me fall into anger or despair, you want to make me hate you, you want to make me fall to the dark side just like you? Stop daydreaming!”

“I am indeed furious, and indeed hate not being able to kill the madman that you are, but I definitely won’t let these notions consume me, and become willing to be a devil just like you are!”

Liu Shengfeng said like it was nothing, “You are the one who shouldn’t daydream. You were originally already not my match, and now that you are heavily injured, how can you kill me?”

He smiled like he was playing a prank, “If you fall, your strength will increase, and you might even break through to the late Xiantian stage. Only then would you possess the qualifications to battle me.”

“Also, at the same time that you fall, you will obtain a chance for all of your injuries to completely heal. Look at me, originally having been beaten by Yan Zhaoge to the point of my Divine Mountain Tyrannical Body being forcibly terminated, with injuries serious to the point that I almost couldn’t even crawl up.”

“Under such circumstances, transforming into a devil, allowing devilish qi to refine and reforge my body, my injuries immediately healed, even allowing me to easily fight against the five of you simultaneously.”

Laughing, Liu Shengfeng once again pointed out with his finger, his aura-qi once again piercing a hole through Ye Zhongzhou’s arm, “My intentions are good. I’m giving you a chance to rise once again where you fell.”

Ye Zhongzhou’s forehead dripped incessantly with cold sweat as

he clenched his teeth, completely ignoring Liu Shengfeng's words.

Liu Shengfeng was also not in a rush, all smiles as he looked at Ruan Ping on the other side, "Turbid Wave Pavilion's Junior Brother Ruan. Having been received by you a few days ago, I am truly grateful, and it is only right that I give you a return gift."

Saying thus, pointing, a bloodied hole also appeared on Ruan Ping's arm.

Ruan Ping let out a muffled groan, twisting his head to the side as he ignored Liu Shengfeng's words.

Liu Shengfeng was also not in a rush as he laughed, "Actually, if the two of you both fall and join hands, perhaps you can even match me in battle; why not consider it for a bit?"

From the side, the two other fallen practitioners looked on at this in amusement.

Ruan Ping remained indifferent as he did not speak, while Ye Zhongzhou laughed coldly, "Dream on!"

Looking first at Ye Zhongzhou, then at Ruan Ping, the corners of Liu Shengfeng's mouth revealed a cold and wicked smile.

Getting up, he moved away as he said carelessly, "Forget it, it's fine. I, have never liked forcing people anyway."

Saying thus, he moved over to Li Jingwan and Zhang Yao's side.

Ye Zhongzhou's face changed, "Liu Shengfeng, what're you doing?"

Liu Shengfeng said gleefully, "Nothing. I'm just greeting these two young Junior Sisters, as we get to know each other."

Smiling, he squatted down before Li Jingwan and Zhang Yao. The two were still able to retain their calm, as Li Jingwan tightly pursed her lips while Zhang Yao clenched her teeth, closing her eyes.

Liu Shengfeng looked at them somewhat interestedly. As his gaze fell on Li Jingwan, he pointed out.

Li Jingwan's shoulder instantly had a bloodied hole added to it.

The female disciple of Jade Sea City let out a pained groan. However, her gaze was still without fear as she who looked refined actually had a rather tough side to her.

Glaring angrily at Liu Shengfeng for a moment, Li Jingwan then abruptly shut her eyes, an abnormal redness surfacing on her face.

Her heavily injured body suddenly erupted with a powerful aura-qi!

“Activating the Heaven Flooding Tide under such circumstances; are you thinking to end yourself?” Liu Shengfeng was somewhat taken aback before he chuckled, quickly pressuring down with a palm to disperse Li Jingwan’s agglomerated aura-qi, “Sadly, the difference in strength between us is too great, and you are also heavily injured. In front of me now, it would be hard for you to die even if you wanted to.”

Li Jingwan opened her eyes, looking furiously at Liu Shengfeng.

Coming in front of her, Liu Shengfeng laughed, “After falling, your injuries will heal. If you want to commit suicide immediately then, perhaps I wouldn’t be in time to stop it.”

After looking furiously at Liu Shengfeng for a moment, Li Jingwan closed her eyes once more, still not speaking a word.

The smile on Liu Shengfeng’s face vanished, “Perhaps Junior Sister Li doesn’t understand me very well. I, rather fear death.”

“Therefore, to those people who view death as returning home, I feel especially a bit of...haha, not respect, but hatred.”

Saying thus, Liu Shengfeng pointed, and a haze of blood instantly erupted from one of Li Jingwan’s legs, paining her till her face turned pale as a sheet, “Therefore, I just love torturing those who don’t fear death. I have countless methods to make them feel worse than if they were dead, letting them know that not fearing death, is actually also nothing really worth mentioning.”

Liu Shengfeng swivelled his head to look at Zhang Yao, baring his teeth, “Turbid Wave Pavilion’s Junior Sister Zhang, we meet again.”

As Zhang Yao remained silent, her eyes kept tightly shut, Liu Shengfeng laughed, “Speaking of which, I have really let Junior Sister Zhang see an ugly side. Earlier, when fighting with that Yan Zhaoge, I lost rather pathetically.”

Liu Shengfeng lightly tapped Zhang Yao’s shoulder, his power condensed but not released, “Of the lot of you here, the one whom I had wanted to receive the most was you. After all, the two of us meeting would be rather awkward.”

As Zhang Yao’s body trembled slightly, Liu Shengfeng continued, “I have always been thinking of how I could get rid of this awkwardness, and not being able to think of a way after a long time, I eventually still decided that it would be better for us to meet no longer.”

“If we are to part ways forever, it would naturally be the most reliable for the barrier to be one of life and death. I, being afraid of death, and also not wanting to die, am therefore only able to ask you to please go die.”

“Rip!” Zhang Yao’s shoulder was penetrated by the power of Liu Shengfeng’s finger, as she let out a tragic cry.

Liu Shengfeng said leisurely, “But before you die, you can still

accompany me to play for a bit.”

Zhang Yao hissed, “Just kill me!”

Shaking his head, Liu Shengfeng laughed, “I will, but when I do, is to be decided by me.”

Ye Zhongzhou glared angrily at Liu Shengfeng, whose gaze turned to him as he laughed, “You want to save them ah? Sadly, you don’t have that ability. Why not try falling; at least there would be a chance then. However, you alone would be insufficient; only with that Junior Brother Ruan over there would there be some chance of success.”

“You!” Green veins bulged on Ye Zhongzhou’s neck as he exhaled heavily, glaring at Liu Shengfeng.

By the side, Ruan Ping remained unspeaking, his eyes still closed.

“Senior apprentice-brother Liu, calm down a little. Whatever the problem, it can also be discussed; it would be fine after talking it out, there’s nothing that cannot be solved through communication...”Xiao Yu said in a single breath from the side.

“You shut up,” Liu Shengfeng said coldly, “I put you at the last not because you are from the same clan as me, but because you are the one whom I hate the most, that I want to kill the most.”

Saying thus, Liu Shengfeng directly pointed at Xiao Yu, who let

out a tragic cry as a bloodied hole appeared at his abdomen, fresh blood spurting out from within.

“Every sentence you say, I’ll do it once more,” Liu Shengfeng smiled coldly, “Now, as you wish, let us talk.”

Coming before Xiao Yu, Liu Shengfeng smiled, “Right, since we are of the same clan, it is only right for me to give you some preferential treatment.”

Saying thus, he pointed out once more, another bloodied hole instantly opening up on Xiao Yu’s body, “Every sentence you say, I’ll do it twice.”



# HSSB 189: The Disdainful Zhao Hao

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Liu Shengfeng lowered his head to look at Xiao Yu, saying indifferently, “If you’re stronger than me, you can speak, and I’ll just have to listen. You’re so weak, and yet you jabber on all day long, full of nonsense; who can stand listening to you?”

Bearing the intense pain, Xiao Yu gazed in another direction, “Junior apprentice-brother Zhao, help me persuade senior apprentice-brother Liu!”

In the distance, from behind the tall golden tower a figure emerged, his gaze cold whilst also intractable. It was precisely Zhao Hao.

Zhao Hao’s expression was his usual, his eyes clear as his jet-black pupils were completely calm, “If you have sufficiently firm wills, no one would be able to force you to fall.”

“It would at most just be dying; if you wish to live out your lives ignobly, what matter is there whether you’re a human or a devil?”

“However, if I were in your place, rather than being like fish on a chopping board as you are now, life and death subject to another’s will, I might as well fall, obtaining the strength to put up a final struggle.”

Ye Zhongzhou and the others all looked at him, shocked, as Xiao Yu opened his mouth, “Even you, junior apprentice-brother Zhao, would be willing to become a devil? But you clearly have not

fallen...”

Zhao Hao said disdainfully, “To you, becoming a devil would only be amplifying certain desires within your hearts, gaining the courage to do what you have never dared to do before.”

“But there has never been anything that I have never dared to do before. What I want to do, I do, living out my life as I want, as I please.”

“To me, there is no difference in being a human or a devil, and I also don’t care whether others are humans or devils.”

“To me, it is all the same. I will kill all those who stand in my path, be it human or devil.”

Zhao Hao chuckled, his expression filled with contempt, “The most dangerous and venomous thing in this world is the human heart. The devil is birthed from the heart; as long as sentient beings exist, devils will not be extinguished. In fearing the Evil Devils, you are actually only fearing the deepest, darkest thoughts within your own hearts.”

“However, to me, I have never minded going by my true, innermost thoughts, yet will also not lose control of them.”

“What I pursue is freedom, free and unfettered, roaming the world as I like. To me, the only real thing in this world is power; the rest are but merely illusions.”

“Old Man Mo has been pretty good to me, so I have accepted his goodwill. While I have no interest in being like him, or aiding him in letting the Nine Underworlds descend, I will also not intentionally wreck his plans.”

Zhao Hao sent a disdainful look at Ye Zhongzhou, Xiao Yu and the others, “Therefore, I do not care about the Evil Devils, because I can control my own state of mind, unlike you pieces of trash who dare to think but do not dare to admit, still having to shrink back in fear, concealing and hiding.”

Ye Zhongzhou didn’t care about Liu Shengfeng and the others by his side as he could not help but break out scolding, “A heap of nonsense; you are merely selfish and self-interested, indifferent to others but yourself.”

Zhao Hao said contemptuously, “Trash like you-what qualifications have you to speak of me?”

As these words left his mouth, Ye Zhongzhou and the others were stunned, and even Liu Shengfeng was slightly taken aback.

His gaze sweeping over Ye Zhongzhou and Ruan Ping, Zhao Hao let out a cold snort, “Already so old, yet still in the mid Xiantian Martial Scholar realm-you’ve lived your whole life as a dog.”

Ye Zhongzhou was immediately angered to the point of laughing, “You are merely at the late inner aura stage; and you say that I am merely in the mid Xiantian Martial Scholar realm?”

Zhao Hao smiled disdainfully, “At my age, what was your cultivation? Higher than mine? If not, what face do you have to speak to me?”

Ye Zhongzhou glared furiously at him, “This bastard, if not the fact that I am injured, I would definitely show you what’s good for you!”

By the side, Ruan Ping now also opened his eyes, glaring angrily at Zhao Hao.

Liu Shengfeng looked as though he was smiling whilst also not, his gaze moving between Zhao Hao, Ye Zhongzhou and Ruan Ping.

As the two people beside him looked at Zhao Hao, their expressions were also slightly awkward and unfriendly, but Liu Shengfeng waved his hands, gesturing for them not to speak.

Zhao Hao also ignored the expressions of the trio, sending a sidelong glance at Ye Zhongzhou, “By the way, a year ago, I was still not even a Martial Scholar. Now, I am already a late inner aura Martial Scholar. In cultivating from the Body Refinement realm to the late outer aura Martial Scholar realm previously, how long did you take? Was it faster than me? If not, what are you if not trash?”

“In this year, how much has your cultivation increased by? Already so old, yet merely a mid Xiantian Martial Scholar-if your age was not eaten by the dogs, where would they have lived?”

“Showing me what’s good for me? Let’s compete not in cultivation speed, but in strength at the same cultivation level. At the same cultivation level, I would be able to easily take on three or five of you simultaneously; yet you wish show me what’s good for me?”

Zhao Hao looked a little pitifully at Ye Zhongzhou, “Actually, dying today-it might be better for you.”

“Otherwise, in the future, you would quickly see me surpassing you in terms of cultivation within a short period of time, at the same time suppressing you as I would an ant.”

Heat immediately rushed to Ye Zhongzhou’s brain, but being heavily injured, he was just completely unable to move. He was instantly frustrated till his eyes turned bloodshot.

Shocked, Xiao Yu looked at Zhao Hao, “Junior apprentice-brother Zhao, you might have been too hurtful in your words...”

Appraising him with a glance, Zhao Hao then said disdainfully, “The greatest piece of trash is you, not knowing how to do anything at all, only knowing how to jabber on non-stop. Someone like you-if not for your Master protecting you, you would long since have died a hundred times already.”

“I look down on your sort the most: clearly having potential that is not bad, yet not knowing how to treasure it, completely wasting it away, makes you even worse than trash.”

Amidst his words, the peak of the golden tower and the projection of the red door of light on the ground below were becoming more and more distorted.

The power contained within was also becoming more and more terrifying, as a strange and tyrannical aura emanated from within, causing the originally already heavily injured Ye Zhongzhou, Zhang Yao and the others to find it more difficult to bear.

The black chains that wrapped themselves around the golden tower began shaking non-stop.

This all-encompassing world of red light where they were currently located also began quaking ceaselessly.

Outside of the domain of red light, black fog rolled as numerous strong spiritual lights and fist-intents of martial practitioners met.

The opening of the Great Nine Underworlds Door had already reached its most crucial stage.

Meanwhile the offence and defence of the numerous experts outside had already reached the stage of a true life and death struggle.

The defensive line of the Decimating Abyss Organisation's experts had already been gradually forced close to the core region of the formation.

However, accompanied by the growth of the terrifying aura emanating from within the Great Nine Underworlds Door, the crowd of Decimating Abyss experts grew braver and fiercer as they fought, actually beginning to repel the experts of the various Sacred Grounds once more.

His gaze sweeping contemptuously over Xiao Yu, Ye Zhongzhou and the others, Zhao Hao then said casually as he turned to walk back towards the golden tower, “If you find Yan Zhaoge, remember to tell me.”

Liu Shengfeng laughed, “You are looking for Yan Zhaoge?”

Zhao Hao said, “Yan Zhaoge is at least different from these pieces of trash, but I will let him know that I and him, are also different.”

“Looking for me?”

A voice suddenly resounded by their ears. As Liu Shengfeng, Zhao Hao and the others turned simultaneously, they saw Yan Zhaoge looking at them from the distance.

Yan Zhaoge, however, didn't look at Liu Shengfeng and Zhao Hao, instead looking solemnly and apologetically at Ye Zhongzhou and the others, “You guys, due to having to make some preparations, I have let you suffer; I'm sorry for that. I assure you that a short while later, you will be given the chance to personally repay Liu Shengfeng tenfold, a hundredfold for his actions.”

# HSSB 190: All Of You Here, Are Trash

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Yan Zhaoge gazed at that golden tower as well as the red door of light projected below it.

The door leading to the Nine Underworlds, would soon be opening.

After his initial moment of shock, Liu Shengfeng began chuckling strangely, “Returning it to me a hundredfold? Based on what?”

“That’s right; even if, having been refined and reborn allowing my power to rise, I am still not your match, so what?”

Some madness dwelled within Liu Shengfeng’s smile, “With the Nine Underworlds descending, this is soon to completely become the hallowed ground of my people; unless you think you can stop it?”

“Something that so many Martial Grandmasters outside can’t do—you think you can do it?”

“That’s right, you indeed managed to secretly find your way in. However, as a Martial Scholar, what can you do?”

Liu Shengfeng smiled as he stepped to the side, sending Yan Zhaoge a ‘giving way’ gesture, motioning for him to head to the golden tower.



“We will open up a path for you, allowing you to attack the core of the formation as you will. With your cultivation, you’ll not be able to damage such a great formation; it’ll be like an ant trying to topple a tree.”

Yan Zhaoge’s expression was calm, “It is true that with my cultivation, I indeed cannot do it.”

“The Nine Underworlds descending is also indeed something that I must stop. Otherwise, even if I rescue Senior Brother Ye, Junior Sister Zhang and the others, the final result would still be that all of us would be finished.”

“Therefore, what do you think I was spending time preparing for just now, in not instead directly beating you into having a pig’s head, saving Senior Brother Ye and the others?”

Amidst his words, the roiling noise of thunder suddenly resounded by everyone’s ears.

Along with a loud rumble, a purple orb slowly rose into the air, resembling a purple sun as it appeared in the blood-red sky.

It was precisely the fragment of the Eye of the Thunder Emperor!

Violent thunderbolts that brought with them a destructive pressure surged from within, countless purplish green snakes twisted unceasingly in mid-air.

Yan Zhaoge lightly pointed forward with his finger at an extremely slow speed. The tip of his finger seemed as though it was carrying ten thousand jin of weight, bearing an incomparable burden.

The purple orb formed of the fragment of the Eye of the Thunder Emperor rumbled as it transformed into a purple streak of lightning, flashing towards that golden tower!

The purple streak of lightning collided with the golden tower with a bang.

On the golden tower, a crack clearly visible to the naked eye immediately appeared, extending from the peak of the tower all the way to its very bottom.

The numerous black spirit patterns entangling the golden tower trembled unceasingly, breaking apart in great numbers.

Even that door of red light at the very peak of the golden tower began to tremble, its exterior rippling like waves.

However, the golden tower did not completely shatter!

The door of red light projected on the ground, still existed!

The terrifying aura grew stronger and stronger, as the Great Nine

Underworlds Door was still about to immediately open!

The formation's core having been attacked, the formation itself circulated ceaselessly, dissipating the power as changes also came to the grand formation.

The red sky above their heads ripped apart, roiling black fog surging.

Amidst the devilish qi that surged to the heavens, two spiritual lights shot up, as two towering mountain peaks, one black, one red, now appeared before the eyes of Yan Zhaoge and the others.

Looking carefully, both of these mountain peaks seemed to be thousands of metres long, pressuring heavily downwards as they hovered within the air.

Numerous massive spirit talismans that stretched out far into the distance congregated, forming a massive spirit formation, lifting the mountain peaks up before the two divine mountains that touched the heavens, collided heavily!

A fierce momentum ripped the surrounding devilish domain apart!

That black divine mountain had evidently come up better in that exchange.

Great laughter resounded in mid-air, "Shan Shiweng, you were

originally not my match. Here, it is even more so!”

This laughter was precisely that of Infinite Boundless Mountain’s Elder Mo.

Originally supposed to have been surrounded and captured as soon as possible, he was currently standing stern and imposing as he suppressed Shan Shiweng.

His great laughter was deafening, “This is what you were relying on?”

“Son of the Yan house, the son of the Heavenly Thunder Hall’s Lin Tianfeng has already spread the news of you gaining a Sacred Artifact fragment all over-how could we not know of it?”

“However, so what? At the end of the day, you are still a mere Martial Scholar. While a Sacred Artifact fragment, whilst being a fragment, is still the base of a Sacred Artifact, how much of the power within can you wield?”

“This old man’s luck today is not bad, just happening to be in the vicinity. This old man will gladly accept this Sacred Artifact fragment; I have to thank you for giving me a treasure ah!”

The black divine mountain seemed to grow even bigger and taller as it directly suppressed the red divine mountain, cracks even having begun to appear on the red divine mountain’s exterior.

Elder Mo laughed coldly, “A little one who still reeks of his mother’s milk; relying on the little talent that you possess as you no longer know the boundlessness of the heavens and the immensity of the earth. You must know that geniuses like you, die young the most easily!”

“Still want to spar with me? Okay, this old man will satisfy you today!”

“After the Nine Underworlds descends, this old man will slowly take care of you!”

From the ground, Zhao Hao expressionlessly spoke, “Leave him to me; if I do not slaughter him personally, my heart will be uncomfortable, and my thoughts will not be smooth.”

Elder Mo broke out into laughter, “See whether his life is so tough, as to be able to survive under this old man’s hands.”

While that golden tower had been cracked by the fragment of the Eye of the Thunder Emperor earlier, the Sacred Artifact fragment was currently embedded within, sucked in place by the golden tower.

Numerous streaks of blood-red light shone as like it had a life of its own, that golden tower attempted to swallow the fragment of the Eye of the Thunder Emperor!

Looking at Yan Zhaoge, Liu Shengfeng smiled, “What are you

still stunned for; hurry up and try to save your treasure?”

“If you manage to do so and then turn tail and run, perhaps you’ll be able to escape with your life?”

“As for me, you’d best not care,” Liu Shengfeng was all smiles as he walked towards Ye Zhongzhou and the others, “Letting them personally exact vengeance a hundredfold or a thousandfold on me is no longer really possible; you’d best place hopes on yourself being able to survive this day and take revenge for them in the future.”

“However, as you know, I am afraid of dying, and will definitely properly hide from you.”

Seeing the fragment of the Eye of the Thunder Emperor currently trapped by the golden tower, feeling the terrifying aura emanating from within the Great Nine Underworlds Door growing stronger and more tangible, Ye Zhongzhou, Zhang Yao and the others finally felt true despair within their hearts.

Zhang Yao glared furiously at Liu Shengfeng, yelling out, “Only able to bully the weak as the strong, a deformed goblin who bullies the soft and fears the tough!”

“Previously, having been beaten by Yan Zhaoge into a pile of rotten mud, then shaking your tail and acting like a pitiful beggar; you are worse than even a dog, really humorous beyond belief!”

Liu Shengfeng laughed, “Wanting to provoke me into killing you, getting instant relief ah? How would it be so easy?”

“Yes, I indeed bully the weak as the strong, and indeed bully the soft and fear the tough, acting like the most obedient and compliant little dog before the strong whereas being the most terrifying nightmare before weaklings like Junior Sister Zhang.”

Liu Shengfeng came before Zhang Yao, pinching her cheek, forcing her to meet his gaze, “Little lady, now, this pile of rotten mud wants to muddy your face. Are you ready?”

“Hands off,” Yan Zhaoge’s voice suddenly resounded by Liu Shengfeng’s ears.

Liu Shengfeng frowned slightly as he suddenly discovered that Yan Zhaoge’s tone was very calm, not carrying a sense of defeat in the slightest.

His gaze first sweeping over the trio of fallen practitioners led by Liu Shengfeng as well as Zhao Hao, then looking at Ye Zhongzhou, Zhang Yao and the others currently collapsed on the ground, Yan Zhaoge suddenly laughed.

“I am not specifically targeting anybody ah; I just want to say that...” Yan Zhaoge’s gaze turned cold, “All of you here, as long as you are standing, are trash.”

# HSSB 191: Killing Consecutively!

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Before Yan Zhaoge's words had landed, the fragment of the Eye of the Thunder Emperor that was currently embedded in the golden tower, seemingly trapped, suddenly flickered intensely!

Accompanied by this, the golden tower shook abruptly!

As the golden tower shook, the entire grand formation seemed to be shaken slightly along with it as well.

The red door of light projected on the ground shook intensely, as time itself seemed to freeze at this very moment.

That boundlessly terrifying, intimidating Nine Underworlds aura also seemed to weaken slightly at this moment.

In the sky, Elder Mo's enraged, alarmed roar resounded from that black divine mountain!

As long as they were a fallen practitioner, located within the demonic domain, everyone was affected by this without exception, their minds shaken as they were all momentarily dazed for a time.

At the same time, his body flashing, Yan Zhaoge had already vanished from the spot.

In that instant, a streak of jade light suddenly rose, like a rainbow



streaking across the heavens as it instantly pierced through space, hacking directly before Liu Shengfeng!

Recovering from a momentary trance, Liu Shengfeng virtually unconsciously tried to exert force with his hand, wanting to twist and break Zhang Yao's neck!

But to a martial practitioner like Yan Zhaoge, this brief moment was already sufficient!

Jade light flashed; fresh blood splattered!

Liu Shengfeng gave a muffled groan as his arm that had been pinching Zhang Yao's face, had already been hacked off by Yan Zhaoge!

The two fallen practitioners beside Liu Shengfeng also returned to their senses at this time. Not having the time to care about him, one on one side, they raised their hands together!

Two ropes flew out, numerous sigils and runes appearing on their surface.

In that instant, a bright light lit up, transforming into a sphere of light, wanting to lock Yan Zhaoge within!

Yan Zhaoge didn't even bother glancing at it, flipping his left hand as a glass plate appeared within, shining with a blood-red light.

Yan Zhaoge had forged a new Blood Devil Plate following the one he had used to break Lin Zhou's Blood Cocoon Net previously.

The blood-red light streaked out, instantly breaking apart that barrier in the shape of a sphere of light!

The two fallen practitioners frowned deeply. With the help of the devilish domain here, the strength of their barrier was such that it was sufficient to trap Heavenly Connection Martial Scholars for a period of time, and was even able to trap Martial Grandmasters for a few breaths.

But who could have thought that it would actually be immediately broken through by Yan Zhaoge, not having obstructed him in the least!

Both being proficient in fighting and killing, having failed in their first strike, they did not hesitate, immediately beginning their second attack.

One of them gave a low howl as he threw out a foot, directly kicking towards Yan Zhaoge.

As he kicked out, his aura-qi immediately formed an illusory heaven and earth, boundless waves and tides surging towards Yan Zhaoge.

This martial practitioner threw a combo of kicks, endless howls

of waves seemingly resounding, each one higher than the previous as they smashed wildly towards Yan Zhaoge.

As Yan Zhaoge prepared to meet the enemy, the other fallen practitioner formed a circle with his arms. A large amount of aura-qi agglomerated in his hands, erupting with a fierce light.

As all his body's aura-qi converged to form a gigantic sphere of light, this person pushed out with his palms, smashing straight towards Yan Zhaoge from the other direction!

With the size of the light sphere, not only did it encompass Yan Zhaoge, it even drew in the collapsed Ye Zhongzhou, Zhang Yao and the others along with it!

If Yan Zhaoge handled this improperly, Ye Zhongzhou and the others would immediately be harmed by the attack.

However, if he helped Ye Zhongzhou and the others to parry it, the other opponent's attack would pose a threat to him himself!

Ye Zhongzhou and the others stared. They knew that if they were placed in the same precarious situation, they would also be hard pressed to deal with it!

“What will he do?” Ruan Ping's heart tensed up.

Zhang Yao unconsciously opened her mouth, “Senior Brother Yan...”

Ye Zhongzhou clenched his fist tightly, “Don’t care about us anymore; at moments like this, you should prioritise yourself first!”

Liu Shengfeng’s gaze was ferocious as, cradling the wound of his severed arm, a black pendant hung by his waist now flew up, transforming into a light that attached itself to his severed arm!

“Yan Zhaoge!” Liu Shengfeng roared wildly as, at the stump of his severed arm, black light actually solidified to a form a whole new arm within a short period of time!

Gathering the aura-qi of his entire body, he then simultaneously struck out with both his palms towards Yan Zhaoge!

Knowing that Yan Zhaoge had several spirit artifacts on him, in order to prevent Yan Zhaoge relying on them to forcibly block their attacks, the trio of fallen practitioners roared simultaneously.

As they roared, black light individually spouted out from their mouths, forming a ring in mid-air.

The ring was not a spirit artifact, but a strange, unique treasure.

As the black light flickered, Yan Zhaoge temporarily lost his connection with his spirit artifacts.

Seeing this, neither panicked nor harried, Yan Zhaoge's gaze remained calm as his body shook abruptly, one hand clawing forward, resembling an illusory shadow!

Coiling within a sea of stars, swallowing true dragons whole-the twelve-winged Heavenly Snake King seemed to reappear within this world!

Yan Zhaoge clawed out, breaking through the sea waves, grabbing his opponent's right leg.

Not giving the fallen practitioner any time to react, Yan Zhaoge spun, exerting force with his arm, directly travelling in a huge arc!

The next moment, this fallen practitioner was flung away in another direction by Yan Zhaoge!

In that direction, precisely existed the gigantic light sphere pushed over by the other fallen practitioner's palms!

A loud bang resounded as Yan Zhaoge's first opponent was directly used by Yan Zhaoge as a human shield to block his second opponent's brutal attack!

Violent light dissipated in all directions, not able to harm Yan Zhaoge, whilst also not able to injure Ye Zhongzhou, Zhang Yao and the others.

After flicking out with his arm, Yan Zhaoge rushed out like a

thunderbolt, his palm continuing to smash on the first fallen practitioner who had served as a shield for him.

Having originally already been injured from his own companion's full-powered strike, now having another palm supplemented to him by Yan Zhaoge, the fallen practitioner instantly perished!

At this moment, the fragment of the Eye of the Thunder Emperor on the golden tower, roared!

The purple orb abruptly shuddered, shaking at a speed indiscernible to one's eyes.

It was as though the ancient Thunder Emperor of legend had blinked, the flicking of a finger, the blinking of an eye, a single moment, a single instant!

Infinite, boundless violent thunderbolts completely erupted within this incomparably short instant!

An Instant's Thunder, in that moment, incinerated everything, all its power completely concentrated to be released in that one instant!

Illuminated by the light of lightning, Yan Zhaoge's expression didn't change, pushing the first fallen practitioner's corpse with his palm, as though raising a shield high as he continued slamming towards his second opponent!

His enemy grit his teeth tightly, pushing out with his palms once more, wanting to shatter his companion's corpse along with Yan Zhaoge!

However, in the moment where the two were about to make contact, Yan Zhaoge's figure seemed as agile as an ape as he abruptly spun.

His opponent's palm only shattered that corpse, while Yan Zhaoge, appearing on his other side, slammed out violently with his palm, with a momentum that could collapse the heavens!

The sound of an explosion resounded as Yan Zhaoge's second opponent had his head directly shattered by his one palm!

Only now did Liu Shengfeng, frantically chasing Yan Zhaoge, arrive behind him.

Turning, Yan Zhaoge's eyes were like lightning as he gazed at Liu Shengfeng.

Liu Shengfeng's heart trembled as the light of lightning illuminated his face a purplish-green.

While Yan Zhaoge strode forward in a huge stride, punching straight towards Liu Shengfeng!

Aura-qi congregating, blazing fire raging, obscuring the heavens and covering the earth, sweeping away all demons and monsters.

Not daring to hesitate in the slightest, with his new fist formed of black light, Liu Shengfeng also punched out!

As the light flickered, it formed layers upon layers of illusory scenes, innumerable Evil Devils seemingly howling savagely in unison within the black light!

As Yan Zhaoge punched out, the sound of dragons roaring and tigers howling resounded, the resulting terrifying force extinguishing the silhouettes of innumerable Evil Devils, decimating all that stood in its path!



# HSSB 192: Gao Zhe, You Want To Die Once More, Is It?

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Yan Zhaoge punched out with his right fist, then immediately stepped forward, jabbing out with his left elbow.

Then, he took his third step, lowering his body slightly as he slammed fiercely forward with his right shoulder.

Finger Flicking Shocking Thunder Three Combo!

Yan Zhaoge's punch with his right fist directly shattered Liu Shengfeng's new arm that was reformed of black light.

Greatly shocked, Liu Shengfeng wasn't able to evade, and was only able to forcibly take it head-on as he circulated his Divine Mountain Tyrannical Body that he had successfully re-accomplished after falling to the dark side to the limit.

However, Yan Zhaoge's left elbow was like shocking thunder as it jabbed fiercely at Liu Shengfeng's left chest, right before his heart.

Liu Shengfeng's face immediately turned pale as a sheet.

His Divine Mountain Tyrannical Body, had been broken once more!

Next, Yan Zhaoge brought forth his third attack with Finger

Flicking Shocking Thunder, his right shoulder slamming into Liu Shengfeng's abdomen.

With a muffled breaking noise, Yan Zhaoge seemed to have heavily struck down a huge mountain with his shoulder as Liu Shengfeng's body directly flew backwards.

Liu Shengfeng let out a tragic cry, fresh blood spurting madly out of his mouth as his entire body's aura-qi had been dissipated by Yan Zhaoge's attack.

His chest had collapsed inwards, leaving numerous broken, distorted white bones visible, directly piercing out of his flesh and blood.

Liu Shengfeng slammed onto the ground like a broken rag doll, his entire body limp as he could only exhale more than he inhaled, as he desperately tried to form words with a mouth that was endlessly leaking blood.

While Liu Shengfeng's power had risen from falling to the dark side, the current Yan Zhaoge had also vastly improved from when they had previously clashed.

Illuminated by lightning, Yan Zhaoge's visage was cold as he looked calmly at the collapsed Liu Shengfeng, "I said before; Senior Brother Ye, Junior Sister Zhang and the others will have the chance to personally exact vengeance on you."

Liu Shengfeng stared, his body twitching as he struggled. However, even moving a single finger was difficult for him now.

As though corroborating Yan Zhaoge's words, in the golden tower, the fragment of the Eye of the Thunder Emperor began shining with infinite radiance and released countless thunderbolts within an instant, and then dimmed, vanishing without a trace as though that terrifying scene earlier had completely been an illusion.

However, the sound of thunderclaps resounded, ceaseless to the ear.

The light at the top of the golden tower dissipated, its exterior losing its lustre as it now seemed just like an ordinary stone pillar.

Its surface was riddled with cracks, as its exterior fragmented unceasingly and fell downwards, as though a meteor shower was descending.

The numerous black spirit patterns entangling the tower that resembled chains shook in unison, taut as it seemed like they were bearing an unimaginable weight.

Finally, these black spirit patterns, shattered.

Innumerable spirit patterns surged backwards, shrinking back into the surrounding black fog as the entire grand formation actually began circulating in reverse.

The sky resounded with Elder Mo's enraged howl, as from the distance could also be heard the various shocked cries and enraged howls of many other Decimating Abyss experts.

What caused Liu Shengfeng was the most despair was that lying on the ground, as he struggled to twist his neck to look at the red door of light within the sky despite the immense difficulty of moving, he saw out of the corner of his eye that that red door of light which had originally stood tall in mid-air at the very peak of the tower was now also gradually beginning to dissipate along with the collapse of the tower.

It did not have to be asked for it to be known that there was no longer any hope for the true Great Nine Underworlds Door projected on the ground that had originally already been right about to open.

Ye Zhongzhou, Ruan Ping, Li Jingwan, Xiao Yu and Zhang Yao currently all had completely stunned looks on their faces.

In their eyes, the situation which was at the very edge of doom had suddenly flipped itself around within but an instant.

In the red light of the devilish domain, the menacing tower shattered and collapsed, leaving behind countless fragmented rocks that rained down from the sky like hail.

Below, Yan Zhaoge's proud upright form resembled a descended divinity.

After a slight pause, the terrifying aura of the Nine Underworlds surged madly, yet showed signs of having reached the end of its tether.

An instant's thunder, in a single moment, had blazed with all its power to erupt in a single burst, releasing incredible strength.

The fragment of the Eye of the Thunder Emperor as wielded by Yan Zhaoge confounded everyone's expectations as it truly shook the core of the Devilish Domain Grand Formation.

Having released all of its energy in such a grand fashion, the fragment of the Eye of the Thunder Emperor fell irrepressibly into a state of slumber, the purple orb turning dim and lustreless, its aura completely vanishing as it returned to a dormant state, waiting to recover.

Since Yan Zhaoge's own essence, qi and mind was closely linked with the Sacred Artifact fragment's, at this moment, it also began deteriorating rapidly.

Suddenly, a sword-light ignited.

The sword-light shone like fire, immediately illuminating the dark space as it was targeted directly at Yan Zhaoge.

Yan Zhaoge's expression did not change as he looked calmly at the attacking Zhao Hao.

Staring coldly at Yan Zhaoge, Zhao Hao wielded a crimson sword, overflowing with a brilliant light that resembled flying fire. It was, shockingly, a spirit artifact!

Xiao Yu stared wide-eyed, because as a fellow disciple of Zhao Hao's, he knew that Infinite Boundless Mountain had not bestowed any spirit artifact upon him.

Yan Zhaoge did not find Zhao Hao's heaven-defying fortuitous encounters and possession of accompanying treasures unexpected, as he only focused on the sword attacking towards him.

“Your strength has currently been greatly damaged. Originally, I disdain taking advantage of the distressed, but your cultivation base was originally higher than mine, and only now can a battle between us be counted as fair.”

Zhao Hao said coldly, “During the Heavenly Connection Meet, I communicated with Elder Mo, wanting to have a battle with you at the same cultivation level. You didn't dare to accept it.”

“But now, if you dare, you have to fight. If you don't dare, you still have to fight. You do not have a choice in the matter.”

In the moment that it takes for lightning to flash and a spark to fly from a flint, his sword-aura spread out, resembling fire blazing across a plain.

His sword-light like fire, some starlight also seemed to light up, numerous meteors descending from the sky.

That one sword contained an imposing and profound sword-intent, as starlight and firelight seemed to have merged into one.

The crimson sword-light gradually turned golden.

The all-encompassing golden firelight spread out, then condensed all of its power into a single line, heading straight towards Yan Zhaoge!

Pill Fire Divine Sword, Starlight Fire Trailing Sky!

“Yan Zhaoge, draw your sword!” Zhao Hao roared, “Do battle!”

Accompanied by this loud roar of his, the momentum of his sword skyrocketed madly. While he was still a late inner aura Martial Scholar, this sword of his seemed like it could split the heavens and the earth apart.

At this moment, Zhao Hao's figure seemed incomparably tall, as a figure vaguely surfaced within his pupils.

That figure presided loftily above with his sword, arrogant and overbearing, unbridled and without restraint as he domineeringly traversed the world.

With that one sword, hacking the heavens and splitting the earth, there seemed to be nothing that could obstruct his footsteps.

Zhao Hao clearly still just possessed the cultivation base of a late inner aura Martial Scholar, but the fearsomeness of his sword-aura that enveloped the area made hearts tremble, made hands and feet go weak.

Ye Zhongzhou, Zhang Yao and the others were all shaken, shocked to the extreme.

Only Yan Zhaoge's expression remained calm as he just looked at Zhao Hao with a slightly strange gaze.

While Yan Zhaoge was currently in an extremely weak state, faced with Zhao Hao's Starlight Fire Trailing Sky, he did not panic or become flustered.

A jade light lit up, meeting Zhao Hao's golden sword-light.

The clear qi within Yan Zhaoge's dantian spread to the sides, the chaotic qi mass surfacing as ice and fire intermingled, yin and yang mixed.

His aura-qi was no longer blazing hot, nor icy cold, and instead remained in a permanent state of chaos, neither yin nor yang, with neither a beginning nor an end.

The next moment, this chaos suddenly exploded.



It was not the Coiling Dragon Sleeve, not the Big Dipper Sword, not the Taiji Cloud Dragon Sword, nor any other sword art, nor was it any other martial art.

Emptying his mind, Yan Zhaoge seemed to congregate all his martial skills at a single area at this moment, then, using an inexplicable method, merged all of these forces together, erupting simultaneously!

It was as though all objects had returned to chaos, and then that chaos was extinguished, the universe opening up once again.

The jade green sword-light and the golden sword-light, met head-on in mid-air!

As the golden light abruptly shattered, looking at Zhao Hao's expression of utter bewilderment, Yan Zhaoge murmured in a low voice, "Gao Zhe, you want to die once more, is it?"

# HSSB 193: Decimating Everything That Stands In His Path!

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The two spirit swords, one jade green, one pure gold, clashed in mid-air.

Brandishing his sword, within the concept of Yan Zhaoge's sword technique actually vaguely appeared a bit of the majestic scene of chaos being extinguished and the universe opening up once again.

It was like the end of everything, whilst also the beginning of everything.

Where the sword-lights clashed, Zhao Hao's sword-light of Starlight Fire Trailing Sky that flickered with golden flames was instantly extinguished.

The Incinerating Light Sword within Zhao Hao's hands, the spiritual qi of its sword-light suppressed by the Jade Dragon Sword, instantly became dim and lustreless.

Yan Zhaoge's terrifying sword-intent followed through, chopping towards Zhao Hao.

A slightly stunned expression surfaced on Zhao Hao's face, as he could only feel that Yan Zhaoge's sword contained a massively terrifying concept that could extinguish all objects.

His own aura-qi and sword-intent actually completely collapsed and dispersed on its own, not being able to withstand it.

“He didn’t execute this sword during the Heavenly Connection Meet; what exactly...” Zhao Hao could feel Yan Zhaoge’s current weakness, to the point where even externalising his aura-qi was hard.

In terms of cultivation, the current Yan Zhaoge didn’t hold an advantage at all.

If one said that a higher cultivation base led to a greater knowledge and outlook, he, Zhao Hao was a Martial Saint in his previous life, so how could he be facing a setback in this area now?

However, without any reason whatsoever, without any doubt whatsoever, in this current clash, he had been cleanly defeated!

Zhao Hao yelled severely, “Earth Devouring!”

Flipping over his palm, a tiny incense burner that was pure black in colour and totally inconspicuous suddenly appeared within.

No aura was emanated from this incense burner whatsoever, and no spiritual light flickered from it whatsoever as well, with no unique energy fluctuations that were detectable from it at all.

It was as though it was a mortal tool which could not be any more ordinary.

However, when Yan Zhaoge's sword met that tiny black incense burner, the force contained within was like mud entering the sea as it vanished in an instant.

Striking the exterior of the incense burner, the low-grade spirit artifact, the Jade Dragon Sword, completely didn't leave behind any marks on its surface at all.

Yan Zhaoge squinted, not hesitating in the slightest as he immediately struck out with a palm!

Zhao Hao held the incense burner, seeming as though he was raising a shield as he moved around, withstanding Yan Zhaoge's attacks.

Yan Zhaoge raised his brows, "Unable to wield the treasure, only able to rely on the mystical power of its body. Only able to be used for defence?"

His palm that struck towards Zhao Hao instantly changed, exquisite techniques and variations expanding as an all-encompassing series of palm-shadows bore down on Zhao Hao.

Brandishing his sword, Zhao Hao counterattacked, "Yan Zhaoge. Today, I will kill you!"

The golden tower collapsed, the red door of light vanishing, the grand formation supporting the devilish domain suddenly

circulating in reverse.

The world of red light everyone was currently located in gradually collapsed, the black devilish qi above their heads abruptly halting, then rapidly dispersing!

The two divine mountains resembling towering pillars that supported the very sky, one black, one red, appeared overhead once more.

From the black mountain echoed Elder Mo's furious roar, "Child of the Yan Family, you're courting death!"

The towering mountain peak directly smashed down towards Yan Zhaoge.

The light before Yan Zhaoge's eyes instantly dimmed as a black shadow grew larger and larger overhead, obscuring the sky and concealing the sun.

The terrifying aura almost caused his body to be completely numb, not able to move in the slightest.

"Take care of yourself first," His expression not changing, Yan Zhaoge laughed indifferently.

The Devilish Domain Grand Formation circulated in reverse, the numerous remaining dispersed strands of devilish qi beginning to surge wildly into the bodies of the various fallen practitioners.

At this moment, the fallen practitioners who had previously been bolstered by the devilish qi not only were not benefiting from an increase in their power, but instead even faced a massive threat from the devilish qi that, rapidly circulating in reverse, now violently assaulted their bodies!

Originally having been pressuring down towards Yan Zhaoge, that black divine mountain was currently instead shaking intensely, as though it was facing the danger of collapse.

The massive spirit formation that formed the black divine mountain also became unstable at this moment, as it began to fragment non-stop!

Runes and sigils were extinguished one after another, turning into streaks of light that dissipated within the air.

Elder Mo howled furiously, “Little bastard!”

At the same time, the red divine mountain formed of Shan Shiweng’s fist-intent slammed into the black divine mountain!

The black divine mountain that had originally already been at the brink of collapse instantly began collapsing and breaking apart for real!

Having instead been assaulted by the devilish qi, Elder Mo’s power was instantly overtaken by Shan Shiweng, whom he had

kept suppressed earlier!

The battle situation instantly reversed.

The black divine mountain and the black talismanic formation broke apart simultaneously, revealing Elder Mo's maniacal, disbelieving face, his golden-yellow eyes staring at the red divine mountain before him, also at the Yan Zhaoge beneath, blood shining madly within his pupils as his fury soared to the heavens.

However, Shan Shiweng capitalised mercilessly on his momentum, his red body formed of his fist-intent descending once more, smashing till fresh blood wildly spurted out from Elder Mo's mouth!

Elder Mo roared and howled in rage and hatred, his body connected to one after another long, thin chains formed of silhouetted black runes.

The long, thin chains formed of devilish qi surged in reverse into his body, as the assaulted Elder Mo instantly spat out yet another mouthful of fresh blood!

While Shan Shiweng's attack, not giving him any chance of counterattacking whatsoever, struck once more!

"Child of the Yan Family, there won't be a good ending for you!" Knowing that it was already basically impossible for him to escape, Elder Mo howled madly, completely ignoring Shan Shiweng,

wanting to muster his final strength and kill Yan Zhaoge, to vent the hatred within his heart.

However, the black runic chains that surged in reverse caused his already heavily injured body to be unable to bear the burden, as his flesh and blood nearly imploded.

As Elder Mo's figure halted momentarily in mid-air, Shan Shiweng's attack instantly caught up with him!

A massive 'boom' sound resounded, resembling a massive, ancient rock completely shattering and breaking apart.

With it, Elder Mo's life came to an end, spitting out a mouthful of fresh blood as his aura-qi and fist-intent were completely extinguished.

He died with great grievance, glaring fixatedly at Yan Zhaoge, "... This old man cannot accept it!"

Thus fell a longtime Martial Grandmaster expert!

His violent vital qi dissipated within the air, momentarily causing boundless winds and clouds to surge as the people beneath were gusted to the point of being unable to stand stably.

Having just managed to stand up with great difficulty, Ye Zhongzhou, Zhang Yao and the others all toppled down in varying directions once more.



Bearing the impact of the airflow, Yan Zhaoge also seemed like a lone vessel within the gusty sea, but his attacking hands remained as stable as a rock!

He thrust out with his sword towards Zhao Hao, who returned a blow with his Incinerating Light Sword.

Empty handed, Yan Zhaoge punched towards Zhao Hao, the terrifying concept of chaos being extinguished and the universe opening once again appearing once more!

Faced with Yan Zhaoge's iron fist, Zhao Hao's gaze was both cold and fiery at the same time as he held out his tiny black incense burner, wanting to block Yan Zhaoge's attack with it.

However, in the instant before Yan Zhaoge's fist contacted that tiny black incense burner, the extinguishing force suddenly calmed, as all became soundless and peaceful.

It was as though the process of the universe reopening had temporarily stopped, all returning to chaos once more.

Without yin, without yang; without before, without after; without a beginning, without an end, without knowledge, without feeling.

Zhao Hao's face changed slightly.

His face expressionless, Yan Zhaoge's stance abruptly changed as he spread out his fingers, clawing towards Zhao Hao's wrist!

Being extremely rich in combat experience, Zhao Hao's reaction was swift. As Yan Zhaoge changed his stance, his hand carrying the tiny incense burner also abruptly exerted more strength, the back of his hand like a massive hammer as it slammed down towards Yan Zhaoge's arm.

It was Infinite Boundless Mountain's direct lineage martial art, Heaven Breaking Hammer!

His gaze like lightning, Yan Zhaoge speedily returned his qi, exerting force once more!

Finger Flicking Shocking Thunder!

Spreading out his fingers, they abruptly became supple as they breezed gently past Zhao Hao's wrist, as though playing on a lute.

However, Zhao Hao's arm trembled as though it had been struck by electricity, fresh blood spurting uncontrollably from his wrist as the meridians within were shattered!

Zhao Hao's hand, was no longer able to grasp the tiny incense burner.

Not giving him any time to react, Yan Zhaoge struck out with a roaring Jade Dragon Sword in his other hand , the terrifying

power of chaos being extinguished chopping towards Zhao Hao once more!

“Yan Zhaoge!”

An unresigned enraged howl left Zhao Hao’s mouth as, a cold wind blew past his neck!

Following that, an extinguishing sword-intent spread out from the wound at his neck to his entire body, ripping his entire body apart!

Flesh and blood, shattered!

Muscles and bones, shattered!

Soul, shattered!

Everything, shattered!

Yan Zhaoge’s expression was cold and indifferent, “It’s the second time, and the feeling now-it’s like, it’s really nothing special at all?”

# HSSB 194: Just Who's The Ant Here?

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As Yan Zhaoge's sword-aura entered Zhao Hao's body, Zhao Hao was unable to resist it as his fleshly body completely shattered into a cloud of gore!

An indistinct illusory figure seemed to drift right before Yan Zhaoge.

With regards to appearance, it seemed to more or less resemble Zhao Hao, yet was also slightly different.

Yan Zhaoge had seen paintings spread of the appearance of the past Pill Fire Divine Sword Gao Zhe before. Besides resembling Zhao Hao, this illusory figure before him seemed to resemble Gao Zhe as well.

It was precisely the other party's soul.

However, this soul was currently shattered and on the brink of destruction.

Zhao Hao, or should it be said Gao Zhe, glared fixatedly at Yan Zhaoge, letting out a soundless roar which seemed to echo by Yan Zhaoge's ear, "If I don't die today, I will definitely rise up once more and have my revenge!"

"Yan Zhaoge, you and that Broad Creed Mountain behind you-I will not rest until one of us is wiped out! I will definitely fight it

out to the end with you!”

Yan Zhaoge looked calmly at him, saying mildly, “You die, I live. This is also a pretty good solution.”

Zhao Hao roared towards the sky, unresigned to his fate.

Suddenly, the small black incense burner that had fallen onto the ground emitted a suction force, wanting to suck the shattered fragments of Zhao Hao’s soul within.

“This again?” The corners of Yan Zhaoge’s mouth arched slightly. Extending his palm, exerting force, he instantly locked Zhao Hao’s soul in place, preventing it from entering the small black incense burner.

Yan Zhaoge looked at Zhao Hao, smiling mildly, “The only reason Ye Jing could pull this stunt at the Sealing Dragon Abyss was because I had no intentions of killing him at that time.”

“As for you-who should die, shall not live.”

Yan Zhaoge exerted greater force with his palm, the fragments of Zhao Hao’s shattered soul instantly distorting!

Zhao Hao roared furiously, “You insignificant ant...”

Yan Zhaoge chortled, “You had best be clear on this. Right now,

the insect you speak of, is really you.”

“Weak to what extent?” Yan Zhaoge raised his eyebrows, “Weak to the point that I don’t even care whether or not you hate me, don’t even care why you are antagonistic to my Broad Creed Mountain.”

“If you weren’t a hindrance, I wouldn’t bother with you. However, you daring to pierce in as a thorn in my flesh, I’ll just slaughter you then.”

Yan Zhaoge looked calmly at Zhao Hao, “This is what I think of you—simple and predictable. Taking care of you, is just as simple.”

Zhao Hao’s face was livid, but he was already unable to say anything.

His soul, by Yan Zhaoge’s palm, was completely and utterly destroyed!

The soul flying and the spirit scattering, to complete and utter, eternal, damnation!

Yan Zhaoge seemed completely unmoved, not even deigning to bat an eyelash.

Ye Zhongzhou, Xiao Yu, and Zhang Yao stared dazedly at the scene playing out before them. Stunned, they seemed unable to recover their wits.

As for the paralyzed Liu Shengfeng on the ground, he was even more dumbstruck. Having seen what had happened to Zhao Hao, he was even more frightened than he had been before.

In fact, from the moment that Yan Zhaoge had revealed himself till now, only a short time had passed.

Saving people, shattering the formation, and slaying the enemy.

Everything had been accomplished in only a few breaths of time.

The state of affairs had been completely reversed in the blink of an eye.

At one moment, it seemed as if the descent of the Nine Underworlds was imminent, and in the next moment, Yan Zhaoge was brazenly slaying Zhao Hao and shattering the devilish formation.

Watching Yan Zhaoge standing there, the minds of Ye Zhongzhou, Zhang Yao, and the others momentarily blanked.

Yan Zhaoge watched serenely as the all-encompassing devilish qi gradually dispersed.

The oppressive aura from the Nine Underworlds gradually subsided as the illusory door on the ground also vanished

completely.

As the portal closed, an extremely unresigned will seemed to pass through infinite time and space, roaring in Yan Zhaoge's ear.

Yan Zhaoge didn't change his expression. He sheathed his sword and gazed into the distance as the dissipating devilish qi transformed into numerous rampaging chains across the sky.

Elder Mo and the other fallen practitioners, to whatever extent, all suffered a backlash from the formation, the devilish qi surging in reverse, flowing into their bodies.

The higher the cultivation base, the more serious the backlash.

Without the boost of the devilish qi, instead even being harmed by it, the lines of the Decimating Abyss experts instantly collapsed, their loss destined.

In the sky, the red mountain paused for a moment. Yan Zhaoge could feel the gaze of Shan Shiweng on him.

"Pity that he isn't a disciple of my Infinite Boundless Mountain..." Shan Shiweng let out a regretful, whilst also praise-filled sigh, before instantly speeding off into the distance to help hunt down the remaining Decimating Abyss Organization experts.

Yan Zhaoge watched as Shan Shiweng travelled into the distance. At the same time, without betraying any emotion, he emitted a



suction force with his palm to pick up the little black incense burner beside Zhao Hao's corpse.

Compared to Zhao Hao, he was instead more interested in this little incense burner.

The sword strike he had used to kill Zhao Hao as well as the one with which he had defeated Zhao Hao's Starlight Fire Trailing Sky earlier were both martial arts he had comprehended and created himself.

For Yan Zhaoge, whose cultivation was continually increasing, he had been continually working on improving his martial arts. At this point, he was already on the way to mastering them and forming a system of his own.

Finger Flicking Shocking Thunder, was just a beginning.

The principles within this martial art just executed by him was the more deep and profound.

Although it was still in its embryonic form, not yet matured as compared to Finger Flicking Shocking Thunder, its power was already not to be underestimated.

Yan Zhaoge had executed this martial art through the Jade Dragon Sword in a bid to kill, yet had been unable to leave behind even a single mark on the surface of this little black incense burner.

This showed that this ordinary looking incense burner actually had an extraordinary origin.

As a result, Yan Zhaoge was extremely interested in the mysteries of this incense burner, but was also equally cautious.

He sat down and meditated to recover his exhausted strength while simultaneously examining the incense burner.

At first, Yan Zhaoge couldn't feel anything, but fully focusing his mind on the incense burner, his mind suddenly wavered as it felt as though his spirit wanted to leave his body and enter the black incense burner of its own accord.

Yan Zhaoge warily kept his mind in place.

He slowly reached out and began infusing aura-qi within, surging unceasingly.

The aura-qi that was sent into the incense burner quickly vanished without a trace or any feedback whatsoever. For Yan Zhaoge, who was the original owner of this aura-qi, his connection with the aura-qi was completely terminated.

Continuously infusing aura-qi into the incense burner, fully concentrating on it, his mind suddenly wavered once more.

This time, he was long prepared for it. While keeping a firm guard up on his own mind, he began to probe the incense burner with his consciousness.

His consciousness entered into a world that was entirely pitch-black, quiet and deep, an infinite dimension of darkness.

“Hmmm?” Yan Zhaoge wrinkled his brows. He suddenly felt that there was a strange force affecting his mind that wanted to stop him from leaving this dark world, wanting to make him sink deeper and deeper within.

The world didn’t possess a single bit of light and was pure darkness. Any light that he tried to project into the world was absorbed by it, leaving behind only the deepest darkness.

While there was only a boundless expanse of darkness, Yan Zhaoge seemed to experience a vast and limitless temptation, attempting to draw his consciousness completely within.

Even though Yan Zhaoge could feel that this dark world was without malicious intent, he was also one hundred percent sure that if he was unable to defend his mind and was subsumed by the darkness, his soul would be eternally imprisoned in this dark world, his fleshly body reduced to an empty shell.

# HSSB 195: Gains One After Another

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Yan Zhaoge was calm, seemingly not flustered in the least.

Progressing forward in this darkness was undoubtedly yet another tempering of his mind and will.

If he showed any form of weakness or complacency, laziness or instability, the darkness would also make use of the chance to invade. As he resisted the bewitchment of the darkness, Yan Zhaoge's will received another upgrade as the impurities within his mind were removed.

Finally, while located within the infinite, boundless darkness, Yan Zhaoge was leisurely and contented, relaxed and at ease. While the darkness might be able to pull others into the deep abyss, it no longer had any effect on him whatsoever.

At this moment, Yan Zhaoge had some thoughts within his heart. Smiling, he raised his head, a pair of jet-black eyes appearing in the darkness above him, watching him silently.

Within the silent darkness, Yan Zhaoge did not say anything, and those black pupils also did not emit any sound, but a strange communication was formed between them.

The black pupils knew no sorrow and knew no joy, yet seemed to have acknowledged Yan Zhaoge's existence, now gradually closing and no longer appearing, as though they had never ever been there.

Yan Zhaoge smiled slightly. At this moment, he easily retreated from the world of darkness by his own will.

Seeing the light of day once more, Yan Zhaoge flipped his hand as he played with the black incense burner within it somewhat interestedly.

Flipping it over, he saw that at its bottom were inscribed two ancient characters.

Earth Devouring.

Yan Zhaoge remembered that during his clash with Zhao Hao earlier, the latter had also once yelled out these two words.

“Earth Devouring Burner, is it?” Yan Zhaoge pondered within his heart.

This was no ordinary treasure, not being a spirit artifact, yet seemingly possessing its own spirituality and will.

That pair of black eyes were not from a portion of will that had been left within by someone, instead having manifested of the Earth Devouring Burner itself after having developed spirituality.

Yan Zhaoge murmured to himself, “Interesting; If I want to truly grasp this treasure, and not use it clumsily like Zhao Hao did, it

looks like I'll have to spend quite some effort.”

Keeping the incense burner, Yan Zhaoge stood where he was, continuing to silently moderate his condition.

Earlier, the battle had taken an extremely huge toll about him. Not saying that he was like a lamp about to run out of oil, this battle had been the most taxing for his strength in his entire life here.

Clashing with Liu Shengfeng, Zhao Hao and the others would still be fine; the crux of the matter was that his essence, qi and mind had merged with that of Eye of the Thunder Emperor fragment to activate An Instant's Thunder, blazing all the power of the Sacred Artifact fragment in an instantaneous, single use.

Yan Zhaoge's current condition was still not like the Eye of the Thunder Emperor fragment that he was currently keeping, qi completely dried up, with the feeling of a thief going to steal from an empty building. It would not that be hard for him to recover.

In the qi ocean within his dantian, the chaotic qi mass shuddered as it split into numerous flows of ice and fire, yin and yang coexisting as they rapidly nourished his nearly dried up vital qi.

In comparison, the Eye of the Thunder Emperor fragment was much more troublesome.

The Sacred Artifact fragment in the form of a purple orb was

currently dim and lustreless, resembling a sooty stone orb as no lustre whatsoever could be seen on it at all.

Communicating with it with his mind, Yan Zhaoge could only feel a spirituality that was minute to the extreme, with it seemingly having fallen into a deep slumber reminiscent to a fake death.

It was temporarily impossible for it to transform into thunder light and merge within his right eye once more.

As he moderated his condition, Yan Zhaoge thought, “After all, it’s only a fragment, and not the true Sacred Artifact the Eye of the Thunder Emperor of legend.”

“It is rumoured that the Eye of the Thunder Emperor at its peak then, with An Instant’s Thunder, could split the sky and cleave the earth, and in the next instant, its power would have completely recovered to its original state.”

“Just like how we breathe, exhaling would be a barrage of divine thunder that shatters space itself, and inhaling would be the essence of the surrounding heaven and earth replenishing it completely.”

“And now, with its power having been depleted, wanting to accumulate it again, I fear that a long time will be needed, and the next time I use it, it’d be fine if I didn’t activate An Instant’s Thunder, but if I did, it would turn out like this, using up everything in a single go.”

Yan Zhaoge let out a long breath, his condition having recovered greatly, “Luckily, earlier, I had established a close connection with the Eye of the Thunder Emperor. Otherwise, this time would be much more troublesome ah.”

“Cough, after returning this time, I must definitely work harder in studying formations,” Yan Zhaoge shook his head, turning to look to the other side.

There, Ye Zhongzhou, Zhang Yao and the others were supporting one another, wrapping up their wounds and moderating their condition, soothing their injuries.

Seeing Yan Zhaoge look over, Ye Zhongzhou sighed emotionally, “Junior Brother Yan, it’s all thanks to you this time. Otherwise, the few of us would be dead.”

“Not only would we have died at Liu Shengfeng’s hands, more important would be the Great Nine Underworlds Door opening, the effects of which would be catastrophic beyond compare.”

Yan Zhaoge walked over, “Senior Brother Ye is too polite. At times like this, those with ability should naturally contribute a bit, naturally not standing by the side doing nothing.”

“It was only that in order to crack the formation earlier, I required some time for preparations, thus having let you suffer.”



Zhang Yao shook her head repeatedly, “Senior Brother Yan, quickly stop saying that, it’s you who saved us.”

Li Jingwan said, “If Senior Brother Yan had not stopped the Great Nine Underworlds Door from opening in time, we would ultimately still end up dying, still having the possibility of ending up in Liu Shengfeng’s hands, enduring more things, suffering more torture.”

As she said that, she turned to look to the other side. There, Liu Shengfeng lay limply and half-dead on the ground. The corpses of the other two fallen practitioners who had been slain by Yan Zhaoge had already vanished.

Currently, having wrapped up his wounds, his face pale and his expression weak, Ruan Ping stood by the collapsed Liu Shengfeng, looking down on him with a cold gaze.

Liu Shengfeng barely managed to force out a fawning smile that was filled with fear, “Senior Brother Ruan...be magnanimous and do not hold it on someone like me...ah!”

The latter part of his words was caught in his throat, replaced by a tragic cry.

With his foot, Ruan Ping stomped down on Liu Shengfeng.

His chest long since a hazy blur of flesh and blood, currently being stomped on by Ruan Ping at this moment, Liu Shengfeng

instantly felt pain beyond this world.

Moving his foot with much effort, Ruan Ping then stomped on the wound at Liu Shengfeng's severed wrist.

Liu Shengfeng shivered out a breath of cold air, not even having the breath to cry out now.

As Yan Zhaoge came beside Ruan Ping, looking at him, Ruan Ping was silent for a moment before he said, "Many thanks for saving my life."

"You are too polite," Yan Zhaoge nodded, with Ruan Ping hesitating slightly, "You want to stop me?"

Yan Zhaoge waved his hands, "Why do you say that; I left his life specifically to let you guys deal with him."

While saying so, Yan Zhaoge made a grabbing motion with his palm, tiny streams of black light being sucked out from the wound of Liu Shengfeng's severed arm, coming into Yan Zhaoge's palm, "I'm just a little interested in the technique with which he reconstructed his severed arm on the spot; that's all."

Keeping the black light, Yan Zhaoge turned to leave, "Do as you like, don't care about me."

Ruan Ping nodded, once against gazing down on Liu Shengfeng below him, in whose eyes despair instantly flashed.

Looking at the tragically screaming Liu Shengfeng, Ye Zhongzhou frowned slightly, then sighed, not saying a word as Li Jingwan and Zhang Yao twisted their heads to look elsewhere.

Liu Shengfeng's fellow disciple, Xiao Yu, currently seemed rather dazed, as though he was thinking about something.

Yan Zhaoge turned to look to where the golden tower had stood earlier.

It had already been wrecked beyond recognition, but within its ruins, it seemed as though there existed something.

# HSSB 196: Expressing Admiration

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Within the ruins of the tower there seemed to be something hidden, as a faint, dark light could be seen faintly glowing from within.

After observing the ruins for a moment, Yan Zhaoge extended his palm, his aura-qi surging as he blew the shattered stones away.

A black crystal appeared before him.

After staring at the black crystal for a moment, carefully feeling the pulsing aura within, Yan Zhaoge then reached out with his fingers, gently tapping the crystal's exterior, infusing his aura-qi within.

Yan Zhaoge's aura-qi entered the black crystal, circulating a full cycle before returning within Yan Zhaoge's body.

What accompanied it were wisps of pure, refined qi previously contained within the black crystal that had been drawn out.

Looking internally, Yan Zhaoge could see that along with the returning flow of his aura-qi, an existence like a black line flowed from his fingertips into his body, arriving at the qi ocean within his dantian alongside his aura-qi.

That flawless, refined qi that resembled a black line was pure and concentrated as it evoked a sense of coldness.

However, feeling that coldness, his heart seemed restless and about to surge up in unrest as it felt as though it was being drawn in by something.

With Yan Zhaoge's mind, a figure seemed to appear. While that figure was blurry, its features and appearance actually seemed identical to Yan Zhaoge's.

It was only that meeting Yan Zhaoge's gaze, that figure's gaze seemed somewhat wrong as it revealed a devilish qi that could not be concealed.

Looking calmly at this scene, Yan Zhaoge laughed lightly, "A crystallisation following the formation's reversal?"

In his dantian's qi ocean, the clear qi spread to the sides, revealing the chaotic qi mass within.

The chaos surged, integrating that pure, refined qi that resembled a black line within, wisps of white smoke instantly coiling up from within as the black line entered!

Within Yan Zhaoge's mind, that figure carrying devilish qi immediately began to slowly dissipate.

Accompanied by Yan Zhaoge increasing his infusion of aura-qi into the black crystal, the pure, refined qi drawn out from within also became denser and denser, till finally, a stream of black light

seemed to move through Yan Zhaoge's fingertip, following his meridians all the way to his dantian.

As more and more black light was integrated within, the chaotic qi mass gradually expanded.

After a long time, a cracking sound suddenly resonated from the black crystal, before cracks appeared on its exterior, following which it completely shattered.

The fragments of the shattered black crystal quickly turned to sand, before finally dissipating away with the wind, turning into dust.

After expanding, the chaotic qi mass within Yan Zhaoge's dantian's qi ocean quickly shrunk once more, resuming its original size, as though nothing had ever happened.

However, Yan Zhaoge could feel that his aura-qi was more vigorous and well-connected than before. At the same time, it possessed even more spirituality as it gradually seemed able to move as he liked, with him having progressed a step closer to the late Xiantian stage.

As the chaotic qi mass calmed, the clear qi surfaced to surround and conceal it once more.

Ending his cultivation, Yan Zhaoge scanned the surroundings, as he saw that the surrounding devilish qi had already gradually

dissipated, revealing that he was currently located on the mud at the bottom of Clear Concealed Lake, the lake water in the vicinity having completely dried up as this place currently seemed like the bottom of a massive basin.

The devilish qi dissipated and the devilish domain collapsed, no longer influenced by the devilish qi, the lake water that had been kept cut off further away made to fill up the empty space once more as it began surging over.

Yan Zhaoge could hear the rushing noise of water resounding from all around, resembling rapids.

On the other side, Liu Shengfeng had already died at Ruan Ping's hands, as Ye Zhongzhou, Li Jingwan and the others were also supporting one another.

Pushing out with his palm, Yan Zhaoge externalised his aura-qi, forming a massive hand which lifted Ye Zhongzhou and the other few up as he rose into the air along with them.

Very quickly, the rapids surged in from all directions, the land beneath them gradually turning into a lake country once more.

However, the current Clear Concealed Lake was destined to be different from before.

For example, Clear Concealed Island and the other islands in its central region already no longer existed, while at the bottom of the

lake, a massive crater signaled that something had happened.

Gazing into the distance, Yan Zhaoge felt that Clear Concealed Lake appeared completely different from before.

Many martial practitioners, especially many Martial Grandmaster experts, fighting in a huge battle on Clear Concealed Lake and the surrounding regions, easily affected thousands of kilometres away as the heavens roiled and the earth was overturned.

The Clear Concealed Lake of beautiful scenery completely faded away into history, as the clouds that once enveloped the lake's surface all year round had completely disappeared, the spiritual qi flow of the region chaotic till it had completely changed.

With regard to the strength of the battle participants, if not for the Devilish Domain Grand Formation and the grand formation that Turbid Wave Pavilion had previously installed here, the vast Clear Concealed Lake might have been completely wiped off from the surface of the earth.

Hovering in mid-air, Yan Zhaoge's heart suddenly moved slightly. Swivelling his head, he saw a figure speedily approach from the distance.

The newcomer was a big, burly man, who instead had the look of wanting to cry out to the heavens and slam his head into the ground, "Young Master, it's just so good that you're okay!"



Who was it if not Ah Hu?

Yan Zhaoge laughed, “Luckily, it was alarming but not dangerous, with the problem having been successfully resolved.”

Behind Ah Hu followed a giant being, with fur both black and white, with massive black rings around its eyes, simple and pure, walking with trademark knees bent inwards.

This giant fellow was naturally Pan-Pan. Not thinking about the Sikong Qing on his back, he opened his stride, shooting straight towards Yan Zhaoge.

Yan Zhaoge was of course happy that Pan-Pan was close to him. However, he didn’t want such a giant fella to lunge onto him, as he hurriedly raised his hand to stop Pan-Pan.

Yan Zhaoge patted Pan-Pan’s huge head. Pan-Pan extended his tongue, gently licking Yan Zhaoge’s palm.

Looking at the lake which was gradually recovering before their eyes, feeling the fluctuations of spiritual qi in the distance from the large scale battle that had still yet to end, Sikong Qing’s eyes sparkled.

As Sikong Qing and Ye Zhongzhou and the others exchanged greetings, Yan Zhaoge looked towards another direction.

There, Xu Fei’s figure appeared.

Seeing that Yan Zhaoge and the others were all safe, Xu Fei first heaved a sigh of relief before he asked Yan Zhaoge, “The Devilish Domain Grand Formation collapsing, the aura of the Nine Underworlds also vanishing-all of this was...”

Yan Zhaoge laughed, “Luck, luck.”

Xu Fei gently punched him on the shoulder, “You’re good, actually managing to resolve the matter!”

“This is much more major in scale than the matters in the Heavenly Connection Meet,” Xu Fei sighed in praise, “It is hard to imagine that this is something a Martial Scholar was able to achieve.”

Yan Zhaoge smiled slightly, “As you know, senior apprentice-brother Xu, I had a fortuitous encounter, coming by a Sacred Artifact fragment. Otherwise, I would be like ‘a skilled housewife is also hard pressed to cook a meal without rice’.”

Xu Fei shook his head, “It’s a Sacred Artifact fragment, not a Sacred Artifact. Being able to wield it sufficiently as a Martial Scholar is already very good in itself.”

“Much less the fact that this fortune came from you clashing with opponents, and did not drop down from the sky without any rhyme or reason.”

As he was speaking, a figure appeared in the distance. As Yan Zhaoge looked over, he saw that it was Tang Yonghao from whom they had been separated earlier.

Tang Yonghao had also known of Yan Zhaoge's intentions to enter the core of the formation, just that they had later lost contact in the midst of their journey together.

Currently, the Devilish Domain Grand Formation having fallen, the first one Tang Yonghao thought of was Yan Zhaoge, and after knowing that it was precisely Yan Zhaoge's work, he said from the bottom of his heart, "Junior Brother Yan, no matter the relationship between our two clans, on this matter, I have to express my admiration, also thanking you on behalf of the ordinary people of the Eight Extremities World whom you have saved from disaster."

Yan Zhaoge said, "Senior Brother Tang overstates things."

He looked into the distance, knitting his brows slightly, "This matter having turned out so troublesome also stems from the Decimating Abyss's encroachment and corrosion being too deep. Exactly who was it that came up wrong, I wonder?"

# HSSB 197: Who Under The Heavens Doesn't Know This Lord!

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Hearing Yan Zhaoge's query, Tang Yonghao fell silent for a moment.

Yan Zhaoge and Xu Fei both felt rather surprised at this, as the latter asked, "Senior Brother Tang, do you know something?"

Frowning, Tang Yonghao answered, "On the way here, I met others and heard some rumours, but also cannot properly confirm the rumours now."

Yan Zhaoge asked, "How about just sharing it with us?"

Glancing at Ye Zhongzhou and Li Jingwan, Tang Yonghao sighed but did not speak, instead sending a sound transmission with his aura-qi over to Yan Zhaoge and Xu Fei, "According to rumours, it was Elder Chen, who led Jade Sea City's disciples over here this time."

The features of that intractable Elder of Jade Sea City surfaced in Yan Zhaoge's mind, "Elder Chen?"

Tang Yonghao said, "It still can't be confirmed now. Elder Chen seems to have vanished, and we can only understand the truth of the matter once he has appeared."

Tang Yonghao being from the Sacred Sun Clan, greatly at loggerheads with Jade Sea City, it was not good for him to evaluate this, and he himself was also not a person to jump to conclusions lightly.

However, Yan Zhaoge still understood Tang Yonghao's meaning, which was that currently, whether dead or alive, Elder Chen was nowhere to be seen.

Such a longtime Martial Grandmaster expert actually vanishing was truly rather incomprehensible.

“Being bewitched by the Nine Underworlds can generally be attributed to various reasons. For example, Liu Shengfeng had an abusive personality and liked to torture others; this personality of his also having been suppressed and restricted by his clan, he made an easy target.” Yan Zhaoge rubbed his temple. “Martial Grandmaster experts, especially one with a high and deep cultivation, generally have firmer wills, and are thus not easily shaken by the Nine Underworlds.”

“However, it is also precisely because of their firm wills that once their state of mind changes, they also appear more stubborn, as well as more obstinate and more crazed.”

Yan Zhaoge let out a long breath, “I am not clear about Infinite Boundless Mountain's Elder Mo, but from the looks of him, he is clearly antagonistic to the extreme, filled with anger and hate towards things. As for Jade Sea City's Elder Chen, while he seemed rather intractable and temperamental before this, he still seemed overall upright and aboveboard.”

Tang Yonghao nodded upon hearing his words, whereas Xu Fei, after considering for a moment, said somewhat hesitantly, “Could it be, because of the matter of his grandson?”

“Ah?” Yan Zhaoge was rather confused by this, while Tang Yonghao looked like he had suddenly realised something.

Xu Fei explained, “Zhaoge may not be too familiar with it, because this matter happened rather long ago. Elder Chen lost his son many years ago, leaving only a grandson remaining. However, his grandson was full of ailments and weaknesses, and was also not able to cultivate. Therefore, he could only slowly try to deal with his condition. Seeing his grandson’s body getting weaker and weaker became Elder Chen’s greatest problem in his heart.”

He sighed, “This is already something from long ago; in recent years, no news about this have been incoming. It is also unknown whether...sigh!”

“Like this...” Yan Zhaoge nodded, not saying anything further.

He gazed into the distance, where victory was gradually being decided in the various battlefields.

With no hopes of the Nine Underworlds descending, and the devilish domain shattering and assaulting them instead, the Decimating Abyss experts already had no hopes of victory. Those who could escape all began to escape, while those who couldn’t fought on where they were.

Having been captured alive, those few who had not fallen still had some chance of surviving.

The majority who had already fallen, even having been captured alive, would most likely be killed following interrogation.

Great battles ended one after another, as the battle of Clear Concealed Lake finally came to an end.

One after another powerful auras began converging at the middle of the lake.

The first to arrive was a white-haired old woman, back arched and coughing intermittently as she seemed extremely weak.

However, Yan Zhaoge, Xu Fei, Tang Yonghao and the others all recognised her as a Grand Elder of Turbid Wave Pavilion, one of the top experts in the entire Lake Domain.

Seeing that old woman, Zhang Yao called out in joy, “Grand Master!”

Ruan Ping bowed, “This disciple Ruan Ping greets Grand Aunt-master.”

Looking at Zhang Yao, some affection was revealed on the old woman’s face.

Yan Zhaoge and the others, including the still heavily injured Ye Zhongzhou, Li Jingwan and Xiao Yu all went up together to greet the old woman as well.

After hearing Ruan Ping and Zhang Yao's reports, the old woman's gaze landed on Yan Zhaoge, as she slowly said after appraising him for a moment, "Broad Creed is fortunate."

Yan Zhaoge smiled, "Senior overpraises me."

The old woman similarly smiled, no longer speaking.

To a figure like her, the Yan Zhaoge who had dispelled the Devilish Domain Grand Formation was more worthy of her attention than the Yan Zhaoge who had domineeringly swept away many similarly-aged geniuses during the Heavenly Connection Meet.

Granted, a monstrous genius who presided loftily over those geniuses of the same age indicated that his future could not be estimated, possessing the possibility of achieving legend in the future.

However, a mere Martial Scholar coming out of nowhere and entering a major matter in which only longtime Martial Grandmasters would prove decisive, and also succeeding in a single go-this meant that the brilliance of Yan Zhaoge's vision, judgement, breadth of spirit as well as talent had already completely surpassed the level of his current cultivation as well as age.



As a Martial Scholar, he could influence a matter which concerned the situation of the entire world. Then, if Yan Zhaoge's cultivation rose in the future, what kind of legendary feats could he accomplish?

From another perspective, only a genius who did not die young could truly be considered a genius.

Of all humans, while the percentage of geniuses and heroes was small, given the condition of a massive amount of people, monstrous geniuses would still abound.

With the old woman's identity and age, she had seen too many different kinds of geniuses over the years.

Not talking about others, being able to achieve her current position and cultivation base, when she herself had been young, how was this old woman not a Heaven's favoured daughter at the top of her peers?

However, heroes were innumerable, but those who could achieve these heights were always only a limited few.

Huge waves cleansed the sand; too many geniuses never achieved their predicted heights.

And Yan Zhaoge's feats, in the old woman's eyes, as compared to those young geniuses who were only outstanding in terms of

martial arts, at least increased his chances as he continued heading somewhere higher and further.

“Broad Creed Mountain has a successor ah; now all that remains to be seen is if he can surpass those before him,” Looking at Yan Zhaoge, the old woman sighed within her heart.

The experts of the other Sacred Grounds all arrived in turn.

A purple-haired old man, a longtime Elder of the Heavenly Thunder Hall, after having heard about the details of this matter, focused his gaze on Yan Zhaoge, not speaking for a long time.

A middle-aged Martial Grandmaster beside him frowned, “The Decimating Abyss experts were all held up by us; this kid was merely lucky, relying on the power of the Sacred Artifact fragment and succeeding in his ambush, also not having been obstructed by any Martial Grandmasters.”

Hearing this middle-aged man’s words, that purple-haired old man turned to look at him.

The old man did not say a single word, but caused the middle-aged man to feel numb across his entire body, nearly suffocating as he broke out in a cold sweat.

Only when the middle-aged man nearly couldn’t take it any longer did the purple-haired old man retract his gaze, saying mildly, “Firstly, his Sacred Artifact fragment was also not picked

up by the roadside; it was obtained after consecutively defeating my Heavenly Thunder Hall's disciples. Let's first not talk about Yan Shan; do you think you could defeat the mid Xiantian stage Lin Zhou with a cultivation of the early Xiantian stage?"

"Afterwards, giving you a Sacred Artifact fragment, how much of its power would you be able to wield in the mid Xiantian Martial Scholar realm?"

"Finally, you also saw the strength of that Devilish Domain Grand Formation. Trapped within the devilish domain, how many Martial Grandmasters would still be able to accurately find the core of the formation? Even possessing a Sacred Artifact fragment, wanting to shake the core of the formation, the timing of the circulation of the formation also has to be accurately judged, only then being able to succeed in a single blow. Otherwise, it would only be wasting the power of the Sacred Artifact fragment for no good reason."

The purple-haired old man looked at that middle-aged man, "Now, do you still feel that this was merely a matter of luck, something that any other Martial Scholar, as long as they had a Sacred Artifact fragment in hand, would be able to do?"

That middle-aged man's face looked rather sooty as he lowered his head silently.

The purple-haired old man said mildly, "Granted, the Decimating Abyss experts were all engaged and held up by us on the outskirts. However, if not for him, The Great Nine Underworlds Door would have opened, and the results would have been completely

different.”

Looking at Yan Zhaoge, he sighed, “From now onwards, in this old man’s eyes, you are no longer just the son of Yan Di. Broad Creed Mountain’s Yan Zhaoge; this name-this old man shall remember it.”

Not only this purple-haired old man, the gazes of the experts of the various Sacred Grounds present were all focused on Yan Zhaoge.

Following today’s incident, the name of Broad Creed Mountain’s Yan Zhaoge, would be known by all.

Who under the heavens doesn’t know this Lord!

# HSSB 198: [A Recurring Year](#), Performing Something Major

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There are twelve animals in the Chinese Zodiac, and every twelve years, you get back to the year of the animal that you were born in. Hence recurring year.

On Clear Concealed Lake, the battle had finally come to an end. The peak experts of the various Sacred Grounds met up, consolidating all the new information that they had gathered, while also discussing the problem of the Nine Underworlds and the Decimating Abyss a step further.

Although this time's incident had been resolved, the various Sacred Grounds had all had losses.

The martial practitioners with a lower cultivation base also did not have it free and easy, as they were all communicating and interacting with those they knew.

The younger generation geniuses who had attended the Heavenly Connection Meet earlier were no longer the main characters at this moment.

However, as the core descendants of the various Sacred Grounds whom they groomed with much care, their vision and their knowledge as well as their grasp of the situation far surpassed others of the same age.

Regarding this time's Nine Underworlds descent, they generally

all had their own thoughts on the matter.

Of these, some had died in this incident, and no matter their relationship, as their fellow disciples thought of them, they would inevitably feel desolate.

Of course, their gazes also frequently fell on Yan Zhaoge.

Currently looking at Yan Zhaoge, the crowd of young geniuses all had complicated feelings within their hearts.

Even though he had shone brightly in the Heavenly Connection Meet, even though his talent and strength presided over many, earlier, when looking at Yan Zhaoge, it had not been any different from looking at themselves.

Yan Zhaoge's brilliance had caused many to, amidst their admiration, think to want to chase him with all their might, contending with him once more in the future.

However, after coming to know everything that had happened, many of them gradually had changes in their thoughts.

There seemed to be a division between them and Yan Zhaoge, who no longer seemed to be the same type of person as them.

While he was still a Martial Scholar, he was able to resolve a problem that many Martial Grandmasters also might not be able to solve.

Such a person's performance in the Heavenly Connection Meet earlier then seemed like it was only totally natural.

It was even to the point that the sparring between members of the same generation in the Heavenly Connection Meet might actually have been insufficient in displaying Yan Zhaoge's brilliance.

The young geniuses who thought thus were all silent for a time, innumerable thoughts springing up their minds as they wrestled with a feeling that was hard to explain.

Many people placed their attention on the Nine Underworlds and the Decimating Abyss, on Yan Zhaoge, to the point that very few noticed that a person who shouldn't even have appeared on Clear Concealed Lake had also come here.

A handsome youth, his expression quiet, his gaze piercing, in the garb of a core, direct disciple of the Heavenly Thunder Hall.

The son of the Heavenly Thunder Hall's First Seat Elder Lin Tianfeng, a Heaven's favoured son of the Heavenly Thunder Hall's younger generation, hailed as one of the Four Young Masters alongside Yan Zhaoge, Huang Jie, and Song Chao, the Thunder Rumbling Young Master, Lin Zhou!

His face was rather pale as he appeared weak.

Having been injured by Yan Zhaoge earlier, then forced to use the Blood Transforming Streaking Light Jade to activate a forbidden art to escape, Lin Zhou had suffered a huge blow to his vitality which had not completely recovered even now.

Therefore, in this time's Heavenly Connection Meet, like Yan Shan, Lin Zhou had also not participated in it.

That's not to mention the matter of Jade Sea City's direct lineage martial art, One Line Edge, for which they had always been wanting to find trouble for Lin Zhou.

Although the Heavenly Thunder Hall had supplied the vital information on the Nine Underworlds this time, letting Jade Sea City at least to be indebted to them a little, not pressing him so tightly, Lin Zhou himself still avoided appearing before the eyes of Jade Sea City's bigwigs as much as possible.

However, for this time's surrounding and capturing of Decimating Abyss experts, Lin Zhou had still secretly travelled alongside the Heavenly Thunder Hall experts in secret, coming to Clear Concealed Lake.

Him coming here was not for the Heavenly Connection Meet, not for the Nine Underworlds nor the Decimating Abyss, and also not to seek revenge on Yan Zhaoge.

Lin Zhou was here for another person.



From far, far away, concealing himself, Lin Zhou gazed far into the distance, at the figure of a girl who had already returned to the side of Jade Sea City's experts.

Seeing the other full of injuries, a pained look appeared in Lin Zhou's eyes, but seeing that she was still basically fine, he let out a breath of relief, "Jingwan, it's good that you are alright..."

Lin Zhou gazed at Li Jingwan sentimentally, only recovering after a long time as he sighed, "A pity, you don't recognise me now. Originally, we were supposed to have met during this Heavenly Connection Meet."

Thinking about the Heavenly Connection Meet, Lin Zhou's face darkened as his gaze swept past Yan Zhaoge's figure.

In order to avoid arousing attention, his gaze swept past him immediately, not lingering, but Yan Zhaoge's figure was still firmly etched within his mind.

"While you, Yan Zhaoge-your life should originally have come to an end here at Clear Concealed Lake..."

Lin Zhou closed his eyes, sucking in a deep breath, "The encroachment of the Decimating Abyss is indeed great, with them also being proficient at concealing themselves. I exposed the identities of some of them in order to force them to change their plans, making it so those more deeply concealed had to reveal themselves. Otherwise, if the matter of Clear Concealed Lake had gone smoothly, they would still have continued hiding amongst

the Sacred Grounds.”

“This means that this time’s Clear Concealed Lake incident was only a beginning, and they still have a larger plan.”

Thinking till here, Lin Zhou frowned.

In seizing the initiative this time, he and the Heavenly Thunder Hall could originally not only quell the chaos of the Decimating Abyss, but also receive benefits and remuneration from the other five Sacred Grounds.

However, because of the counterplan of the Decimating Abyss, things had swung greatly and they had very nearly failed.

Finally, it had been Yan Zhaoge who rose up against the raging waves, deciding the matter with a single stroke.

This way, while the others still had to thank the Heavenly Thunder Hall, many would believe that Yan Zhaoge had played a greater role.

The debts of gratitude of the other Sacred Grounds to the Heavenly Thunder Hall would immediately decrease by a lot.

Lin Zhou slowly opened his eyes, his eyelids lowered as his gaze was calm and without fluctuations, “This time, was only a beginning!”

The people of the Sacred Sun Clan were similarly also focused on Yan Zhaoge.

Broad Creed Mountain's younger generation having produced such a figure, the Sacred Sun Clan couldn't help but attach more importance to it.

Moreover, pursuing the root of the matter, the previous War of the Eastern Tang, as well as Infinite Boundless Mountain falling out with the Heavenly Thunder Hall over the Thunder Element Revival Art and the Giant Spirit Magnetite vein and finally allying itself with Broad Creed Mountain and Jade Sea City, thereby becoming their enemy, none of this could be separated from Yan Zhaoge.

The Sacred Sun Clan's higher-up who had been in charge of ambushing the Decimating Abyss experts this time was precisely the Twilight Lord of the Seven Reigning Suns.

Earlier, the Sacred Sun Clan's Elder who had accompanied Tang Yonghao, Huang Jie and the others over to Clear Concealed Lake to participate in the Heavenly Connection Meet had been the Dawn Lord, also of the Seven Reigning Suns.

At the same time, the Dawn Lord had also been the Decimating Abyss Organisation's spy in the Sacred Sun Clan.

In the end, in the great battle earlier, the Dawn Lord had been personally slain by the Twilight Lord.

The Twilight Lord's expression was completely calm and still as he only silently looked at Yan Zhao in the distance.

In the Eastern Tang, he had previously tried to kill Yan Zhao, but eventually was instead countered by Broad Creed Mountain. Not only having failed to kill, he even suffered consecutive heavy injuries at the hands of Shi Tie and Yan Di.

After looking for a while, without even turning back his head, the Twilight Lord sent a sound transmission with his aura-qi to Huang Jie behind him, "You specifically made a trip to Clear Concealed Lake, and have seen what you wanted to see. What are your thoughts?"

Behind him, the serene and quiet youth did not answer his question, only saying, "My second recurring year is soon arriving."

While the words had no head or tail, the Twilight Lord understood the meaning within.

Because he was one of the very few who understood the youth behind him.

"Usually being low-key is fine, but recurring years should be a little special, performing something major to commemorate the occasion."

These were words that Huang Jie had said.

What few people knew was that in his first recurring year, at the mere age of twelve, Huang Jie had been confirmed as the Sacred Sun Clan's next Chief.

This made it such that the position of the Sacred Sun Clan's Chief would have been consecutively held for three generations by the Huang Family, virtually as though it had been inherited.

However, the core experts of the Sacred Sun Clan at its highest echelons had unanimously supported this decision.

# HSSB 199: Still Underestimated You Originally

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As the Twilight Lord and Huang Jie were appraising Yan Zhaoge, Yan Zhaoge's gaze had actually also swept past where those of the Sacred Sun Clan were.

Yan Zhaoge glanced at Huang Jie, then looked at the other Sacred Sun Clan disciples by his side.

Those who had participated in the Heavenly Connection Meet, were all there.

While he still couldn't confirm whether the other party had left, no matter how much Tang Yonghao, who had also clashed with that masked Martial Grandmaster, trusted Huang Jie he would definitely also have performed the most basic verification.

With Huang Jie being so undisturbed, and some people having tied him down, his suspicion could already be greatly reduced.

Scanning the surroundings, while Yan Zhaoge did so in a casual fashion, he was actually appraising the Martial Grandmasters whose cultivation level were similar to that masked man's.

Actually, amongst those currently present, it was still very hard to say that there were no spies of the Decimating Abyss Organisation here.

After all, not all Decimating Abyss martial practitioners chose to fall to the dark side.

Within the heavens and earth of the devilish domain, it was indeed easy to stir one's devilish thoughts, resulting in that person, out of greed for a moment's pleasure, completely falling.

However, this was not a definite thing.

'You can know one's face but you can never know one's mind'-this phrase could be perfectly put to play here. Not falling to the dark side, even if a person's heart was filled with devilish intent, as long as it was concealed well enough, bystanders would not be able to see through him easily.

As long as there were no witnesses, even if this person had secretly killed another and then disposed of the corpse, he would still be able to openly walk out to meet the others following the incident.

It was instead fallen practitioners who, after having completely fallen, were greatly different from how they were usually; with their having fallen being hard to conceal, the fallen practitioners had basically extinguished all hope of being able to continue concealing themselves.

Yan Zhaohe didn't dare to confirm that there was definitely no way for someone to turn back into a human after having fallen to the dark side in this world, but the possibility of this was much too low.

In comparison, suppressing themselves to keep from completely falling was a more possible choice for those who concealed themselves.

Just like Elder Mo and the others in the incident of Clear Concealed Lake earlier.

“Am I worrying too much over nothing?” Yan Zhaoge pondered within his heart, “That Martial Grandmaster who ambushed me, was he not a concealed spy? After all, from the looks of it, he had already fallen for quite some time, rather than recently.”

“Thinking about it, he should be one of the Decimating Abyss operatives usually concealed in the Earth Domain.”

Yan Zhaoge stroked his lower chin, “Covering himself up so tightly, also not executing the martial arts he was most proficient in, without catching him on the spot, it would be completely impossible to see through his identity. Who would know who he was? Having fallen, he would instead be a more obvious target.”

“If it was not to conceal his identity, why then did he not display the martial arts that he was most proficient in?”

Yan Zhaoge replayed the scene of that time in his mind, “When he was clashing with the three of us, the sword arts and the palm arts that he employed were actually already quite profound. However, when comparing it to his cultivation base, although he may have spent much time on those arts, it is certain that he was



not the most proficient in them.”

Thinking for a time, Yan Zhaoge’s eyes then narrowed slightly into slits, “I feel like there’s more to this than I can see...”

“Zhaoge has achieved a remarkable feat once again; completely extraordinary,” As Fang Zhun’s elegant voice resounded by his ear, Yan Zhaoge kept his thoughts, smiling as he answered, “It was by the luck of the heavens; second apprentice-uncle overpraises me.”

Fang Zhun shook his head, “No, you did very well. If not for you suddenly coming out of nowhere as an unknown factor, the Decimating Abyss would very possibly have succeeded this time.”

“If the Great Nine Underworlds Door opened, wanting to close it would then be extremely difficult.”

Yan Zhaoge asked, “Why didn’t Pavilion Lord An of Turbid Wave Pavilion rush over in time? Did the Flame Devils cause trouble in the East Sea?”

Fang Zhun replied, “That’s right. It should have been people of the Decimating Abyss consorting with the Flame Devil World to act in concert, causing us to face attacks from both the front and the back.”

“Not just Turbid Wave Pavilion’s Pavilion Lord An, Jade Sea City’s City Lord Song and the Lord of the Heavenly Thunder Hall hurried over to the East Sea as well.”

“Also, things were also stirred up in the Earth Domain, with our clan and Infinite Boundless Mountain jointly suppressing it.”

Fang Zhun described the events that had transpired, as this time’s incident at Clear Concealed Lake seemed like a sudden, standalone incident, but actually involved many things, “Here at Clear Concealed Lake, after some urgent communication, it was finally decided that the Sacred Sun Clan’s Huang Xu would come over with the Great Sun Heaven Measuring Ruler.”

Yan Zhaoge raised his brows slightly, “Then, where is he?”

Fang Zhun’s expression turned solemn, “The Devil Saint appeared, attacking and obstructing Huang Xu and the Great Sun Heaven Measuring Ruler.”

Yan Zhaoge raised his head slightly, “The Devil Saint ah...”

In the current Eight Extremities World, the known, confirmed Martial Saints numbered six.

The Sacred Sun Clan’s Grand Elder, the East Coming Martial Saint, ‘The Sun Comes East’ Huang Guanglie.

Jade Sea City’s City Lord, the Jade Sea Martial Saint, ‘Surging Hundred Thousand Feet’ Song Wuliang.

Turbid Wave Pavilion's Pavilion Lord, the Roiling Cloud Martial Saint, 'Turbid Wave Roiling Cloud' An Qinglin.

The Lord of the Heavenly Thunder Hall, the Green Thunder Martial Saint, 'Shocking Thunder All Round' Shen Li.

As well as the clanless, sectless Painting Saint and Demonic Saint.

Of the two, the Painting Saint, Old Man Mo, was currently the oldest longtime expert confirmed as still being in this world.

When Broad Creed Mountain's Exalted Heaven Shaker Zhan Dongge and Heaven Diviner Zhan Xilou had still been alive in the past, Old Man Mo's fame had already shook the world, all the way up till now.

This old man usually resided beyond the seas, not asking about worldly matters, not getting involved in conflicts. Most of the time, his existence completely could not be felt.

It was only when the Flame Devil World was pressing them rather closely that this old man would appear, helping the other experts of the human race to defeat the invading Flame Devils.

Comparatively speaking, Elder Mo was above worldly comparisons, and Broad Creed Mountain, the Sacred Sun Clan and the other major powers would also not provoke him lightly.

Meanwhile, the Devil Saint Yuan Tian was eccentric and

unreasonable, acting arbitrarily as he liked, yet his cultivation was high, and his destructive power extremely strong.

His relationship with the six great Sacred Grounds was extremely terrible, as he usually just did as he liked, his joy and anger unpredictable. Since he was extremely hard to catch as he well he was a great headache for all.

Yan Zhaoge had previously privately and secretly analysed a battle between the Devil Saint and another. Through the description of spectators and the person himself, he had discovered that the Devil Saint Yuan Tian had most likely obtained some legacies left behind after the Great Calamity, gradually forming his current martial path.

Pursuing it to its root, it seemed to have the shadow of the devilish dao heavyweight of before the Great Calamity, the Impermanent Devil Clan behind it.

“Devil Saint Yuan Tian-is he related to the Decimating Abyss? Or is it that the Decimating Abyss was single-handedly founded by Yuan Tian from the start?” Yan Zhaoge smacked his lips a little, “In my impression...Yuan Tian likes to move on his own, going about doing things himself.”

Fang Zhun said, “Whatever the reason Yuan Tian helped the Decimating Abyss to attack and obstruct Huang Xu and the Great Sun Heaven Measuring Ruler, we are still unable to properly make a judgment on it now. However, to be on the safe side, it is still better not to treat it as a one-off incident, and take measures against Yuan Tian making a move once more in the future.”

Yan Zhaoge nodded, “Second apprentice-uncle’s words make sense.”

Yan Zhaoge nodded, “This time, things have temporarily reached a close. The aftercare of Clear Concealed Lake should be left to Turbid Wave Pavilion to deal with themselves. Speaking of it, their losses were the most tragic, one of their two great Elders being a spy, finally having been decimated, the other having died in battle.”

Shaking his head, Fang Zhun continued, “Regarding the Decimating Abyss and the Nine Underworlds, there will still be much continuation, which will have to be slowly discussed. Now, let us first return to the mountain.”

Yan Zhaoge nodded in affirmation, “I understand.”

Fang Zhun suddenly smiled, “This time, the clan will definitely reward you heavily once more.”

“Originally, I still said that it would only require a few years for the people of this world to no longer see you, Zhaoge, only as the son of junior apprentice-brother Yan, instead seeing you for your own worth.”

“I had never thought that I had still underestimated you. From this day forth, your fame shall be known across the entire world, with no one lacking knowledge of it.”

# HSSB 200: An Unprecedented Reward

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Towards Fang Zhun's praise, Yan Zhaoge smiled, "Second apprentice-uncle truly overpraises me, to the point that I almost feel embarrassed."

Fang Zhun shook his head, "You are worthy of it."

Gathering the other Broad Creed Mountain martial practitioners, they left the Lake Domain, returning to the Heaven Domain.

While they had come to an unanimous agreement on the problem of the Decimating Abyss Organisation, and had stood together against a common enemy in this time's Clear Concealed Lake's incident, with the battle having ended, their clash against the Decimating Abyss Organisation having reached a temporary end, Broad Creed Mountain was still Broad Creed Mountain, and the Sacred Sun Clan was still the Sacred Sun Clan.

Returning to the Heaven Domain from the Lake Domain, they still used that route passing through the Earth Domain.

While the Decimating Abyss's headquarters was possibly in the vicinity, having just experienced a great battle, with the Sacred Grounds also having joined hands in suppressing the Earth Domain once more, it could currently still be considered safe.

Furthermore, from the Lake Domain to the Heaven Domain, if they didn't use this route, they would have to pass through the lands of the Fire Domain.

With Huang Guanglie yet to leave seclusion, with the Sacred Sun Clan having been badly defeated in the war of the Eastern Tang, if in the third Extreme Yin Bout, Meng Wan had not won the Extreme Yin Crown, it would be fine even if Yan Zhaoge, Fang Zhun and the others travelled directly across the Fire Domain.

However, the Sacred Sun Clan currently possessed two Sacred Artifacts. While they had not yet counterattacked to regain any losses, the situation was also not all that bad for them.

If Yan Zhaoge and Fang Zhun wanted to travel through the Fire Domain, they would have to face the Sacred Sun Clan's attacks.

Not only Broad Creed Mountain, in leading the people of Infinite Boundless Mountain in returning to the Mountain Domain, Shan Shiweng similarly used the route through the Earth Domain, rather than passing through the Fire Domain.

And on the other side, the Heavenly Thunder Hall also had to pass through the Earth Domain to return to the Thunder Domain. Otherwise, they would have to pass through the Water Domain.

Of course, the Heavenly Thunder Hall wouldn't travel alongside Broad Creed Mountain and Infinite Boundless Mountain.

Yan Zhaoge, Xu Fei and Sikong Qing looked at Infinite Boundless Mountain's side, then at their own side, feeling some emotions well up within their hearts.

Not counting those who had hurried to the Lake Domain later on to deal with the people of the Decimating Abyss, of the three younger generation disciples of theirs who had participated in the Heavenly Connection Meet, they currently still numbered three.

Infinite Boundless Mountain's side, meanwhile, was a little tragic, having continuously lost Liu Shengfeng and Zhao Hao of their direct lineage, with Xiao Yu and Ji Hanru both heavily injured.

Of high-tier martial practitioners, Turbid Wave Pavilion had suffered the greatest losses this time.

While for younger generation disciples, Infinite Boundless Mountain's spine had directly collapsed in half, with also no place to complain about it to.

Comparatively speaking, the Thunder Domain's Heavenly Thunder Hall was also full of worrisome dark clouds in this area.

The oldest, Xie Ziyi, who was only a step away from the Heavenly Connection stage, had perished, while Chen Lin, most of her power lying in her two Ghost Wolves, had had her Extreme Cold Ghost Wolf directly sat into a wolfskin cushion by Yan Zhaoge's Pan-Pan.

Adding to that Lin Zhou having previously been heavily injured at Yan Zhaoge's hands, as well as Yan Shan's sword-arm having been severed by Yan Zhaoge, the younger generation of the Thunder Domain had experienced a rarely seen setback.



Passing through the Earth Domain, arriving at where the Earth Domain, the Heaven Domain and the Mountain Domain intersected, the people of the two Sacred Grounds parted ways, returning to their own Mountains.

Fang Zhun led Yan Zhaoge and the others back to Broad Creed Mountain, with the others mostly first dispersing, while Yan Zhaoge followed Fang Zhun, the two heading to meet the old Clan Chief, Yuan Zhengfeng together.

Within the clan's Great Hall, seated on the main position, Yuan Zhengfeng had long been awaiting.

On his two sides were Yan Di, Shi Tie and the two Grand Elders of the clan respectively.

Fang Zhun and Yan Zhaoge paid their greetings to Yuan Zhengfeng and the others. Unlike the last time Yan Zhaoge had come to see the Chief, this time, Fang Zhun did not get seated, instead standing where he was, first reporting in detail the complete proceedings of the Clear Concealed Lake incident to Yuan Zhengfeng.

Yuan Zhengfeng and the others had already read Fang Zhun's report before this, but still listened patiently at his narration now.

Fang Zhun's words were clear and ordered, objective and just, not adding any subjective judgments at all on points on which doubts still remained, only listing out the information he could

already confirm in a complete, objective manner.

When he had finished, Yuan Zhengfeng nodded slowly, not rushing to say anything as he instead looked at Yan Zhaoge, “Zhaoge, you speak too.”

Yan Zhaoge nodded, slowly recounting his own experience with the Devilish Domain Grand Formation like Fang Zhun had done, reporting it all truthfully except for a select few details which he slightly concealed.

Yan Zhaoge’s report included his previous comprehending of the concept of the Eye of the Thunder Emperor, absorbing the pure, refined qi within as he rose from the early Xiantian stage to the mid Xiantian stage. He also explained how he had analysed the Devilish Domain Grand Formation, and from there relied on the power of the Eye of the Thunder Emperor to break the formation.

After having finished listening, Yuan Zhengfeng said, “Zhaoge, this time, you have done very well, extremely well.”

Yan Zhaoge answered, “Some part of it was still due to luck; if I could have analysed more deeply into that Devilish Domain Grand Formation, it might have been a little easier.”

“I especially wouldn’t have to see Senior Brother Ye of Jade Sea City, Junior Sister Zhang of Turbid Wave Pavilion and the others being tortured by that Liu Shengfeng like that.”

Shi Tie's stern expression held a seldom seen softness, "You have already done very well. Let's first not speak of your strength; intruding into the core of the devilish domain with the cultivation of a Martial Scholar, attempting to prevent the Nine Underworlds from descending-just this spirit and courage is already very hard to come by."

"Especially when you did not do so based on a moment's recklessness, instead truly possessing the ability to turn the situation around."

Opposite Shi Tie and Yan Di, the two Grand Elders similarly nodded slightly, "That's right, you have done very well this time."

Yan Di did not say anything, only smiling as he looked at Yan Zhaoge.

Yan Zhaoge was clearly able to see a bit of a seldom seen smile on Yan Di's face.

That was clearly a rather proud and bragging smile, as though soundlessly showing off this splendid son of his.

With Yan Di's current age and position, wanting to see him reveal this kind of expression in front of others was really harder than ascending to the heavens.

Yan Zhaoge expressed, you see more when you've lived long ah...

On the main position, Yuan Zhengfeng was evidently in a very good mood, suddenly seeming like a playful child as he turned and glanced at Yan Zhaoge.

Yuan Zhengfeng stared at Yan Zhaoge until the latter felt uncomfortable and looked away. Yan Zhaoge soon heard Yuan Zhengfeng say, “Zhaoge ah, this old man has a bit of a headache now. Your speed in contributing merits is too fast, and each merit is greater than the previous. The clan doesn’t even know what to reward you with now.”

“If the reward was light, it would be inappropriate and unfair to you, also going against our clan’s principles of being just in our rewards and punishments.”

“But on the flip side, this flimsy background of our clan will very soon be all be taken away by you, with no reward possible to be given.”

Yuan Zhengfeng was not a stern person, the old man actually being very warm, liking to play around with juniors like this when in a jovial mood.

However, this did not harm his dignity. The old Chief’s authority had never been established through putting on a tough, strict face.

For those who truly didn’t know the height of the heavens and the boundlessness of the earth, Yuan Zhengfeng would let them know why he was known as Heaven Equalling.

Yan Zhaoge also understood Yuan Zhengfeng, as he smiled upon hearing this, “Grand Master should just give as he sees fit. You have always been generous, and definitely won’t mistreat me.”

Yuan Zhengfeng smiled as he pointed at Yan Zhaoge, “You ah.”

He looked towards Shi Tie, who nodded, then, looking at Yan Zhaoge, said, “The reward given to you, is a special power.”

“From this day on, you can act without reporting matters when encountering them, handling them at your own discretion, only needing to report the matter afterwards. You are allowed to immediately make prompt decisions of your own and handle the matter as you deem fit, and can deploy the clan’s resources to assist you.”

After a slight pause, Shi Tie said, “Any matter.”

Yan Zhaoge let out a long breath.

In Broad Creed Mountain’s entire history, from its founding up till now, this power, had never been possessed by a Martial Scholar!